Jan. 26, 1981

THE NEW YORKER

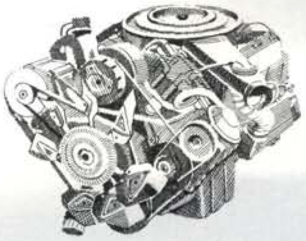
Price $1.25

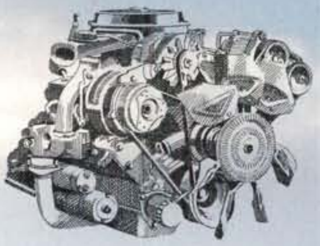
JAN 26 1981

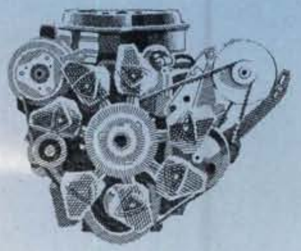
AMBASSADOR
COLLEGE LIBRARY

Announcing three ways to enjoy your 1981 Cadillac.

To all the pleasures of driving and owning a Cadillac, now add a unique choice of power systems for 1981.







New for 1981... V8-6-4 Fuel Injection is standard equipment.

Trust Cadillac to lead the way with exclusive advances like the new V8-6-4 fuel-injected engine, the standard gasoline engine for all 1981 Cadillacs. As you drive, the 1981 Cadillac automatically goes from 8 to 6 to 4 cylinders.

As you start out, all 8 cylinders are in operation. As your power needs lessen, the car automatically goes to 6 cylinders...and then to 4 cylinders. When you need the power, the car instantly reverts to 8 cylinders again.

To know the number of cylinders active at any given moment, merely push a button on the MPG Sentinel (also standard). This combination of V8-6-4 Fuel Injection and the MPG Sentinel can help a person to become a more efficient driver.

Available V6 engine. (With overdrive for Fleetwood Broughams and DeVilles.)

All 1981 Cadillac Fleetwood Broughams and DeVille models are available with a 4.1 liter V6 engine combined with a newly designed four-speed automatic transmission that incorporates overdrive.

Both the front-wheel-drive Eldorado and Seville are available with a V6 engine that utilizes a three-speed automatic transmission.

If you are looking for a car with the comfort, ride, roominess and quality of a Cadillac combined with the advantages of V6 power, this is an excellent choice. The V6 engine has performance you associate with "V" design, but with two fewer cylinders than a V8.

Diesel Power available across the line.

Only Cadillac offers you a full line of resized luxury cars available with Diesel. As a matter of fact, it's standard on Seville...making it the only car anywhere with V8 Diesel engine as standard.

Unlike foreign Diesels, the engine used for Cadillac is a V8.

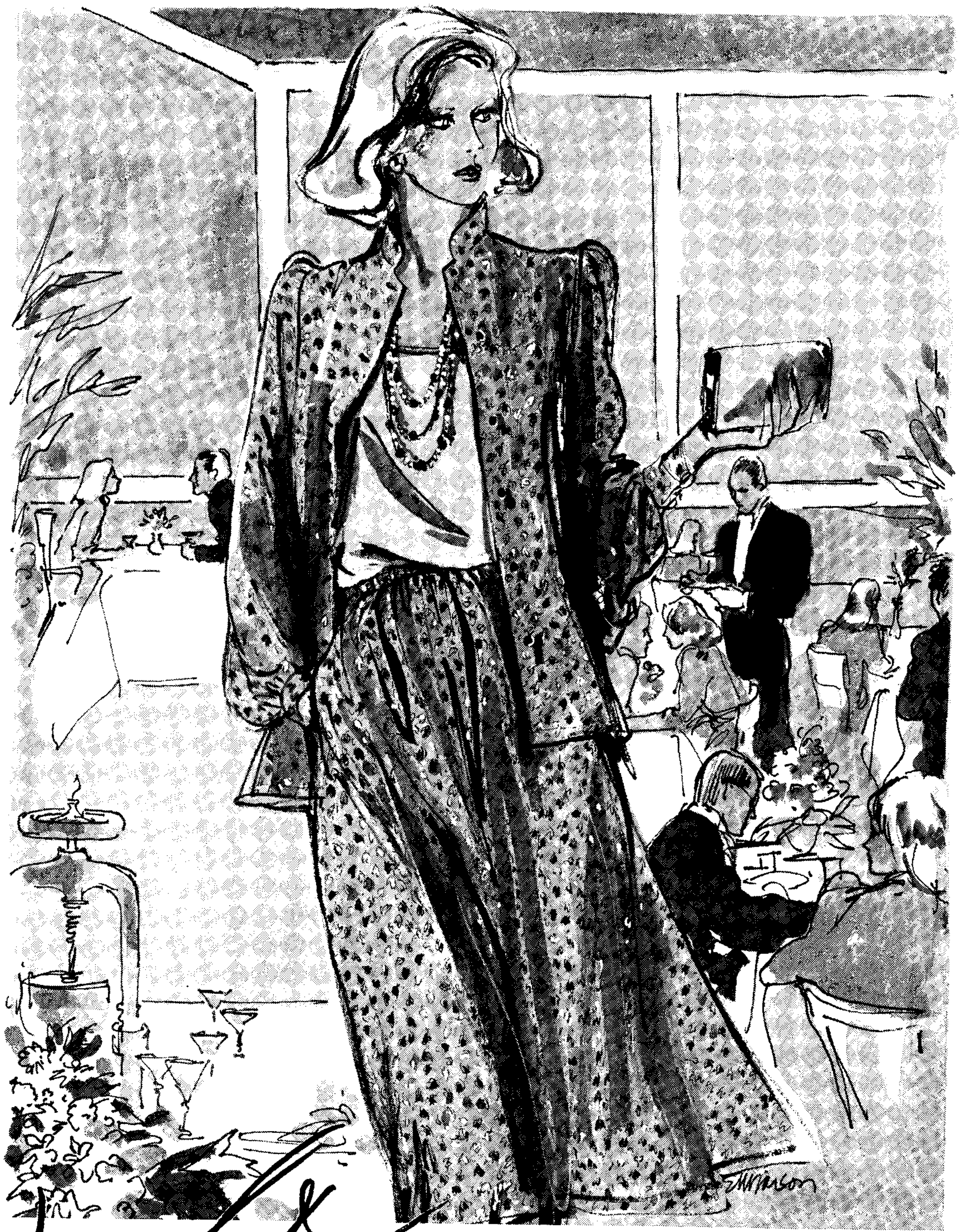
A significant advancement for 1981 is an extension of the recommended mileage for an oil change from 3,000- to 5,000-mile intervals. See owner's manual for conditions requiring more frequent intervals.

Cadillacs are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your Cadillac dealer for details. And to buy or lease (or test-drive) the Fleetwood Brougham, DeVille, Eldorado or Seville of your choice ... with the power system of your choice.

GM Cadillac

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION, U.S.A.

Trust Cadillac to lead the way.



Lord & Taylor

Our Diane Von Furstenburg silks

to wear more ways than one

Introducing our perfect silk print pairing—in a print of tiny floating leaves, (we love the flurry of pattern and color). Wear as a soft cardigan, as shown, or tucked into the pull-on dirndl skirt as a dress. Fuchsia, pink and lilac on turquoise, 4 to 14, 148.00 the pair. Body-skimming pink camisole, 4 to 14, 36.00 Third Floor, Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue—and at all Lord & Taylor stores.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are delightfully acted by Keith Gordon, Jenny Wright, Kevin Bacon, and Jan Leslie Harding, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Alice in Concert—All of Lewis Carroll's Alice is embodied in Meryl Streep, who gives a star performance in this cluttered, unsatisfactory musical adaptation of "Wonderland" and "Looking-Glass." Songs by Elizabeth Swados. (1/19/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 24.)

Amadeus—Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Ian McKellen plays the villainous Salieri superbly, and Tim Curry is almost his match as Mozart. (12/29/80) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BAM Theatre Company—The first two of five plays to be presented in repertory through Sunday, May 10. George Farquhar's 1706 comedy **THE RECRUITING OFFICER:** Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8 (preview); Thursday, Jan. 22, at 6:30 (opening); Fridays, Jan. 23 and 30, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.** Even Brian Murray's splendid Oberon cannot rescue this production. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2 and 7:30; and Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 27-29, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Barnum—A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (5/12/80) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brigadoon—The Lerner-Loewe musical is getting on in years, but then so is eighteenth-century Scotland, where the scene is laid. A flawless score, admirably sung, and the de Mille dance numbers are executed with zest and accuracy, Miss de Mille having been on hand to oversee them. (10/27/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Chekhov Sketchbook—An adaptation by Joseph Buloff and Luba Kadison of three Chekhov short stories, "The Vagabond," "The Witch," and "In a Music Shop." With Frank Bara, Julie Garfield, Jeffrey De Munn, Stephen D. Newman, Jack O'Connell, and Mr. Buloff. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, Jan. 25.)

Circle Repertory Company—Two plays in repertory. **THE BEAVER COAT,** a comedy of low life written by the German dramatist Gerhart Hauptmann in 1893. As presented, it's very hokey but not very funny. With Tanya Berezin, as a scheming, thieving laundress. (Reviewed in this issue.) Wednesday, Jan. 21, and Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 25, at 3 and 7; Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 28-30, at 8; and final performance Sunday, Feb. 1, at 7. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's **TWELFTH NIGHT:** Lindsay Crouse is an enchanting Viola and Colin Stinton is a very good Feste in a lively, loose-limbed production under David Mamet's direction. Some of the clowning gets mighty trying, however. (12/29/80) Thursday and Friday, Jan. 22-23, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2; Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2 and 8; and final performance Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Coming Attractions—A facetious lampoon, by Ted Tally, about a killer who becomes a show-business celebrity. It is nimbly performed by a lively company, under André Ernotte's direction. (12/15/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 594-4033. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: a Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Don Juan in Hell—A revival of Shaw's comedy, with Philip Bosco, Arlene Francis, Paul Sparer, and Ronald Drake. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 25.)

Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens—An admirable one-man show, ever more welcome as the years go by and (so it appears) fewer and fewer readers march deeper into the Dickens country than "A Tale of Two Cities" or "David Copperfield." (Reviewed in this issue.) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A triple bill consisting of "El Hermano," by Romulus Linney; "Two Part Harmony," by Katherine Long; and "Landscape with Waitress," by Robert Pine. Previews Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 21-22. Opens officially on Friday, Jan. 23. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25
"THE EMPEROR" . . . . *Donald Barthelme* 31
"MR. RAY" . . . . *James Wilcox* 32
"FOUR POEMS" . . . . *Philip Levine* 39
PROFILES (TERESA STRATAS) . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 40
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 61
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 62
A WARTIME CHILDHOOD (PART II) . . . . *Anthony Bailey* 67
DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 100
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Nicholas Kenyon* 102
"ROWING ACROSS THE DARK" (POEM) . . . . *Franz Douskey* 105
BOOKS . . . . *Alastair Reid* 106
BRIEFLY NOTED 111

COVER: *Charles E. Martin*

DRAWINGS: *James Stevenson, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mischa Richter, Joseph Mirachi, Charles Addams, Bernard Schoenbaum, William Steig, Robert Weber, Charles Saxon, Burt Silverman, Ed Fisher, Mick Stevens, Gahan Wilson, Charles Barsotti, Arnie Levin, Roz Chast, Sam Gross, Lee Lorenz, Michael Maslin*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) 840-3800
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) 840-3700

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

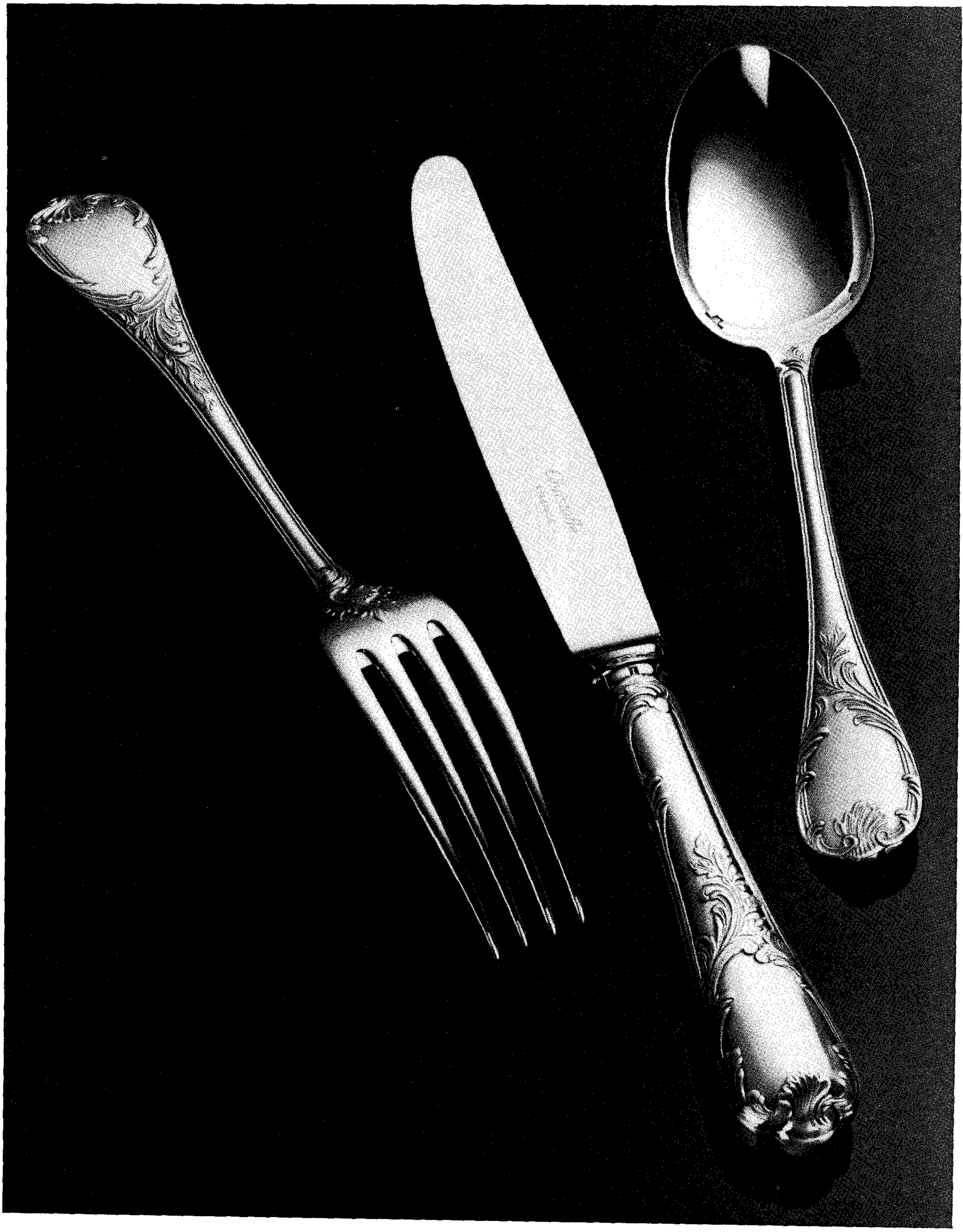
In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LVI, No. 49, January 26, 1981. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1981 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $32.00. Other foreign, $36.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

□ AT BACCARAT, NEW YORK AND AT OTHER SELECTED STORES • PATTERN: MARLY □

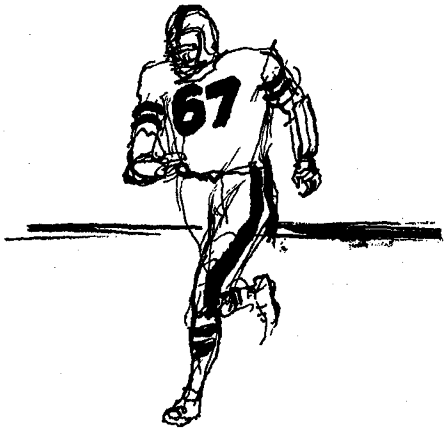
SHREVE, CRUMP AND LOW, BOSTON • THE CARLTON HOUSE, HOUSTON • GUMP'S, SAN FRANCISCO

J. E. CALDWELL CO., PHILADELPHIA • HALTOM'S JEWELERS, FORT WORTH • GEARY'S, BEVERLY HILLS



Christofle sur la table

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

4982. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of the musical **GODSPELL**, conceived by John-Michael Tebelak and with music by Stephen Schwartz, is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FIFTH OF JULY—One of a series of plays that Lanford Wilson is devoting to the Talley family of southern Missouri. The Wilson method is a cocktail consisting of two-thirds George S. Kaufman and one-third Tennessee Williams, well-shaken; the results are substantial. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE FIVE O'CLOCK GIRL—The Goodspeed Opera House production of the 1927 musical by Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson (book) and Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby (music and lyrics). The cast includes Sheila Smith, Ted Pugh, Lisby Larsen, Roger Rathburn, and Pat Stanley. Sue Lawless directed. Previews Thursday through Tuesday, Jan. 22-27. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 28. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

42ND STREET—Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN—A late play by Ibsen, in which the old master was breaking out of the realistic, well-made box of a play that he had done so much to bring into being. With Rosemary Murphy, Irene Worth, and E. G. Marshall, directed by Austin Pendleton. (12/29/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LAST SUMMER AT BLUEFISH COVE—A comedy by Jane Chambers, with an all-female cast. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave., S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LATE CITY EDITION—A musical entertainment conceived and directed by Isaiah Sheffer which uses the writings of Eve Merriam, Eric Bentley, Jules Feiffer, Russell Baker, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1.)

A LESSON FROM ALOES—A tragedy about apartheid. The author, Athol Fugard, is a man of high principles, but his play is didactic and in want of dramatizing. (12/1/80) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, Jan. 25: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 28-Feb. 1: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

LUNCH HOUR—A new comedy by Jean Kerr, about a mild case of adultery in the Hamptons. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MACBETH—Philip Anglim and Maureen Anderman head the cast in Shakespeare's tragedy. Sarah Caldwell is the director. Previews Wednesday, Jan. 21. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 22, and will run through Sunday, March 15. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MEMORY OF WHITENESS—A play by Richard Hamburger. Directed by Robert Gainer. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0394. Thursday through Saturday at 9. Matinées Saturday at 4 and Sunday at 3; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 22, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 25.)

OH ME, OH MY, OH YOUMANS—A musical entertainment conceived by Darwin Knight and Tom Taylor, with a cast of four to perform twenty or so Vincent Youmans songs. (Wonderhorse Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. 533-5888. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 31.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—Christopher Durang's very funny comedy **BEYOND THERAPY** is a satirical whirligig about a beautiful young woman (Sigourney Weaver), her bisexual beau, his miffed lover, and a pair of all but certifiable therapists. (1/19/81) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 25.)

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE—A hellzapoppin version of the good old Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

REALLY ROSIE—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3226. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1 and 5:30.)

ROMANCE IS . . .—A musical mélange by Rocket Ryan (music, lyrics, sketches) and Zane Modine (sketches only). (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 255-9186. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

SHAKESPEARE'S CABARET—An entertainment consisting of extracts from fourteen plays, along with a couple of sonnets and poems—all set, improbably, to music by Lance Mulcahy. This show ran Off Broadway last season. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 21. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE WE GO—Joanna M. Glass has written an able but not very lively play about a family whose members, coming together at Thanksgiving, find they have little to give thanks for. Eva Le Gallienne and the rest of the cast are well worth going to see. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TRIXIE TRUE, TEEN DETECTIVE—A campy disaster. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

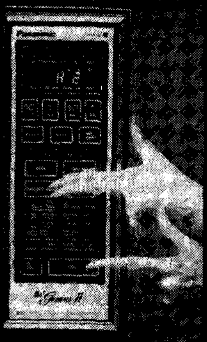
WE WON'T PAY! WE WON'T PAY!—A comedy by Italian playwright Dario Fo. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

THE WINSLOW BOY—A respectable, summer-stock kind of production of Terence Rattigan's play based on the actual case of a thirteen-year-old boy who is falsely accused of stealing a five-shilling note. With Remak Ramsay as the barrister who defends him. (11/10/80) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Moves on Monday, Jan. 26, to the Belasco, 111 W. 44th St., 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursday, Jan. 29, and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE**: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. With Alice Ghostley playing the role of Miss Hannigan. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD**: An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich as the woman and David Ackroyd as her troubled teacher-husband-friend-enemy. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING**: Susan Tyrrell and Anne Archer in a play by John Ford Noonan (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Robert Reed, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donal Donnelly, and Benjamin Hendrickson. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA**: A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able,

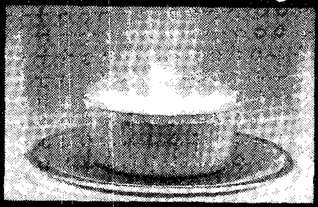
It does the thinking. It does the turning. You get the compliments. The Panasonic Genius II microwave oven.

"Takes the guesswork out of cooking." "Easy programming." "The best one around." "It has more features than the others." "I like its looks." "Large internal capacity." "Even if you forget to take the meat out of the freezer in the morning, the Genius II can take care of it."


Auto Sensor Control. A few taps, and a miniature computer knows exactly how to cook whatever you're cooking.

That's what the people who own a Genius II™ say about it. Because the Genius II has an Auto Sensor Control that works together with a Cook-A-Round™ rotating turntable to make most cooking incredibly fast and easy.

The Auto Sensor Control is the brains of the Genius II. For example, put in a frozen roast. Then just tap the Auto Sensor Control four times. It automatically calculates the cooking time and knows exactly when to turn off. It defrosts the roast, *cooks it to perfection* and keeps it warm till dinnertime. With just four taps of your finger!


Cook-A-Round magnetic turntable. It turns food constantly while it's cooking. So you don't have to!

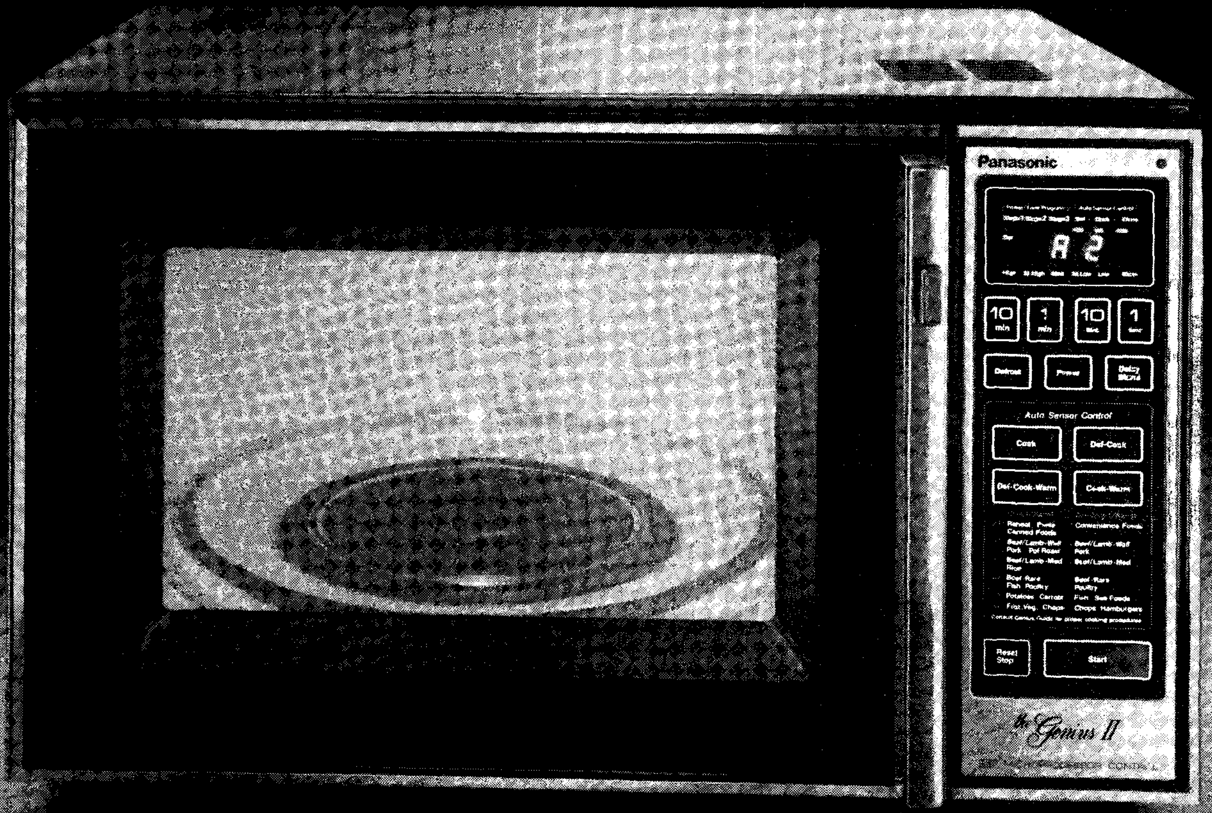
Once you've set the Auto Sensor Control, the Cook-A-Round turntable lets you walk out of the kitchen until dinner. It rotates food constantly throughout the cooking process. So food cooks evenly, all by itself. With the Auto Sensor, you don't have to be there to turn or stir most dishes.

With the Genius II Auto Sensor Control and Cook-A-Round turntable both working for you, *you're free to go shopping while* the roast defrosts. Spend time with your family or guests while the casserole cooks. Or work late while dinner stays warm.

And for another dimension in cooking, see the new Panasonic Dimension 3,™ a countertop oven that's a microwave oven, a convection oven and a microwave/convection oven all in one.

The Genius II or the Dimension 3. Either one takes care of the cooking so you get the compliments.

Cabinetry is simulated wood.



Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,624 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. Phyllis Newman portrays the night-club singer. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Tai Babilonia and Randy Gardner. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 21, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 1. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Special matinée Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 2.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Jan. 21: "Raymonda Variations," "In the Night," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 22: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," and "Raymonda Variations." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 23: "Serenade," "Calcium Light Night," "Suite of Dances," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Jan. 24: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 25: "Swan Lake," "Calcium Light Night," "Walpurgisnacht," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 25: "Chaconne," "Calcium Light Night," "Suite of Dances," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 27: "Walpurgisnacht," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 28: "Raymonda Variations," "Episodes," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 29: "Divertimento No. 15," "Suite from Histoire du Soldat" (première), and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 30: "Raymonda Variations," "Episodes," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 31: "Firebird," "Calcium Light Night," "Suite of Dances," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 31: "Divertimento No. 15," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Vienna Waltzes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Le Corsaire," "Adagietto No. 5," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8: Act II of "Swan Lake," "Troy Game," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 23, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2 and 7:30: "Bele," "Concerto Barocco," and "Schéhérazade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

CLEVELAND BALLET—In its first appearance here—Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 21-23, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2: "Celebrations," "Things Our Fathers Loved," and "US." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2: "Quicksilver," "Brahms Quintet," and "The Green Table." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

JOSÉ LIMÓN DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 8—Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 7:30: "Scherzo" (première), "The Shakers," "Air for the G String," "The Unsung," and "Sonata" (première). . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8: "A Choreographic Offering," "Strange Hero," "The Kitchen Table," and "Psalm." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Figura," "Strange Hero," "The Kitchen Table," and "A Choreographic Offering." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2: "Scherzo," "The Shakers," "Indeterminate Figure," "Flickers," and "Sonata." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Sonata," "Indeterminate Figure," "Flickers," "Air for the G String," and "The Unsung." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

CHARLES MOORE DANCE THEATRE—In a program of adaptations of traditional African dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Jan. 22, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 24-25, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, the Adele Foster trio holds forth; and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA,** one of the most animated duos in town, will be present. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—This new club, named for the great Creole soprano saxophonist, is encrusted with mirrors. Soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER,** who once studied and played with Sidney Bechet, plays the music of the Master with a quintet through Saturday, Jan. 24. On Monday, Jan. 26, trombonist **GEORGE MASSO** will arrive with a trio. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—An intimate—there are only four hundred seats—rock palace. The varied line-up: Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, folkie and wag **STEVE GOODMAN;** Thursday, Jan. 29, the Uncle Floyd Show; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, intense, vertiginous pianist **MC COY TYNER** and his sextet. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians: pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and bassist **MARC JOHNSON** through Saturday, Jan. 24. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, works with pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist and composer **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a generous melodist—he agreeably doles out at least one portion of "Lullaby of Birdland" per night—and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, works with his bassist, **BRIAN TORFF,** in the Café Carlyle. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Jan. 21, Pretty Wiseguys, the Rooms, and Arthur Monroe Zone; Thursday, Jan. 22, Scrambled X, the Agents, and Excalibur; Friday, Jan. 23, Bad Brains, the Article, and the Shakes; and Saturday, Jan. 24, the Sharks and Shane Champagne. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** sings "Down Hearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976, and other tunes. Her shows begin Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays, **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** sings at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. On Sunday, Jan. 25, tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** and trombonist **AL GREY,** two ex-Basie-ites on the loose, will team up and co-pilot a quintet from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and famous jazz players. Trumpeter **RED RODNEY** and multi-instrumentalist **IRA SULLIVAN**—he can cook on saxophone, flugelhorn, and flute—perform with their quartet through Sunday, Jan. 25. On Tuesday, Jan. 27, alto and tenor saxophonist **SONNY STITT** will bring in a quartet. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. Wendel Stuart sings through Thursday, Jan. 22; Friday through Sunday, Jan. 23-25, Platinum Hook, a quintet, will play some sturdy R. & B.; on Monday, Jan. 26, saxophonist Arthur Rhames will jam with the Monday regulars, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND;** Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 27-29, singer Judy Kreston will be on hand; and beginning Friday, Jan. 30, Argentine pianist Jorge Dalto will perform Brazilian jazz. The first show gets under way after eleven. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist Ronnie Markowitz on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **AL GAFA,** pianist **ANDY LA VERNE,** and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA,** and Tuesdays to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Saturdays from seven to ten and Sundays from five to ten, pianist **BROOKS KERR** plays stride numbers and sings a bit, too.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little spiffier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts East Side-looking couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a juke box.) Stride pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** is playing just about everything he can think of in his smooth, easy manner. He's at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. **JILL MC MANUS,** an obvious Wynton Kelly admirer, plays on Sundays and Mondays from seven to eleven.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. The **MARTY NAPOLEON** trio performs for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Unlike a lot of Hurrah's rock-disco competition, this second-floor space is amply large, its ceilings are quite high, and its video monitors are aimed from above in several directions, all of which makes it possible for one not to feel trapped or gulp for air or miss a hot video recording of David Bowie. The live-entertainment schedule: Thursday, Jan. 22, Will Rambeau; Friday, Jan. 23, Raybeats and Del-Byzanteens; Saturday, Jan. 24, the Know and Gary Valentine. Live music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, Jan. 25-27.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, one will find a built-in balcony loft from which one can survey the whole room, appreciate at least one cheering fire going (there are two fireplaces), and listen to the visiting musicians. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, alto saxophonist **CHRIS WOODS** and his quintet will perform, and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, saxophonist and composer **JIMMY GIUFFRE,** serene and guru-like, will lead a quartet through blues, ballads, and mainstream mantras—all of which swing. On Sundays, composer, arranger, guitarist, percussionist, and singer **THIAGO DE MELLO** directs a ten-piece loose and limber Brazilian jazz band. Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the sets by the guest musicians—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** pilots a combo.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Six resident Dixieland journeymen swing it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

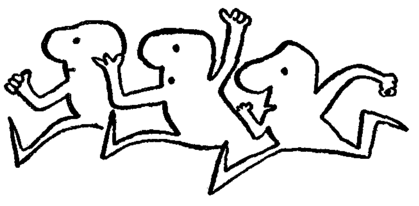
KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded, but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Pianist, composer, and National Public Radio m.c. **BILLY TAYLOR** and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN,** are working in this club, their New York home, through Saturday, Jan. 24. On Tuesday, Jan. 27, pianist **FRED HERSCH** will begin a five-night stint with bassist **MARC JOHNSON.** Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** play on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than Dallas. On Thursday, Jan. 22, rhythm-and-blues weirdie **SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS** will be present. In the fifties, Hawkins, who has a penetrating, bloodcurdling baritone, recorded the R. & B. classic, "I Put a Spell on You," which is punctuated with growls, screeches, and moans. For his stage act, he has dressed like a Mau Mau or climbed out of a coffin. Although his performances still shake up his audiences, Hawkins has said that he'd like to sing ballads. The other standouts on the current schedule include guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** on Wednesday, Jan. 21; folkie Jonathan Edwards on Sunday and Monday, Jan. 25-26; Tex-Mex crooner **FREDDY FENDER** on Tuesday, Jan. 27; and veteran folksinger **RICHIE HAVENS** on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 28-29. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singers' room on the upper East Side. The singer-in-residence is Freddy Cole, who sings and plays piano nicely and in a style not unlike his older brother's, Nat Cole's. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wonderlust, Sorcerers, and Nasty Facts on Wednesday, Jan. 21; Candy Apple, X-Davis, and Cooties on Thursday, Jan. 22; Nitecaps and Science on Friday, Jan. 23; Von Lmo and Black 'n' Blue on Saturday, Jan. 24; Blue Fox, Appliances, and Junior Birdman on Monday, Jan. 26; and Red Light District, Symbals, and Gabriel Flash Band on Tuesday, Jan. 27. Shows usually begin long after eleven.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**CARRIE SMITH,** who possesses a big, resounding voice and who, last year, paid tribute in this club to Bessie Smith, performs in a tribute to the late gospel singer Sister Rosetta Tharpe through Saturday, Jan. 24. Her backing crew is under the guidance of the sagacious drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS.** Beginning Tuesday, Jan. 27, **BILL HENDERSON,** a former Basie vocalist, will sing Johnny Mercer songs. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.



MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, bassist **GORDON EDWARDS,** guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE,** drummer **CHRIS PARKER,** and saxophonist **GEORGE YOUNG** will play some of the best rhythm-and-blues music around, and they'll also back up singer **ESTHER MARROW,** a strong, full-voiced contralto. Music from ten to two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist **AL HAIG** works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. Jazz singer **LEON THOMAS** will be here on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining.

PALSSON'S, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590)—An upstairs jazz room and bar. Wednesday, Jan. 21, alto saxophonist **JERRY DODGION** heads up a quartet; Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 22-24, Roseanna Vitro will sing with her backing crew; Sunday, Jan. 25, super bassist **RON CARTER'S** trio will be present; Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 26-28, will be given over to singer Anne Marie Moss; and Thursday, Jan. 29, hard-bopping tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** will bring in his quartet. Music from about ten. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER** and his band play bouncy dance music through Sunday, Jan. 25. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 27, drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS,** who in his forty-odd-year career has played swing music, bebop, rhythm and blues, and rock and roll, will lead his thirties-and-forties-flavored **SAVOY SULTANS** in uplifting and absolutely irresistible dance music. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up for in occasional big names. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 21, **RICK DERRINGER;** Thursday, Jan. 22, the Boy Friends; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, Robin Lane & the Chartbusters; and Thursday, Jan. 29, **JERRY LEE LEWIS.** Music begins usually after midnight. Dancing.

ROCK LOUNGE, 285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (925-0960)—A two-story rock-and-roll club that, with its bright-red columns, its d.j.-occupied scaffold, and its chain link fence around the second-floor viewing area that looks down on the stage, has just the right ambience—junior high. The ground floor feels like a crowded lunchroom, and the second floor feels like a playground. The live music: Johnny Thunders on Wednesday, Jan. 21; Our Daughter's Wedding on Thursday, Jan. 22; **JAMES BLOOD ULMER,** the wonderful dissonance-and-blues guitarist, on Friday, Jan. 23; and the Stimulators on Saturday, Jan. 24. Sets begin after one. Recorded rock from eleven. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, one will find a revue, "From Rodgers and Hart with Love," which features Mimi Hines and Larry Kert. Mondays through

Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Salt Peanuts, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—Convenient to SoHo (South of Houston), NoHo (North of Houston), Tribeca (Triangle Below Canal), and Benthwesh (Beneath the West Side Highway). The club is actually worth a trip from any part of the city. Vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON'S** quartet performs through Saturday, Jan. 24. Music nightly, except Sundays, from ten to four. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Some musicians—mostly pianists and guitarists—play acoustic and electric versions of their instruments. Alto saxophonist and composer **ARTHUR BLYTHE** doesn't utilize electronic attachments to his horn; instead, he leads two different bands—an acoustic quartet (alto, piano, bass, and drums) and an electric quintet (alto, guitar, cello, tuba, and drums, with the electric guitar, usually James Blood Ulmer's, accounting for most of the group's electricness). Mr. Blythe will be leading his acoustic band—pianist **JOHN HICKS,** bassist **FRED HOPKINS,** and drummer **STEVE MC CALL**—Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 22-25, and Mr. Blythe's wonderfully full-but-not-too-filling lush tone on his saxophone—which predominates both groups—simply must be heard in a live performance. Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 27-28, will be given over to trumpeter **JACK WALRATH,** and on Thursday, Jan. 29, guitarists **JOHN TROPEA** and **DAVID SPINOZZA** will move in for four nights. Music from ten to two. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Another outlet for absolutely first-rate piano-bass teams. **TEDDY WILSON,** who did wonders for Billie Holiday and Benny Goodman decades ago, is still pretty wonderful. He's teamed up with **MAJOR HOLLEY,** the humming bassist, through Saturday, Jan. 24. On Wednesday, Jan. 28, **CEDAR WALTON** and **RON CARTER** will take charge. Music from nine-thirty. Sundays and Mondays, Johnny (Blue Boy) Perry plays piano from eight to midnight. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. **NAT ADDERLEY,** an earthy cornettist and raconteur, leads his bluesy quintet through Saturday, Jan. 24; on Tuesday, Jan. 27, tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE** and trumpeter **LONNIE HILLYER** will begin co-piloting their quintet, Bebop Quintessence. Sundays belong to singer **CHRIS CONNOR,** and Mondays to trombonist **MELBA LISTON** and her octet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Blown-up photographs of famous people from within and without the world of bebop—Max Roach, Stan Getz, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bette Davis, and Joan Crawford—line the wall. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 22-24, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** guides his quartet; and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 29-31, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** will head a trio. Sundays belong to the **LOUIS HAYES-HAROLD MABERN-CLINT HOUSTON** trio (that's drums, piano, and bass), Mondays to drummer and proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** and his trio, and Wednesdays to drummer **RASHIED ALI.** The music begins after nine-thirty. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A mostly Chicago-blues-and-R. & B. lineup. Chicago blues—the electric, big-city, twelve-bar musical form that evolved more than thirty years ago when rural Delta-blues players like Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Otis Spann, and others migrated north—hasn't changed very much over the years. In fact, its main attractions are its uncannily satisfying predictability and simplicity. Its other attractions are the loose-jointed raw energy and live-wire intensity that characterize only the best blues bands. For many people, singer and guitarist **OTIS RUSH,** who began recording in Chicago in 1956, when he was in his early twenties, cannot be surpassed for exciting Chicago blues. Mr. Rush will perform on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24. On Sunday, Jan. 25, Duke Robillard and Guitar Jr. will be onstage. Shows most nights at nine and midnight. Dancing.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side: Hardbeats and the Guize on Wednesday, Jan. 21; Shaboo All-Stars, which features Chicago-blues guitarist **MATT MURPHY,** and Be Be Buell on Thursday, Jan. 22; Soldier and Full Hand Band on Friday, Jan. 23; Neon and Vög on Saturday, Jan. 24. Music every night but Sunday after eleven. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here in the most famous jazz club in the world. Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and his rousing nonet work through Sunday, Jan. 25; on Tuesday, Jan. 27, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN** will bring in his quartet. The Monday-night slot will be filled by **FRANK FOSTER'S LOUD MINORITY** on Jan. 26. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Esther Blue on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and **SADIK HAKIM,** a pioneer bebopper who was known as Argonne Thornton back in the forties, when he played with Charlie Parker, Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing musicians who can still swing. **JOE ALBANY'S** New Yorkers are in evidence through Saturday, Jan. 24; **JAZZ À CORDES,** a convincing hot-jazz quintet, will perform on Sunday, Jan. 25; **BROOKS KERR** and **SONNY GREER,** a piano, drums, and repartee duo, will be present on Tuesday, Jan. 27; and tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** will bring in his Jazz Sultans on Wednesday, Jan. 28. Music from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Henry Threadgill Sextet—At 450 W. 31st St., twelfth floor. Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 9 and 11. For information, call 947-0808.

Oscar Brand—A program of American songs. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Jemeel Moondoc & Muntu—Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8. For tickets, call 777-3240.

Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—The first of two concerts, this one performed by pianists Roland Hanna, Barry Harris, Tommy Flanagan, and Bess Bonnier, with Major Holley, bass, and Oliver Jackson, drums. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2:30. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

Tahuantinsuyo—American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 7. For information about tickets, call 873-7507, Mondays through Fridays.

Buddy Rich and Mel Tormé—With the Buddy Rich Orchestra. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Jackie Robinson Memorial Gospel Concert—Participants will include Walter and Edwin Hawkins & the Hawkins Family, Jennifer-Yvette Holliday, and J. C. White & the J. C. White Singers. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 596-4051.)

Lowe and Behold—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8.

Jazz Gallery—Friday, Jan. 23: Keisha St. Joan, Rahn Burton, Allie Richardson, Walter Perkins, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24: James Jabbo Ware and the Me, We & Them Orchestra. (Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Shows at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays, Jan. 21 and 28, at 9: Sonny Sharrock. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 23, at 8:30: Lee Rozie and Rick Rozie duo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:30: The Errol Parker Experience. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 30, at 8:30: Daniel Ponce. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

John Anderson / Sue Miller—Small splinters of wood, sometimes brightly painted, glued together in airy, three-dimensional latticework forms, ranging from twelve inches to twelve feet in height. / Dim acrylic depictions of bulls, obviously inspired by cave paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Milet Andrejevic—Recent representational paintings, mostly of wholesome-looking young people enjoying the benefits of Central Park. The artist, born in Yugoslavia, is now a local resident. Through Wednesday, Jan. 28. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Tony Berlant—Twenty-nine handsome collages made from cutouts of found tin pieces, nailed down on a plywood backing and put into apposite frames the artist has dug up in odd corners—Mexican junk shops, for instance. Through Feb. 7. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Brian Conley—Bristly-looking painted wall pieces made of cast paper, wood, and cast aluminum, in varying combinations. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Art Latitude, 29 E. 73rd St.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-73)—Twenty-three box constructions and nine collages. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Janet Culbertson—Huge drawings of bears, wild pigs, a charging rhinoceros, and so on, done in a splotchy technique called "burst ink." The rhino, charging head-on, is eight and a half feet tall—bigger than life-size. There are also collages of mountain views. Through Feb. 14. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St. Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.)

Leonard DeLonga—The circus is the subject of this new series of welded-bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., with entrance on 80th St.)

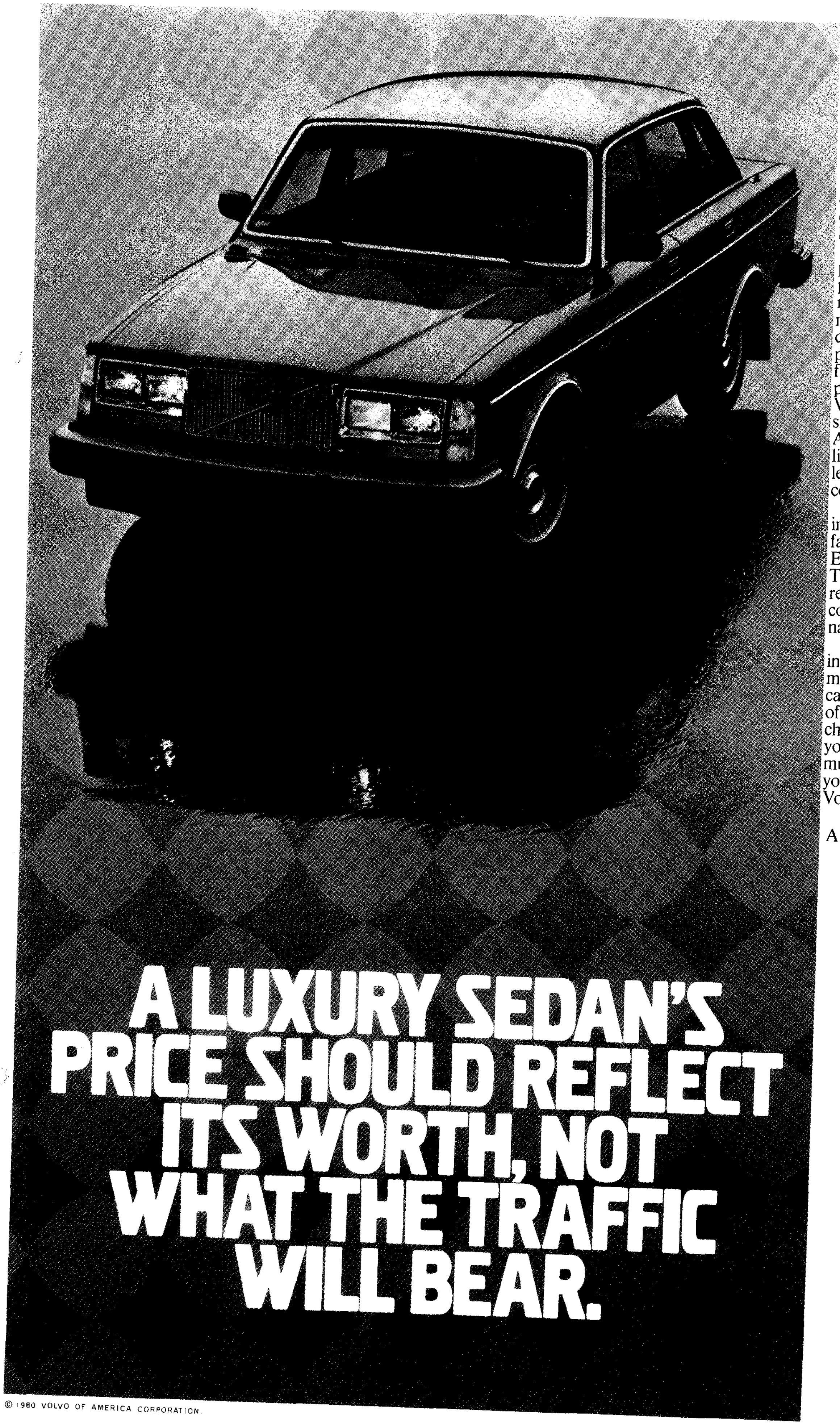
Natalie Edgar—Oil paintings on paper. Through Feb. 4. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Frank Faulkner / Jody Mussoff—Large canvases ornamented with jewel-like blobs of pearly acrylic. / Colored-pencil drawings of young people, most of them in attitudes of anguish. Through Feb. 4. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Serge Hollerbach—Passengers on the I.R.T. and other paintings of New York life. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Gillian Jagger—Sculptural works consisting of large broken slabs of Rockite, a building material. Through Wednesday, Jan. 28. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Les Levine—*Paintings the artist would like to*



A LUXURY SEDAN'S PRICE SHOULD REFLECT ITS WORTH, NOT WHAT THE TRAFFIC WILL BEAR.

A lot of people today think the more a European luxury sedan costs, the more desirable it is. That's why some European car makers get away with charging outrageously high prices.

But at Volvo we don't believe a car needs an exorbitant price tag to distinguish itself as a luxury sedan.

The Volvo GLE is a product of this philosophy. Like other fine automobiles it's made with meticulous attention to detail. So the doors fit perfectly and the finish is flawless. It features a powerful, fuel-injected, V-6 engine that performs smoothly and quietly. And it affords amenities like air conditioning and leather seats at no extra cost.

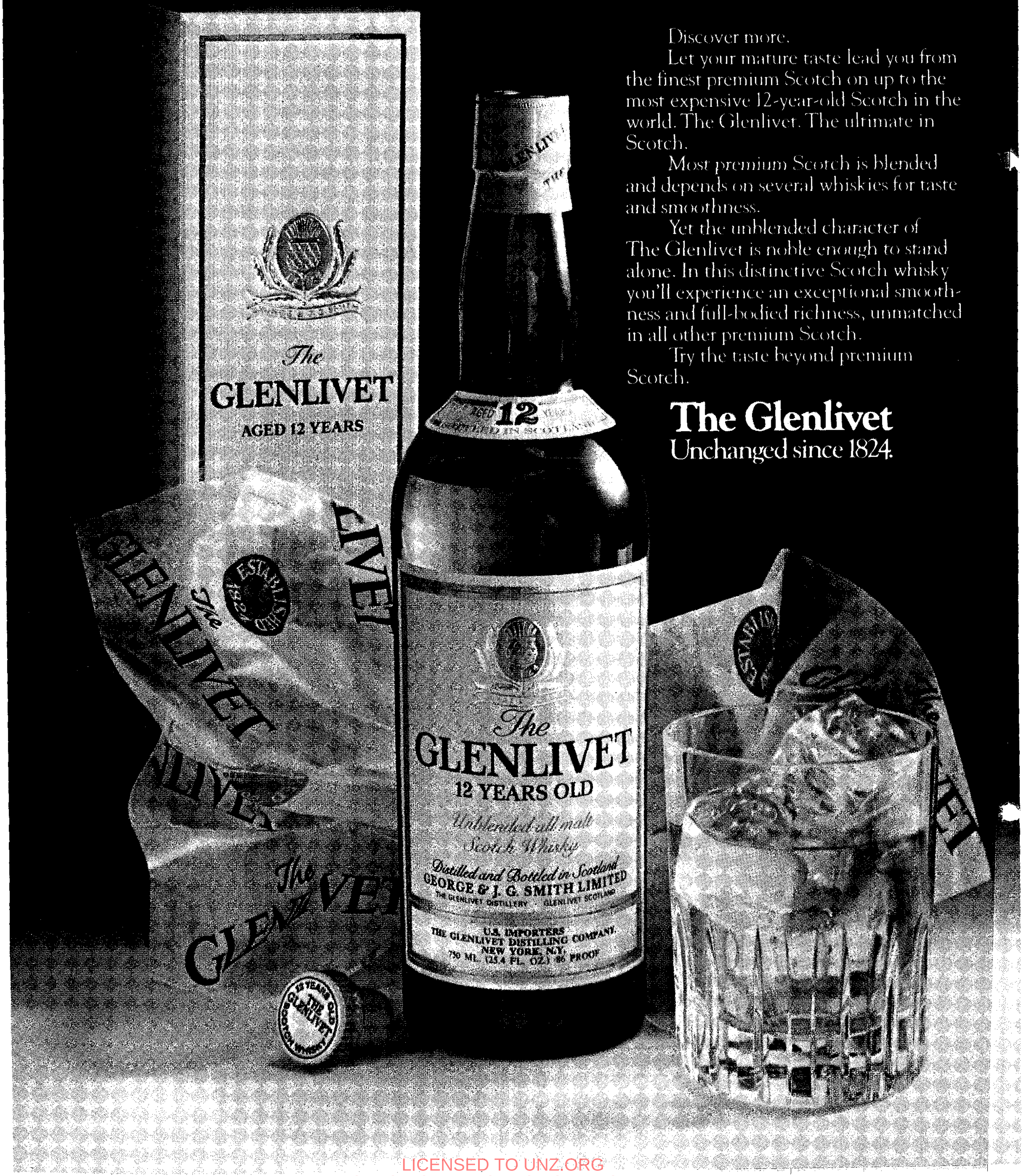
But there's one area in which the Volvo GLE falls far below other European luxury sedans. The price. Which is one reason so many people consider it an extraordinary value.

So if you're only interested in how much money you can pay for a car, there are any number of luxury sedans you can choose from. But if you're interested in how much car you can get for your money, buy the Volvo GLE.

VOLVO
A car you can believe in.

© 1980 VOLVO OF AMERICA CORPORATION

THE TASTE BEYOND 12-YEAR-OLD SCOTCH


The GLENLIVET
AGED 12 YEARS
AGED 12 YEARS
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
The GLENLIVET
12 YEARS OLD
Unblended all malt Scotch Whisky
Distilled and Bottled in Scotland
GEORGE & J. G. SMITH LIMITED
THE GLENLIVET DISTILLERY GLENLIVET SCOTLAND
U.S. IMPORTERS
THE GLENLIVET DISTILLING COMPANY,
NEW YORK, N.Y.
750 ML (25.4 FL. OZ.) 86 PROOF
THE GLENLIVET
12 YEARS OLD
ESTABLISHED 1824

Discover more.

Let your mature taste lead you from the finest premium Scotch on up to the most expensive 12-year-old Scotch in the world. The Glenlivet. The ultimate in Scotch.

Most premium Scotch is blended and depends on several whiskies for taste and smoothness.

Yet the unblended character of The Glenlivet is noble enough to stand alone. In this distinctive Scotch whisky you'll experience an exceptional smoothness and full-bodied richness, unmatched in all other premium Scotch.

Try the taste beyond premium Scotch.

The Glenlivet
Unchanged since 1824.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

see erected as billboards outside the Pentagon, the Whitney Museum, and other places. Through Feb. 7. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Alfred H. Maurer (1868-1932)—Oils and gouaches by an early modernist. Through Feb. 7. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Todd McKie—Cheerful outsize watercolors by an artist who has some of Miró's attitude toward conventional forms. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Attilio Salemme (1911-55)—Abstract paintings dated 1940-45. Through Feb. 5. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Alma Schapiro—Oil paintings of interiors, some with figures. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Antonio Segui—Oils and pastels depicting a furtive-looking character the artist calls SIR. Through Feb. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Everett Shinn (1876-1953)—Paintings, pastels, and drawings. Through Feb. 7. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Sandy Skoglund—A large installation whose two principal elements are bedroom furniture and a hundred and forty suspended ceramic goldfish. A large photograph of this scene is part of the exhibit. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Maurice Utrillo (1883-1955)—About forty paintings, a number from the period when white dominated his palette. Through March 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Frederick Wardy—Large canvases filled with an over-all pattern of leaflike forms, mostly in shades of gray. Through Wednesday, Jan. 28. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—Works on paper executed between 1910 and 1918. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Sculpture—A show called "Decorative Sculpture" includes a five-part etched-glass screen by Patsy Norvell; an eight-by-six-foot concrete fish pond housing a red concrete fish by Ned Smyth; and a sheet-aluminum fan, called "Coral Cadillac," by Barbara Zucker. Through Feb. 20. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Samuel Adler (1898-1979)—Late works; painted-wood sculptures and rag-paper collages. Through Friday, Jan. 30 (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Stanley Boxer / Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. / Gouaches, watercolors, and India-ink drawings, none of them previously exhibited. Through Feb. 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Marie Brumund—Watercolors in which almost Photo-Realist studies of oranges and lemons and pears are seen against strong floral patterns. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Also at the gallery is a display of handmade books by three artists: childlike picture stories by Roz Chast; blank colorful handmade pages in hardcover bindings by Kathleen Derzipilsky; and copies of Japanese erotica stitched on cloth pages by Sas Colby. Through Saturday, Jan. 31.

Arthur Cady—Landscape paintings by a realist. Through Feb. 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bernard Chaet—Watercolors of a tablecloth littered with cranberries—each one executed with a flick of the brush—and equally deft renditions of pears, black radishes, eggplants. There are also a couple of portraits and some Maine-coast scenes. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Louisa Chase—Stylized landscapes (waterfalls, forest clearings, ravines), each set off with a bouquet of stylized flowers in one corner of the canvas. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Dorothy Dehner—Table-size highly polished abstract bronze sculptures, plus a couple of large unpolished freestanding pieces and related drawings. The artist will be eighty on her next birthday. Through Thursday, Jan. 29. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Charles Fahlen—Models, drawings, and photographs of large-scale sculptures that are either completed or in progress. Through Feb. 4. (Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Harry Gottlieb—Drawings. Through Feb. 14. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St.)

Cleve Gray—Large, simple abstract forms confidently sketched in acrylic, and works in the same vein done on rice paper bonded to linen canvas. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Don Hazlitt—Small, decorative abstract wall pieces made of cardboard and painted in bright colors. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Andrew Hudson / Leatrice Rose—A series of lively pastel sketches on canvas. Through Thursday, Jan. 29. / Oil paintings of interiors, several of them affording views from the artist's West Side studio overlooking the Hudson. Also watercolor still-lifes. Through Feb. 5. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Stuart Ingle—Large, meticulously executed watercolor still-lifes. The artist teaches at the University of Minnesota. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jeffrey Lew—This artist, best known for his sculptures of books, now paints them in bold outline on large canvases sized with the durable stuff used for the white lines on highways. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St.)

John MacWhinnie / Juan Genovés—Recent oils by this able technician, who is reflecting the influence of Larry Rivers, one of his early mentors, to an ever greater degree. / Realist paintings by a Spanish artist who portrays fear and political oppression through the medium of a pair of tensed hands or one man's arm being seized by another's. Through Tuesday, Jan. 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ethel Magafan—Large-scale paintings of mountains in the West. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71)—Drawings done between 1930 and 1950 by this abstract artist, who was a disciple of Gorky but shifted to wholly geometrical forms in her later years. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Paintings from the same era are being shown at the gallery's SoHo branch, 113 Greene St. Through Feb. 28.

George McNeil—Fresh, frisky oils by a septuagenarian who paints in a distinctly American version of the European Expressionist style. Through Feb. 7. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Irving Petlin—Pastels and paintings, including a large semi-abstract landscape titled "Rubbings from the Calcium Garden . . . Maryan," which is inhabited by the figures sketched in drawings, also on display. Through Feb. 21. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Peter Saul—Large escapist paintings and drawings that deal, in a disarmingly gleeful way, with subway crime, police brutality, and Three Mile Island. Through Friday, Jan. 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

DANGER
SLIPPERY
ROAD AHEAD
S.

Claude-Emile Schuffenecker (1851-1934)—Ile-de-France and Normandy landscapes, Breton coastal scenes, and portraits. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St.)

David Sharpe—This artist has moved on from landscapes to figurative works that have an Expressionist stamp along with references to van Gogh, Matisse, and other artists (including himself at an earlier stage). Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Randy Stevens—Lighthearted paintings and pastels in which beauty-contest winners, cocktail waitresses, and cheerleaders are sympathetically depicted. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

William T. Williams—Abstract paintings in muted colors, and patterns that seem derived from the bark of trees or the cracks in sun-baked mud. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

Timothy Woodman / John Batho—Painted sculptural wall reliefs cut out of sheet aluminum and pieced together in cartoonlike versions of David and Goliath, Odysseus and the Sirens, Noah's Ark, the Legend of Sleepy Hollow—thirty-two works, large and small. / Color photographs by a French photographer which capture the movement and color and carnival air of amusement parks. Through Feb. 14. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At **BLUM HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St.: Three paintings each by Richard Diebenkorn, Ellsworth Kelly, Roy Lichtenstein, and Frank Stella make up the inaugural exhibit in this gallery's new quarters. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paper sculptures of ballet figures by Alexandra Exter, and paintings and works on paper by El Lissitzky, Liubov Popova, and other Russian avant-garde artists from the period 1912-28. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Grandma Moses and works on paper by Klimt, Schiele, Kollwitz, Kubin, and Kokoschka. Through Feb. 21. . . . **HAMILTON**, 20 W. 57th St.: Aluminum sculptures by Robert Murray and paintings by David Hare, Joan Snyder, and John Torreano. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. . . . **JANIS**, 110 W. 57th St.: "The Picasso Generation" is the title of a show of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Braque, Giacometti, Magritte, Matisse, Mondrian, and Picasso himself. Through Feb. 7. (Open Mondays.) . . . **OSCARSSON HOOD**, 41 W. 57th St.: Eleven abstract artists (Elizabeth Murray, Bill Jensen, Philip Wofford) have been invited to show their paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Open Tuesday evenings until 7:30.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Richard Beckett—Wall pieces made of cardboard painted with oil and encaustic, most of them about five feet long and suggestive of flight. Through Feb. 7. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

James Biederman—Elegant-looking wall sculptures made of painted wood. Through Feb. 4. (Weber, in new quarters at 142 Greene St.)

Eugene Brodsky / Alan Herman—Compositions made up of stretched canvases in geometric shapes assembled together in layers of varying depth. / Architectural sections (several of them doorways) constructed of wood and putty in various sizes, ranging in height from a few inches to nine and a half feet. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Wendell Castle / Arlene Slavin—The full-size tables and chairs and desks and hatracks in this show are carved from Honduran mahogany, and so are the hats and briefcases and leather jackets heaped upon them. / Cranes, flamingos, ibis, geese, and avocets in colorful mixed mediums. Through Wednesday, Jan. 28. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Robert Colescott—Large, vigorous acrylic paintings by a black artist who leans toward rowdy parodies of masterpieces (Manet's

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," for one), and comic switches (Shirley Temple painted black and Bill Robinson white). Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Semaphore, a recently opened gallery at 462 West Broadway.)

Erté—Small fashion drawings, designs for ballet sets and costumes, and other works evoking the nineteen-twenties by this legendary figure. Through Feb. 1. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Jasper Johns—Sixty drawings in mixed mediums done over the past ten years and including his ale cans, stencilled numerals and letters, and latter-day herringbone patterns. Through Feb. 7. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Richard Long—Six sculptural works laid out side by side on the gallery floor, each consisting of two hundred and seventy willow sticks about a foot and a half long, plus (in another room) a sixteen-foot circle of pine sticks. Through Feb. 7. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Alden Mason / Peter Voulkos—Large, colorful abstract designs made up of countless squiggles of paint applied directly from the tube to the canvas. / Irregularly shaped ceramic plates that have the look of Japanese antiquities; as a matter of fact, they were thrown by the artist in California and then shipped to a Japanese-type kiln in upstate New York for firing. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Jay Milder / Arthur Weyhe—Large, primitive, nature-oriented paintings in oils and acrylics (and even sand and dirt) in muted colors. / This artist's Minimalist cedar-log sculptures are primarily outdoor pieces. One is on display here; others are seen in a mounted exhibit of maquettes and photographs. Through Feb. 7. (Hunnings, 139 Spring St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Cynthia Mollod—Semi-abstract acrylic paintings based on architectural forms, in this case side-street storefronts out of the high-rent districts. Through Sunday, Jan. 25. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St.)

Sean Scully / Doug Ohlson—Diptychs striped in deep, sombre colors. / Large canvases divided into rectangular areas and painted various shades of red, blue, and green. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Alexis Smith / Mary Heilmann—A room-size environment devoted to nostalgic between-wars Americana, consisting of typescript passages from Sinclair Lewis, Thornton Wilder, and John Dos Passos, and murals and collages inspired by them. / Recent abstractions, some done with paint and some with ceramics, a new medium for this artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **hutchinson**, 138 Greene St.: Works on paper and maquettes for outdoor sculptures by twenty artists, among them Archipenko, George Segal, and Marisol. Through Feb. 14. . . . **thorp**, 419 West Broadway: Landscape paintings by Gregory Gillespie, Neil Jenney, John Lees, and others. Through Feb. 14.

OTHER GALLERIES

Group Show—Drawings by Alice Adams, David Knoebel, Frank Young, and others. Through Tuesday, Jan. 27. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bernd and Hilla Becher / Alain Kirili—Photographs, in series, of water towers. / Hand-forged iron sculptures. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Sam Falk—A retrospective of works by the *Times* photographer, whose pictures began appearing in 1925. Through Feb. 1. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

John Havinden—Prints dating from 1929 to 1939 by an avant-garde British photographer. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

William Klein—A retrospective of more than a hundred photographs of city life. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Angelo Laviosa—More than a hundred prints have been mounted; some from the twenties and thirties (F.D.R., Hirohito, Toscanini, and Mussolini) and the rest from 1941-58, when this native Italian was the official photographer for the Waldorf-Astoria and snapped such notable guests as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and David Lloyd George. Through Feb. 5. (Italian Cultural Institute, 686 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays and every day between 1 and 2.)

Suzanne Szasz—Children, alone or engaged in some aspect of family life, are the center of attention here, and the photographs explore the various levels of growing up: a newborn in the delivery room, a series on sorority rushing at a Southern university, and so on. Through Feb. 11. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Joyce Tenneson—Hand-applied silver prints. Through Feb. 13. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Philip Trager—Fifty black-and-white photographs of Manhattan architecture. Through March 1. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jerry N. Uelsmann / Charles Pratt (1926-76)—Montages, many stemming from a visit to Japan. / Wilderness photographs by an artist whose work appeared in *Audubon* and *Natural History*. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Brett Weston—Twenty vintage prints from throughout his career. Through Feb. 10. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7; Sundays, 11:30 to 6.)

Nineteenth-Century French Photographs—Portraits by Nadar, landscapes by Gustave Le Gray, architectural studies by Edouard-Denis Baldus, and other daguerreotypes and photographs dated 1880 and earlier. A loan from the Bibliothèque Nationale, at the Metropolitan Museum; see below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ A complementary show of photographs from virtually the same period (up to 1870) and by many of the same photographers is at Daniel Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Through Saturday, Jan. 31.

Group Show—More than forty artists have contributed to a show of constructions employing photographs—i.e., photo-printed stuffed-fabric works in a room setting by Catherine Jansen; a four-foot-square microfilm weaving by Arturo Sandoral; slides projected onto a wall to which clay shards have been attached by Cathy Billian. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Pratt Manhattan Center, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St. Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A survey of Korean art represented by more than three hundred items, among them Buddhist statuary, including a gilt-bronze Maitreya; *Koryo* celadon; *Yi* ceramics and paintings; and two gold crowns (about fifth century) recently excavated from royal tombs at the north mound of the Great Tomb at Hwangnam. Through March 15. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. . . . **photography:** Nineteenth-century French photographs. Through Feb. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Symbolist Aesthetic," a show of drawings, prints, and other works by late-nineteenth-century European artists (Gauguin, Ensor, Munch, Redon). Through March 10. . . . **photography:** "American Children," an exhibit of sixty photographs from the museum's collection; the works cover a hundred-year period starting with the eighteen-sixties. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1981 biennial survey of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and films produced in the past two years will occupy three floors of the museum. The fourth floor is already in place; the third floor opens Tuesday, Jan. 27; the second floor on Wednesday, Feb. 4. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty paintings and collages by Ad Reinhardt, from the permanent collection. Through Feb. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Dinner Party," Judy Chicago's sculptural tour de force of a table with place settings for thirty-nine celebrated women, real and fictional. Through Feb. 1. Admission to this exhibit by ticket only; first come, first served. . . . ¶ A show of furniture, ceramics, and other objects of twentieth-century American design. Stickley, Noguchi, Eames, and others are represented. Through Feb. 8. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Glory-of-the-Seas" is the name of one of the more than two hundred colorful cone shells in this exhibit and also the name from which the title of the show is taken. Other collector's items: "Gauguin's Cone," the "Stupella Cone," and "Thoma's Cone," which was once owned by James Arnold Constable. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibition organized by Bernard Rudofsky, the museum's scholar-in-residence, that deals with the way we eat, sleep, clean ourselves, and take our ease. The show includes tableware from various civilizations; headrests from Egypt, the Pacific Islands, and Africa; early bathroom facilities, and the prototype of Buckminster Fuller's "Dymaxion" bathroom. Through Feb. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—An exhibition of books, manuscripts, and other matter from the Lilly Library of Indiana University. The collection has works on the sciences (a first edition, 1833, of Beaumont's "Observations on the Gastric Juice . . ."), history (a first printed draft of the Constitution), and literature (manuscript copies of Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" and "Oil!," Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence," and Ian Fleming's "From Russia, With Love"). Through Feb. 7. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts and fifty single leaves. Through Feb. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Small Folk," an exhibit of folk art made for children—stuffed animals, doll furniture, sleds, rocking horses, quilts. The earliest item is a 1771 checkerboard game. Through Feb. 1. A companion show is at the New-York Historical Society: see below. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Small Folk," a display of American art works and other data that relate to children of the seventeenth century through the nineteenth: paintings of children, samplers and other hand-designed records of their vital statistics, infant furniture, and devices used to instill religion and an education. Through Feb. 1. This exhibit dovetails with one at the Museum of American Folk Art; see above. . . . ¶ The original work used for advertisements, record albums, and magazine illustrations by Milton Glaser, Bernie Fuchs, Bob Peak, Wilson McLean, and other recipients of the awards that have been given annually, since 1959, by the Society of Illustrators. Through May 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A show of all twenty-nine of the books published by the Plain Wrapper Press, including Pier Paolo Pasolini's "Ballata delle Madri." Also, manuscripts, letters, proofs, and sketches. Through April 29 . . . . ¶ A comprehensive look (afforded by the Berg Collection) at W. H. Auden's work and, to a degree, his life. On view are a copy of his first printed book (published privately by Stephen Spender in a limited edition of twenty-five), a number of other compositions, both in typescript and manuscript, and selections from fourteen notebooks. Many photographs. (Open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6. The Berg Collection always closes at 6.)

Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—This division of the New York Public Library reopened in a new five-story building this past fall. In the first-floor gallery, an exhibit of works on paper by and about black people has been mounted. The artists include Henry O. Tanner, Romare Bearden, and Jacob Lawrence. Through Feb. 14. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A number of artists (Valerie Jaudon, Mary Grigoriadis, William Wegman) showing various works—freestanding columns, oils, line drawings, fabric-and-paper collages—that owe some debt to the ornamental patterns in Islamic art. Through Saturday, Jan. 31.

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Three solo shows: Myrel Chernick (film installation), Carroll Dunham (abstract drawings), and Tom Rubnitz (painted cutouts). Also, a group show of drawings, models, and other works by five architects. Through Feb. 28.

Dia Art Foundation, 6 Harrison St., at Hudson St. 925-8270. Exhibition hours: Thursdays, 4 to 8; Saturdays, 2 to 6.—"The Magenta Lights," an installation by Marian Zazeela in which colored lights are reflected from suspended mobiles. On Wednesdays and Sundays at 6, concurrent four-hour piano improvisations ("The Well-Tuned Piano") by the composer La Monte Young. (Live on Sundays, taped on Wednesdays.) Through Feb. 28.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Lance Richbourg (performance), Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8:30; Elizabeth Sacre & Denise Green (performance), Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8:30; an installation of photographs and wall reliefs by Jim Casebere, through Saturday, Jan. 31.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6. Performances start at 8:30.—Julia Heyward (performance), Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24; Julius Eastman (music), Friday, Jan. 30; Michael Byron (music), Saturday, Jan. 31; photographs and videotapes of advertisements exhibited by Barbara Kruger, through Feb. 5.

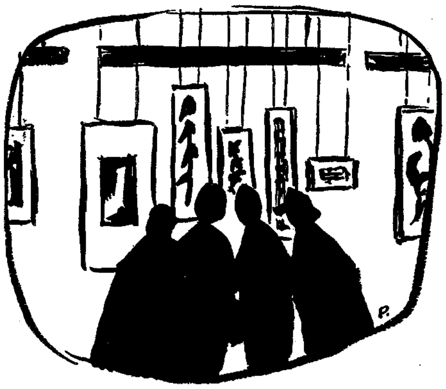
P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—A group exhibition of watercolors as well as individual shows by such artists as Christo (sculptures), Catherine Porter-Scully, and Addison Parks (paintings). Through Sunday, Jan. 25.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Gwyneth Jones, Tatiana Troyanos, Spas Wenkoff, Donald McIntyre, Matti Salminen, and Timothy Jenkins; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Lucia Popp, Zdzislawa Donat, David Rendall, Dale Duesing, Allan Monk, John Macurdy, Betsy Norden, Patricia Craig, Ariel Bybee, Isola Jones, and James Atherton; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Judith Blegen, Bianca Berini, Carlo Bergonzi, Louis Quilico, John Darrenkamp, and Julien Robbins; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Galina Savova, Joann Grillo, Batyah Godfrey, Carlo Bini, and Ryan Edwards; and "Pagliacci," with Julia Migenes-Johnson, Richard Cassilly, Pablo Elvira, Allan Monk, and Philip Creech. Giuseppe Patanè conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Lucia Popp, Zdzislawa Donat, David Rendall, Christian Boesch, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, Louise Wohlafka, Patricia Craig, Ariel Bybee, Isola Jones, and James Atherton; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 26, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Gwyneth Jones, Tatiana Troyanos, Spas Wenkoff, Donald McIntyre, Matti Salminen, and Timothy Jenkins; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Gail Robinson, Osceola Davis, David Rendall, Christian Boesch, Allan Monk, John Macurdy, Louise Wohlafka, Patricia Craig, Ariel Bybee, and Isola Jones; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Judith Blegen, Bianca Berini, Carlo Bergonzi, Louis Quilico, and John Darrenkamp; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Galina Savova, Joann Grillo, Batyah Godfrey, Carlo Bini, and Ryan Edwards; and "Pagliacci," with Julia Migenes-Johnson, Richard Cassilly, Pablo Elvira, Allan Monk, and Philip Creech; Giuseppe Patanè conducting both . . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Lucia Popp, Osceola Davis, David Rendall, Christian Boesch, Julien Robbins, John Macurdy, Louise Wohlafka, Patricia Craig, Ariel Bybee, and Isola Jones; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 1: "Tristan und Isolde," with Gwyneth Jones, Tatiana Troyanos, Spas Wenkoff, Donald McIntyre, Matti Salminen, and Timothy Jenkins; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Roberta Peters, Bianca Berini, Carlo Bergonzi, Louis Quilico, and John Darrenkamp; Michelangelo Veltri.



Bel Canto Opera—Julio Miron conducting four performances of Massenet's "Le Roi de Lahore," staged by Barbara L. Wilson. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturdays, Jan. 24 and 31, at 7:30, and Sundays, Jan. 25 and Feb. 1, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

Mannes Opera Workshop—Scenes from "The Marriage of Figaro," "The Magic Flute," "Così Fan Tutte," "La Traviata," "Carmen," and "The Goose of Cairo;" directed by Fredric Popper. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—John Nelson conducting a Shostakovich-Brahms program Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 22-24, at 8, and Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 7:30 (all with Peter Serkin, piano). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting a Foss-Copland program on Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8; Friday, Jan. 30, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 7:30 (all with Stanley Drucker, clarinet).

National Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Mstislav Rostropovich conducting — Friday, Jan. 23, at 8: A Berlioz-Dvořák-Shostakovich program, with Mr. Rostropovich as cello soloist and Hugh Wolff, guest conductor. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 30, at 8: A Penderecki-Beethoven program, with Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Yehudi Menuhin, violin; and the Oratorio Society of Washington, D. C.

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Alexander Kougell, cello; Matthew Schubin and Richard Vrotney, bassoon; Thomas Nyfinger, flute; Stuart Newbold, clarinet; and Ruth Waterman, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

New York String Ensemble—Fritz Maraffi conducting a small chamber orchestra, with Elisha Gilgore, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Philharmonia Orchestra of Yale—Otto-Werner Mueller conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Jerome Rose, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 3.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting a program of contemporary music, with Julius Baker, flute; Stephen Burns, trumpet; and Rosalind Rees, soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call 427-4410.)

Endymion Ensemble—Jon Goldberg conducting a program that includes the première of William Schuman's "Night Journey, Orchestral Suite." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

American Philharmonic Orchestra—Rohan Joseph conducting, with Lili Kraus, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8:15; a pre-concert program by the American Philharmonic Chamber Orchestra, with John Feeney, double bass, will be given at 7:45.)

Manhattan Symphony—George Manahan conducting a Tchaikovsky-Prokofiev program, with Aaron Shorr, piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, at 8.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Franz Farnberger directing. (Concert Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Gaechinger Kantorei of Stuttgart and the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra—Helmuth Rilling directing a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Edith Wiens, soprano; Margaret Cable, alto; Jon Humphrey, tenor; and Douglas Lawrence, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 3.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a program that includes the première of Alan Hovhaness' "Revelations of St. Paul," a work commissioned by the choral group. With Rita Shane, soprano; Vinson Cole, tenor; and William Parker, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 7:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing a program celebrating the fortieth anniversary of the group's foundation, with Mignon Dunn and Lorna Myers, mezzo-sopranos; Irene Oliver, soprano; Ronald Naldi, tenor; and Benjamin Matthews, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 7:30.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of sacred Renaissance and twentieth-century music, with Rosalind Rees, soprano. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

RECITALS

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The second in a series of four concerts presenting the complete quartets of Bartók and Mendelssohn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Evelyne Crochet—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leonard Rose, cello; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and Joseph Kalichstein, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 25, at 5.)

Yo-yo Ma—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Frank Guarrera and Rita Shane—Baritone and soprano, in a program of songs and duets (some from operas and some from Broadway shows). (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Andrea von Ramm—Soprano and harpist, in a program of medieval music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Cecile Licad—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-5197.)

Audubon Quartet—With Samuel Baron, flute. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Marilyn Horne—Soprano, in a recital postponed from Dec. 16. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 3.)

For the Love of Music—The second in a series of five programs of chamber music, this one devoted to the works of Pergolesi, Bottesini, Dlugoszewski, and Mendelssohn, performed by Pamela Mia Paul, piano; Richard Sortomme, violin; Frederick Zlotkin, cello; David Taylor, bass trombone; and others. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 3.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute, in the first in a series of three joint recitals, this one with Paula Robison, also flute; John Steele Ritter, harpsichord; and a chamber orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Eastman School of Music Series—The third in a series of four concerts, this one performed by Sylvia Rosenberg, violin, and Barbara Lister-Sink, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Thouvenel String Quartet—A Křenek-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

Myra Kestenbaum—Viola, with Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Jeffrey Solow, cello; Meg Bachman Vas, piano; and a chamber orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Baroque Mondays—The third in a series of four concerts, this one involving Edward Brewer, harpsichord; Virginia Brewer, oboe; and Daniel Waitzman, flute, baroque flute, and recorder. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 MacDougal St. 777-2571. Monday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Albert Markov—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Thomas Nyfenger—Flute, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Daniel Adni—Piano, in a Chopin-Brahms recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—A program of music by Stephen Dembski, Shulamit Ran, Ralph Shapey, and Ravel. With Judith Nicosia, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Eugene List—Piano, with the Vermont Festival Players, in a program entitled "Homage to Shostakovich." (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Zaidee Parkinson and Leslie Guinn—Piano and baritone, in an all-Brahms program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Mira J. Spektor—Mezzo-soprano, with the Aviva Players and others, in a benefit concert. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

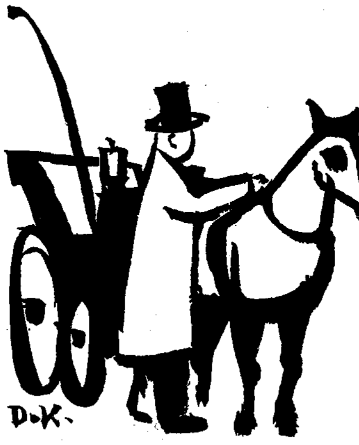
Eduardo Fernandez—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Composers' Guild for Performance—Robert Miller, piano, and the Atlantic String Quartet in a program of twentieth-century American music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Boehm Quintette—Chamber music. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Tana Bawden—Piano, in a Chopin-Liszt recital. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 777-3240.)

Chamber Music—Alexander Schneider, violin; Laurence Lesser, cello; Lee Luvisi, piano; and Marya Martin, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8. For tickets, call 581-5197.)



Composers String Quartet—The fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 3. The Quartet will provide a one-hour commentary and musical illustrations of the cycle at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Grant Johannesen—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Phoenix, Monday, Jan. 26, at 7:35. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER:** Nets vs. Seattle, Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Sunday, Jan. 25, at 1. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-201 935-8888.)

Hockey—At Nassau Coliseum—Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:05: Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 26, at 8:05: Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 18. The Affectionately Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 24. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, March 14.

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 4. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

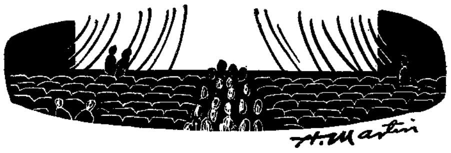
Winter Antiques Show—English, French, and American furniture and decorations, exhibited by more than seventy dealers. "The Four Centuries of Newport," a loan exhibit from the Preservation Society of Newport County, will be featured. A benefit for the East Side House Settlement. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Jan. 24, through Sunday, Feb. 1. Weekdays, 11 to 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

National Boat Show—Cruisers, sailboats, inboards, outboards, dinghies, and canoes, as well as all sorts of nautical fittings and trappings. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 21-23, from noon to 10; Saturday, Jan. 24, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, Jan. 25, from 11 to 8.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday, Jan. 23, at 10:15: American and European paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 29, at 10:15 and 2: American paintings and prints. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 23. . . . **SOTHEBY'S YORK AVENUE GALLERIES,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, at 10:15 and 2: International silver, *objets de vertu*, ivories, glass, porcelain, bronzes, furniture, and decorations—all from the Victorian era. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 2: American furniture and decorative works of art, from the collection of the late Florene Maine. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 24. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 28-30, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, Jan 31, at 2: Americana, including furniture, clocks, folk art, silver, Chinese Export porcelain, and prints. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 24. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 10:15: The Theodore H. Kapnek Collection of American samplers. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 24. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 2: European and American paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 24. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 29, at 2: Books on photography. Exhibition starts Tuesday, Jan. 27. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 525 E. 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 11: American furniture, European ceramics, and Oriental rugs and works of art. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 23.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 17. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Jan. 25: "The Day After Trinity."
Jan. 26: Theatre closed.
From Jan. 27: "The Long Shot."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Samuel Goldwyn films:
Jan. 21: "Kid Millions" and "Woman Chases Man."
Jan. 22: "Palmy Days" and "Kid Millions."
Jan. 23: "Whoopee!!" and "Palmy Days."
Jan. 24: "Hans Christian Andersen" and "Whoopee!!"
Jan. 25: "The Adventures of Marco Polo" and "Hans Christian Andersen."
Jan. 26: "Condemned" and "The Adventures of Marco Polo."
Jan. 27: "Cynara" and "Condemned."
Jan. 28: "Arrowsmith" and "Cynara."
Jan. 29: "The Dark Angel" and "Arrowsmith."
Jan. 30: "Barbary Coast" and "The Dark Angel."
Jan. 31: "Dodsworth" and "Barbary Coast."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 22: "All That Jazz" and "Willie & Phil."
Jan. 23-29: "It's My Turn" and ". . . And Justice for All."
From Jan. 30: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Stir Crazy."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Scanners."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Jan. 22: "First Family."
From Jan. 23: "Altered States."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Seems Like Old Times."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Jan. 29: "Hangar 18."
From Jan. 30: "Maniac."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"9 to 5."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Jan. 29: "Caligula."
From Jan. 30: Theatre temporarily closed.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Scanners."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"The Mirror Crack'd."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Inside Moves."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Tribute."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Jan. 22: "Bronco Billy."
From Jan. 23: "Private Benjamin."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Breaker Morant."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Stir Crazy."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Jan. 22: "Mountain Family Robinson."
Jan. 23-29: "Blood Beach."
From Jan. 30: "The Incredible Shrinking Woman."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Altered States."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Raging Bull."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Seems Like Old Times."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"First Family."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Tell Me a Riddle."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Competition."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Jan. 29: "Ordinary People."
From Jan. 30: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Jan. 22: "Any Which Way You Can."
From Jan. 23: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 22: "Hangar 18."
From Jan. 23: "Blood Beach."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Popeye."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Stir Crazy."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Scanners."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 22: "Mountain Family Robinson." Jan. 23-29: To be announced. From Jan. 30: "Maniac."
Theatre 2: "9 to 5."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Jan. 29: "The Mirror Crack'd."
From Jan. 30: "The Incredible Shrinking Woman."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Jan. 29: "The Formula."
From Jan. 30: To be announced.

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Raging Bull."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Elephant Man."
Theatre 2: "Ordinary People."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 22: "Flash Gordon." From Jan. 23: "Every Man for Himself."
Theatre 4: "Bye Bye Brazil."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Jan. 22: "Fish Hawk."
From Jan. 23: "The Elephant Man."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Jazz Singer."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Popeye."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Jan. 22: "A Change of Seasons."
From Jan. 23: "From the Life of the Marionettes."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tess."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Mon Oncle d'Amérique."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Ordinary People."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Raging Bull."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Jan. 22: "Les Bons Débarras (Good Riddance)."
From Jan. 23: "Man of Marble."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Jan. 22: "Every Man for Himself."
From Jan. 23: "Les Bons Débarras (Good Riddance)."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Jan. 29: Theatre closed.
From Jan. 30 (tentative): "Ordinary People."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Elephant Man."
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 22: "The Formula." From Jan. 23: "It's My Turn."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 22: "First Family." From Jan. 23: "Seems Like Old Times."
Theatre 4: "Stir Crazy."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Jan. 29: "La Cage aux Folles."
From Jan. 30: "Like a Turtle on Its Back."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Jan. 29: "The Mirror Crack'd."
From Jan. 30: "The Incredible Shrinking Woman."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 22: "Ordinary People." Jan. 23-29: "A Change of Seasons." From Jan. 30: "The Mirror Crack'd."
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 22: "Mountain Family Robinson." Jan. 23-29: "It's My Turn." From Jan. 30: "Caligula."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 22: "Hangar 18." Jan. 23-29: "Every Man for Himself." From Jan. 30 (tentative): "Raging Bull."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "9 to 5." (†)
Theatre 2: "First Family." (†)
Theatre 3: "Private Benjamin." (†)
Theatre 4: "Raging Bull." (†)
Theatre 5: "Flash Gordon." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Elephant Man." (†)
Theatre 3: "Airplane!"
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 22: "Challenge the Dragon." From Jan. 23: "The Blob" and "Son of Blob."

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Seems Like Old Times." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Altered States." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Popeye." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Scanners." (†)

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Jan. 29: "Any Which Way You Can." (†)
From Jan. 30: "Caligula." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Stir Crazy." (†)

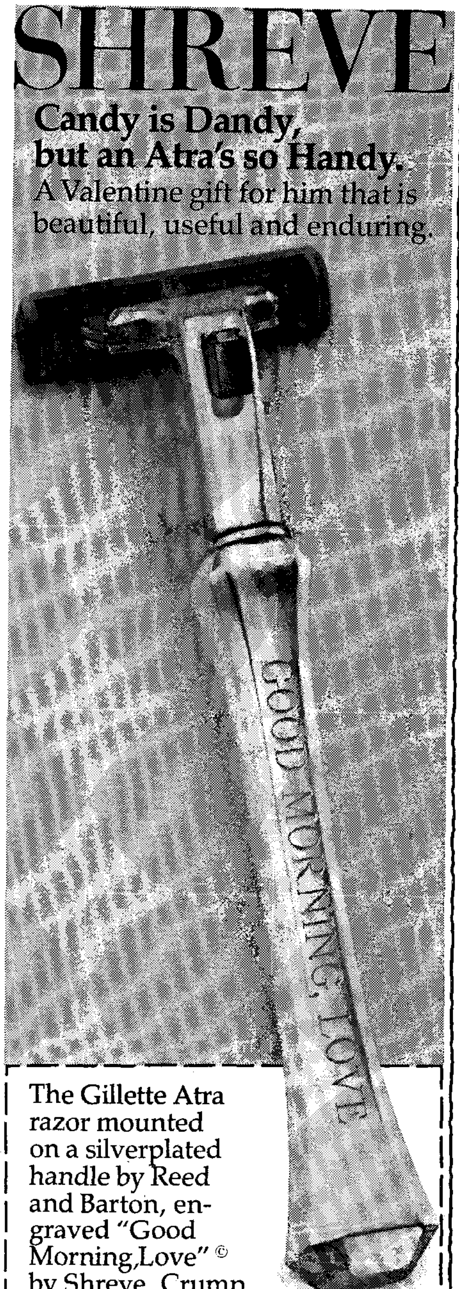
Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Jan. 29: "Hangar 18." (†)
From Jan. 30: "The Incredible Shrinking Woman." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
From Jan. 30: "Maniac." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Jan. 22: "Challenge the Dragon" and "Snake Fist vs. the Dragon."
Jan. 23-29: "Blood Beach." (†)
From Jan. 30: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 21: "Mouchette" (1966) and "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (1966), both films in French, directed by Robert Bresson.
Jan. 22: "Fata Morgana" (1971), in German, directed by Werner Herzog; and "Nosferatu" (1922), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Max Schreck.
Jan. 23: "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terrence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.
Jan. 24: "Marat/Sade" (1967), directed by Peter Brook, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company; and "King Lear" (1971), directed by Peter Brook, with Paul Scofield.
Jan. 25: "The Harder They Come" (1973), a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois, directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff; and



SHREVE
Candy is Dandy, but an Atra's so Handy.
A Valentine gift for him that is beautiful, useful and enduring.
GOOD MORNING, LOVE

The Gillette Atra razor mounted on a silverplated handle by Reed and Barton, engraved "Good Morning, Love" © by Shreve, Crump and Low. $30.

Please send ________ Atra razors at $30 each.

Total order $ ________

Mass. Tax 5% $ ________

Shipping $2.50 ea. $ ________

Total $ ________

☐ Shreve charge ☐ VISA
☐ Master Card ☐ Am. Express

Card # ________

Exp. date ________

Name ________

Address ________

________ Zip ________

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW, INC.
Jewellers since 1800
330 Boylston Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02116
Phone (617) 267-9100

"The Street Fighter" (1975), directed by Shigehiro Ozawa, with Sonny Chiba.

Jan. 26: "Verboten" (1960), directed by Sam Fuller, with James Best, Susan Cummings, and Tom Pittman; and "The Big Red One" (1980), directed by Sam Fuller, with Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill.

Jan. 27: "Osaka Story" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Kozaburo Yoshimura; and "Ugetsu" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Masayuki Mori.

Jan. 28: "Small Change" (1976), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Geory Demouceaux; and "Two English Girls" (1972), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Jan. 29: "Guernica" (†); and "Viva la Muerte!" (1971), in French, directed by Fernando Arrabal.

Jan. 30: "Chinatown" (1974), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski.

Jan. 31: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Deliverance" (1972), directed by John Boorman, with Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Jan. 21: "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin.

Jan. 22: "Ikiru" (1952), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Takashi Shimura; and "Yojimbo" (1961), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

Jan. 23: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974), in Italian, directed by Franco Brusati, with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "Cousin, Cousine" (1976), in French, directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier.

Jan. 24: "The Boy Friend" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Twiggy; and "The Band Wagon" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Nanette Fabray, and Jack Buchanan.

Jan. 25: "Major Barbara" (†) and "Caesar and Cleopatra." (†)

Jan. 26: "Stavisky" (†); and "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, Joseph Cotten, and Alida Valli.

Jan. 27: "The Getting of Wisdom" (†); and "Picture Show Man" (1977), directed by John Powers, with Rod Taylor and John Meillion.

Jan. 28: "The Man in the Glass Booth" (1975), directed by Arthur Hiller, with Maximilian Schell, Lois Nettleton, Lawrence Pressman, and Luther Adler; and "Triumph of the Will" (1934), a documentary about the Sixth Nazi Party Congress in 1934, directed by Leni Riefenstahl.

Jan. 29: "Le Plaisir" (†); and "Lola Montès" (1955), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook.

Jan. 30: "Pretty Baby" (1978), directed by Louis Malle, with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas; and "Carny." (†)

Jan. 31: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 22: "Emmanuelle" (1974), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin, with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "Le Sex Shop" (1973), in French, directed by, and with, Claude Berri.

Jan. 23-24: "The Producers" (1968), directed by Mel Brooks, with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder; and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972), directed by Herbert Ross, with Woody Allen.

Jan. 25-26: "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde.

Jan. 27: "The Runner Stumbles" (†); and "Caravans" (1978), directed by James Fargo, with Anthony Quinn, Jennifer O'Neill, and Michael Sarrazin.

Jan. 28-29: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.

Jan. 30-31: "The Lord of the Rings" (1978), an animated film, directed by Ralph Bakshi; and "Fantastic Planet" (1973), in French, an animated science-fiction film, directed by René Laloux.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Jan. 29: "Let It Be" (1970), directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg, with the Beatles; and "How I Won the War" (1967), directed by Richard Lester, with Michael Crawford and John Lennon.

From Jan. 30: "Annie Hall" (1977) and "Manhattan" (1979), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

MINI CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Jan. 21: "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942), directed by Orson Welles, with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead; and "The World Moves On" (1934), directed by John Ford, with Madeleine Carroll, Franchot Tone, and Reginald Denny.

Jan. 22-24: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933), directed by Lowell Sherman, with Mae West and Cary Grant; and "I'm No Angel" (1933), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Mae West, Cary Grant, and Edward Arnold.

Jan. 25-27: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas, Dick Powell, and Gloria Grahame; and "Play It As It Lays." (†)

Jan. 28-30: "Blonde Venus" (1932), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, and Dickie Moore; and "Morocco." (†)

From Jan. 31: "Dracula" (†) and "Frankenstein." (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Jan. 24: "The Shopworn Angel" (1938), directed by H. C. Potter, with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Walter Pidgeon, Hattie McDaniel, and Sam Levene; and "Without Love" (1945), directed by Harold S. Bucquet, with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Keenan Wynn, and Lucille Ball.

Jan. 25-26: "Sweethearts" (†) and "Rose Marie." (†)

Jan. 27-28: "Payment Deferred" (1932), directed by Lothar Mendes, with Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Ray Milland; and "Gabriel Over the White House" (1933), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Walter Huston, Karen Morley, and Franchot Tone.

Jan. 29-31: "The Tender Trap" (1955), directed by Charles Walters, with Frank Sinatra, Debbie Reynolds, David Wayne, and Celeste Holm; and "The Teahouse of the August Moon." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Jan. 21: "Fists in the Pocket" (1967), in Italian, directed by Marco Bellocchio, with Lou Castel and Paola Pitagora; and "I Vinti" (1953), a three episode film, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni.

Jan. 22: "Tillie's Punctured Romance" (1914), a silent film, directed by Mack Sennett, with Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin; and four Chaplin shorts—"Behind the Screen" (1916), "The Bond" (1918), "Police" (1916), and "The Count" (1916).

Jan. 23-24: "Acting Out" (1979), directed by Carl Gurevich, and Ralph Rosenblum; and "The President's Women" (1975), directed by John Avildsen, with Zero Mostel, Estelle Parsons, and Pat Paulsen.

Jan. 25: "The Turning Point" (1977), directed by Herbert Ross, with Anne Bancroft, Shirley MacLaine, Tom Sherritt, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Leslie Browne; and "Top Hat" (1935), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.

Jan. 26: "The Panic in Needle Park" (1971), directed by Jerry Schatzberg, with Al Pacino and Kitty Winn; and "Blue Sunshine" (1978), directed by Jeff Lieberman, with Zalman King.

Jan. 27: A program of short films with

performances by many jazz artists, including Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton, Count Basie, and Billie Holiday.

Jan. 28: "Accattone!" (†); and "Death of a Friend" (1960), in Italian, directed by Franco Rossi.

Jan. 29: "Arch of Triumph" (1948), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer; and "The North Star." (†)

Jan. 30-31: "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Sympathy for the Devil." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 21: "Jewel Robbery" (1932), directed by William Dieterle, with William Powell and Kay Francis; and "One Way Passage" (1932), directed by Tay Garnett, with William Powell, Kay Francis, and Aline MacMahon.

Jan. 22: "The Woman in Green" (1945) and "Terror by Night" (1946), two films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series, both directed by Roy William Neill.

Jan. 23-24: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

Jan. 25: "Rain" (1932), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, and William Gargan; and "Of Human Bondage" (1934), directed by John Cromwell, with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Frances Dee, and Kay Johnson.

Jan. 26: "Show Boat" (1936), directed by James Whale, with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson; and "High, Wide, and Handsome" (1937), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott. (†)

Jan. 27: "Double Indemnity" (1944), directed by Billy Wilder, with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number." (†)

Jan. 28: "Anna Christie" (1930), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion; and "Anna Karenina" (1935), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone.

Jan. 29: "The Stranger" (1946), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young; and "Journey Into Fear." (†)

Jan. 30-31: "Murder Most Foul" (1965) and "Murder She Said" (1962), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 22 at 2:30: "I Often Remember Hawaii" (1978), in German, directed by Elfi Mikesch; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 6 and 7:30 and Jan. 23 at 2:30 and 6: Three different programs of animated films from the National Film Board of Canada. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at noon: "The Roaring Twenties" (1939) directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Cagney, Priscilla Lane, and Humphrey Bogart. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 2:30 and 5: Two different programs of animated films from the National Film Board of Canada. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at noon: "The Roaring Twenties." . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 2:30: One of the programs of animated films from the National Film Board of Canada. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 5: "The Cat and the Canary" (1927), a silent film, directed by Paul Leni, with Laura LaPlante and Tully Marshall. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at noon: "Just Posing" (1980), directed by Lynda Sparrow, with Felice Schachter and Mary Casterline; and "The Nap" (1979), directed by Joan Rosenfelt. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 2:30: One of the programs of animated films from the National Film Board of Canada. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 6: A program of films by R. Bruce Elder. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at noon: "Just Posing." . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 2:30: "The Cat and the Canary." . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 6: "Martha Clarke Light & Dark" (1980), a documentary, directed by Joyce Chopra. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 2:30, 6, and 7:30; Jan. 30 at 2:30 and 6; and Jan. 31 at noon, 2:30, and 5: Five different programs of animated films from the National Film Board of Canada. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through Jan. 25: An installation of eighteen video works by William Anastasi. Continuous showings from noon to 6. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Jan. 21 at 8: "The Eleventh Year" (1928), a Russian silent film, directed by Dziga Vertov. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 3: A program of video films by David Cort. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 8: "Shanghai Soviet!" (1926), a Russian silent film, directed by Dziga Vertov. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 8: "Man with a Movie Camera" (1929), a Russian silent film, directed by Dziga Vertov. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 8: "Enthusiasm" (1931), a Russian film, directed by Dziga Vertov; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 8: "Three Songs About Lenin" (1934), in Russian, directed by Dziga Vertov; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 6: "À Propos de Nice" (1929-30), "Taris" (1931), and "Zero de Conduite" (1933), all films in French, directed by Jean Vigo; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 8: A program of video films by David Cort. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 8: "L'Atalante" (1934), in French, directed by Jean Vigo; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 8: "Room Film" (1973) and "Condition of Illusion" (1975), both films directed by Peter Gidal. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 8: "Kopenhagen/1930" (1977) and "Silent Partner" (1977), both films directed by Peter Gidal. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 2: A program of video films made in Seattle. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 8: "Heads" (1969) and "4th Wall" (1978), both films directed by Peter Gidal.

Napoleon—Abel Gance's 1927 four-and-a-half-hour silent film. As an accompaniment to the film, the American Symphony Orchestra, directed by Carmine Coppola, will play apposite music written by Mr. Coppola. Mr. Gance (91 years old) will be present in the audience. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 944-9300. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, at 7:30, and Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2:30.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Accattone! (1961)—Pier Paolo Pasolini's film about a Catholic boy at the bottom of the heap. The characters and the story are simple and anti-bourgeois by nature; Pasolini's coldly humorless theories and haut-bourgeois intellect sabotage practically everything that he hopes to do emotionally in the picture. In Italian. (Thalia; Jan. 28.)

The Adventures of Marco Polo (1938)—With Gary Cooper, Sigrid Gurie, and Basil Rathbone; directed by Archie Mayo. (Art; Jan. 25-26.)

All That Jazz (1979)—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile) but who keeps going, on Dexedrine and charm, long enough to work out some zingy production numbers and bring tears to the eyes of all the brave, put-upon women in his life. There are rehearsal scenes right out of "42nd Street" and soft-lens metaphysics out of Fellini, and some open-heart surgery, too, but the story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 22.)

Altered States—An aggressively silly head-horror movie, the result of the misalliance of two wildly different hyperbolic talents—the director Ken Russell and the writer Paddy Chayefsky. The picture deals with the efforts of a psychophysiologist (William Hurt), who has lost his belief in God, to find the source and meaning of life by immersing himself in an isolation tank and ingesting a brew of blood and sacred mushrooms. Chayefsky's dialogue is like a series of position papers. Russell uses a lot of tricks to spare you the misery of hearing the words declaimed straight, but no matter how hopped up the delivery is, you can't help feeling that you're in a lecture hall and that the characters should all have pointers. There are some effectively scary Jekyll-and-Hyde tricks, and Hurt, making his movie début, brings a cool, quivering untrustworthiness to his revved-up mad-scientist role; this young scientist is neurasthenic, charismatic, and ready to try anything. But Russell clomps from one scene to the next, the psychedelic visions come at you like choppy slide shows, and the picture has a dismal, tired humanistic ending. With Bob Balaban and Charles Haid, and with Blair Brown in an undated version of the thankless role of the worrying, hand-wringing wife. She's an anthropologist with a job at Harvard, but all she does is fret. (1/19/81) (Gemini 2, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; starting Jan. 23.)

. . . And Justice for All (1979)—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (10/22/79) (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 23-29.)

Any Which Way You Can—With Clint Eastwood, Sondra Locke, Geoffrey Lewis, William Smith, Harry Guardino, and Ruth Gordon; directed by Buddy Van Horn. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Movieland; through Jan. 29.)

Arrowsmith (1931)—With Helen Hayes, Ronald Colman, and Richard Bennett; directed by John Ford. (Art; Jan. 28-29.)

Barbary Coast (1935)—Lavish, unconvincing re-creation of San Francisco's vice dens in the eighteen-fifties. The picture was designed as a showcase for Edward G. Robinson's talents, and he gives a juicy performance as a lovable gangland boss. But the material is too false and studied—and too polite. Miriam Hopkins is Swan, the disillusioned queen of the Coast, who presides over a crooked roulette wheel; Joel McCrea courts her with a volume of Shelley. Howard Hawks directed, from a script by Hecht and MacArthur, and there's plenty of action, but you feel as if you've seen it all before. With Walter Brennan, Frank Craven, Brian Donlevy, and, in a bit part, David Niven. (Art; Jan. 30-31.)

Blood Beach—With David Huffman and Mariana Hill, directed by Jeffrey Bloom. (Gemini 1, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; Jan. 23-29. . . . ¶ U. A. East; starting Jan. 23.)

Les Bons Débarras (Good Riddance)—A Canadian film, with Marie Tifo, Charlotte Laurier, and Germain Houde; directed by Francis Mankiewicz. In French. (Cinema Studio 1; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio 2; starting Jan. 23.)

Breaker Morant—An Australian film, with Edward Woodward, directed by Bruce Beresford. (Cinema I.)

Bronco Billy—With Clint Eastwood and Sondra Locke, directed by Eastwood. (D. W. Griffith; through Jan. 22.)

Bye Bye Brazil—A Brazilian film, with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker, directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (Quad Cinema.)

Caesar and Cleopatra (1946)—Despite its resonant title, Shaw's play is a minor comedy—a slight, sly conceit—and it was blown up out of proportion in this extravagant, Shaw-adoring version directed by Gabriel Pascal. The pomp overpowers the parody and the playfulness. Vivien Leigh romps about as the cruel, deceiving kitten who is to become a passionate, tragic queen, while Claude Rains—as her lover and mentor, the amused, dispassionate Caesar—displays a world-weary widsom that is more smugly shallow than Shaw could have intended. With a fabulous celebrity-show cast that includes Flora Robson, Stewart Granger, Francis L. Sullivan, Basil Sydney, Michael Rennie, Cecil Parker, Stanley Holloway, Leo Genn, Anthony Harvey, and the invaluable Ernest Thesiger. Music by Georges Auric. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 25.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (New Yorker 1; through Jan. 29.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East; through Jan. 29. . . . ¶ Olympia, and Movieland; starting Jan. 30.)

Carny—As the teen-age small-town girl looking for excitement who joins up with a carnival that's travelling through, Jodie Foster has a marvellous sexy bravado. With her long legs and knowledgeable eyes, this blooming young actress gives the picture a toehold on recognizable human experience. But the carny partners she hooks up with are played by Gary Busey and Robbie Robertson, and it's hard to know what they think they're doing. Busey is the carnival's hostile, sadistic bozo (who manipulates customers by insulting them), yet we can't see what his meanness comes out of—he seems to be an open-faced farm boy. And the heavy-lidded Robertson, who was so remarkable as himself in "The Last Waltz," Scorsese's concert film about The Band, acts like a burned-out dowager here. His twitches and druggy, Garbo-esque expressions don't connect with anything. The low-life carny world has been shot for funky exoticism, and the director, Robert Kaylor, overdoes it—the images are too grotesque, too ominous, too garish, and the music (by Alex North) is too insistent. There isn't enough humor and there isn't enough clarity about how things work; it doesn't help to have a carny hand say to somebody, "You still don't get it, do you?" when we don't either. There's an authentically eerie scene of Harold the 600-pound Fat Man (George Emerson) singing, and an even eerier moment when he goes out into the rain—presumably the only shower big enough for him. The dialogue, from Thomas Baum's screenplay, is often colorful, but the picture is heavy. The minute Elisha Cook turns up as an endearing crazy, it's obvious he's going to be bumped off, and there's an ugly sequence with Jodie Foster apparently trapped by a sexual psychopath. With Meg Foster, who gives off a lot of energy, though she has nothing to do, and Kenneth McMillan and Bert Remsen. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 30.)

A Change of Seasons—With Shirley MacLaine, Bo Derek, and Anthony Hopkins; directed by Richard Lang. (57th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Olympia; Jan. 23-29.)

The Competition—Amy Irving and Richard Dreyfuss are two of the six finalists in an international piano competition being held in San Francisco. When they fall in love, will Amy, who is rich, sure of herself, and only twenty-one, throw the contest to Richard, who is poor, distraught because of the financial strain he has caused his dying father, and almost thirty? And if Amy doesn't, and *she* wins, will she lose Richard? The picture doesn't rise above this daytime soap-opera level, and between them Irving and Dreyfuss have acquired enough bad acting habits for a different kind of competition. Her voice suggests that she's in a thick, muggy haze, and she drawls affectedly. He scrunches up his face, claps his hand to the back of his neck, and turns away; trying to act a sensitive musician under a terrible strain, he comes across as a throbbing, shuddering wreck. As Irving's teacher, Lee Remick delivers some stunted, pathetic little howlers about life and art; as the vain, lecherous, silver-haired maestro of the symphony orchestra that performs with the finalists, Sam Wanamaker (who looks startlingly like Leonard Bernstein here) gives a polished, old-pro's satirical performance, and struts away with the picture. Directed by Joel Oliansky, from his own screenplay (based on a story he conceived with the producer, William Sackheim). (1/19/81) (Loews Tower East.)

Condemned (1929)—With Ronald Colman and Ann Harding, directed by Wesley Ruggles. (Art; Jan. 26-27.)

Cynara (1932)—With Ronald Colman and Kay Francis, directed by King Vidor. (Art; Jan. 27-28.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

The Dark Angel (1935)—The First World War and some of its woes, in a prolonged but well-handled sob story. With Merle Oberon, Fredric March, and Herbert Marshall; directed by Sidney Franklin. (Art; Jan. 29-30.)

The Day After Trinity—A documentary about J. Robert Oppenheimer, directed by Jon Else. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Jan. 25.)

Dodsworth (1936)—While other writers were turning out novels ridiculing American materialism and glorifying the expatriate existence, Sinclair Lewis conceived a businessman hero and showed him to be a true dreamer, while his culture-mad wife, longing to be enriched by life in Europe, was a foolish horror. Sidney Howard made a play of Lewis's novel, and Walter Huston gave a legendary performance as the hero. He also stars in the movie version, which was produced by Sam Goldwyn with great care and taste; William Wyler is the director. There's only one trouble, really, but it's central: Sidney Howard also did the screenplay, and the movie follows the stage version too closely. It looks programmed and underpopulated, though in an elegantly stylized way. (Rudolph Maté was the cinematographer.) Ruth Chatterton plays the wife. Mary Astor is the woman who appreciates Dodsworth's real value, and the cast includes Maria Ouspenskaya (she's Viennese this time), Paul Lukas, David Niven, Odette Myrtil, Spring Byington, and John Payne. (Art; Jan. 31.)

Dracula (1931)—It begins well, wandering around the crypt of Dracula's castle in the Carpathian Mountains as the vampires get up from their coffins. But this first American version, directed by Tod Browning, was adapted from a play based on the Bram Stoker novel rather than from the novel itself, and it becomes too stagy. It was a tremendous popular success, however (it was advertised as "The Strangest Love Story of All"), and spawned many sequels. As Count Dracula, Bela Lugosi is the courtly personification of evil. He had played the role on Broadway in 1927 and had toured in it for years, and he seemed inside it in a wonderfully hammy, slightly demented way; his stilted manner and his ripe Hungarian accent have been imitated and parodied by subsequent Draculas. With pale Helen Chandler, who seems too anemic to attract a vampire, David Manners, Frances Dade, Edward Van Sloan, and the peerlessly degraded Dwight Frye. Cinematography by Karl Freund, script by Garrett Fort, with dialogue by Dudley Murphy; play by Hamilton Deane and John L. Balderston. (Mini Cinema; starting Jan. 31.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft, as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Guild; starting Jan. 23.)

Every Man for Himself—This 1979 picture, which Jean-Luc Godard calls his "second first film," has been widely hailed as a return to his great, innovative work of the sixties. It's wonderful to feel the pull of Godard's images again, but the movie may also make you feel empty. The setting is a nameless Swiss city, where the lives of the three main characters are loosely intertwined—Jacques Dutronc is a video filmmaker, Nathalie Baye is the woman who is leaving him, and Isabelle Huppert is a practical-minded prostitute. It's about money and people selling themselves—their minds or their bodies. Godard's political extremism has been replaced by a broader extremism—total contempt, colored by masochism. He's saying, "Everything is for sale." It's simplistic cynicism, like that of the barroom pundit who tells you that every man has his price. The look of the picture isn't inhuman, even though what it's saying is; that's its poignancy. Godard shows us the soft shadings of what might have been. He also tickles the audience with a variety of jokes about the joylessness of sex, but he's too despairing to be really funny. In French. (11/24/80) (Cinema Studio 2; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Olympia; Jan. 23-29. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Jan. 23.)

First Family—With Gilda Radner, Bob Newhart, and Madeline Kahn; directed by Buck Henry. (Loews New York 2, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Jan. 22.)

Fish Hawk—With Will Sampson and Charles Fields, directed by Donald Shebib. (Guild; through Jan. 22.)

Flash Gordon—It's like a fairy tale set in a discothèque in the clouds. Up there, the archfiend Ming the Merciless (Max von Sydow) toys with Earth until three Earthlings—Dr. Zarkov (Topol), the golden-haired Flash Gordon (Sam J. Jones), and the cuddly Dale Arden (Melody Anderson)—go up in a rocket and crash-land at Ming's palace in Mongo. The director, Mike Hodges, gets right into comic-strip sensibility and pacing. With Brian Blessed as Prince Vultan, the leader of the hawk men (who have huge wings), Timothy Dalton as Prince Barin, and Mariangela Melato and John Osborne. From a script by Lorenzo Semple, Jr.; produced by Dino Di Laurentiis; music by the rock group Queen. (1/5/81) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 22.)

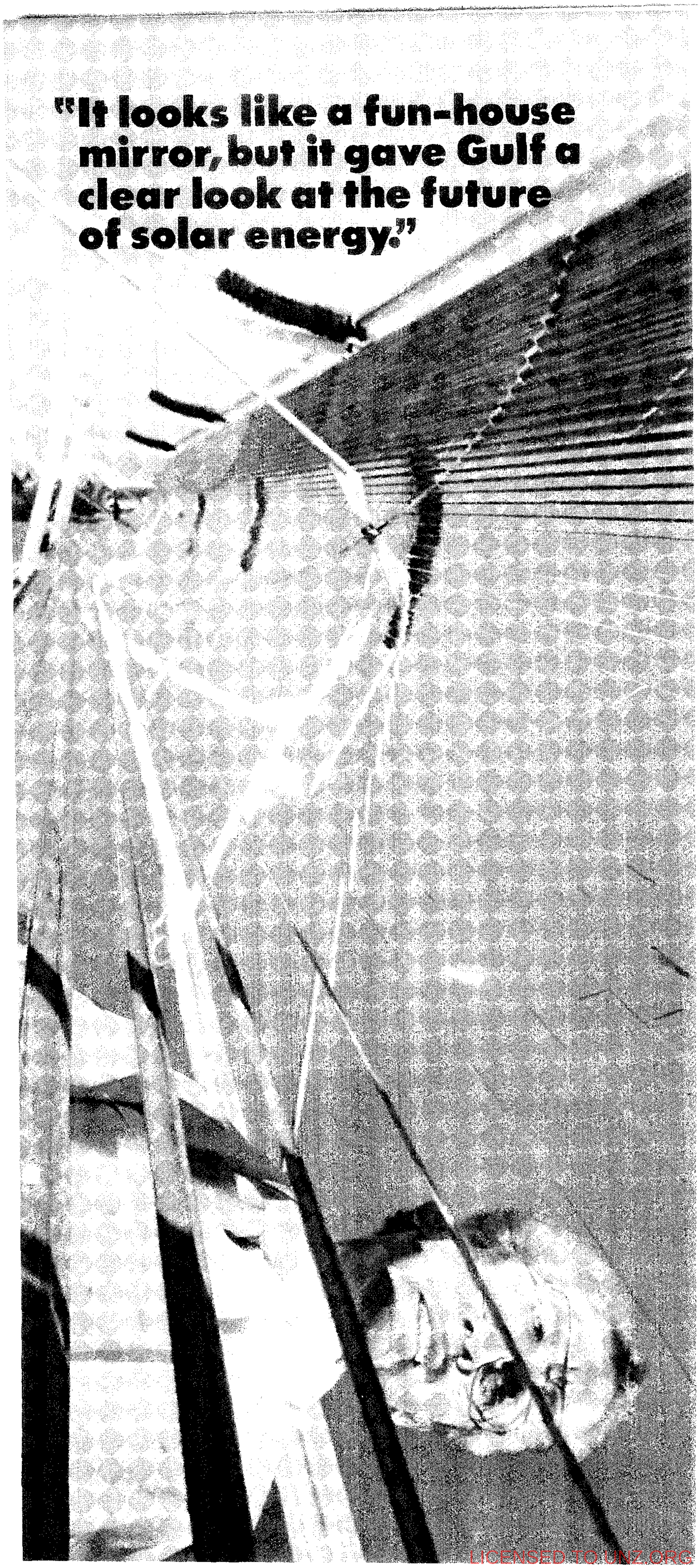
The Formula—With George C. Scott, Marlon Brando, and Marthe Keller; directed by John G. Avildsen. (Loews 83rd Quad; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 1; through Jan. 29.)

Frankenstein (1931)—Probably the most famous of all horror films, and one of the best. It was not the first version of the Mary Shelley novel (there had been a "Frankenstein" as early as 1910), but this version, directed by James Whale, with Boris Karloff as the sad, lumbering monster and Colin Clive as the high-strung, tormented Baron Frankenstein, caught the imagination of a large public—and has held it for four decades. With Mae Clarke, John Boles, Edward Van Sloan, and Dwight Frye, as the monster's first victim. (Mini Cinema; starting Jan. 31.)

From the Life of the Marionettes—With Robert Atzorn, Christine Buchegger, and Martin Benrath; directed by Ingmar Bergman. In German. (57th St. Playhouse; starting Jan. 23.)

The Getting of Wisdom (1977)—A minor post-Victorian autobiographical novel about an Australian girl's coming of age, re-created for the screen in its own terms—or, rather, in what the re-creators think are its own terms. At thirteen, an impoverished girl (Susannah Fowle) from the backcountry who is highly precocious and a gifted musician comes to Melbourne, and she spends five years there at the Presbyterian Ladies College, a select school for the daughters of the wealthy, where the teachers sneer at her because her

"It looks like a fun-house mirror, but it gave Gulf a clear look at the future of solar energy."



"There's more to solar energy than the flat black solar collectors you see on the roofs of houses," says Staff Engineer Julien Reynaud. "For instance, this solar concentrator we developed here at General Atomic. It looks like a fun-house mirror, but it can heat flowing liquids to temperatures up to 1100°F.

"General Atomic is working hard to determine how much commercial power you can extract from sunlight."

"There are other technologies being developed by General Atomic, which is 50% owned by Gulf Oil, to make solar energy commercially practical. Our newest solar projects include a multiple-effect thin-film distillation process that can produce a lot of distilled water using low-grade heat sources; and polycrystalline photovoltaic cells for converting sunlight directly into electricity.

"There's still a long way to go. We'll be into the next century before sunlight supplies more than 5% of this country's total energy requirements. But there has been progress. Solar energy is already working in some factories, heating water, bleaching textiles, drying lumber.

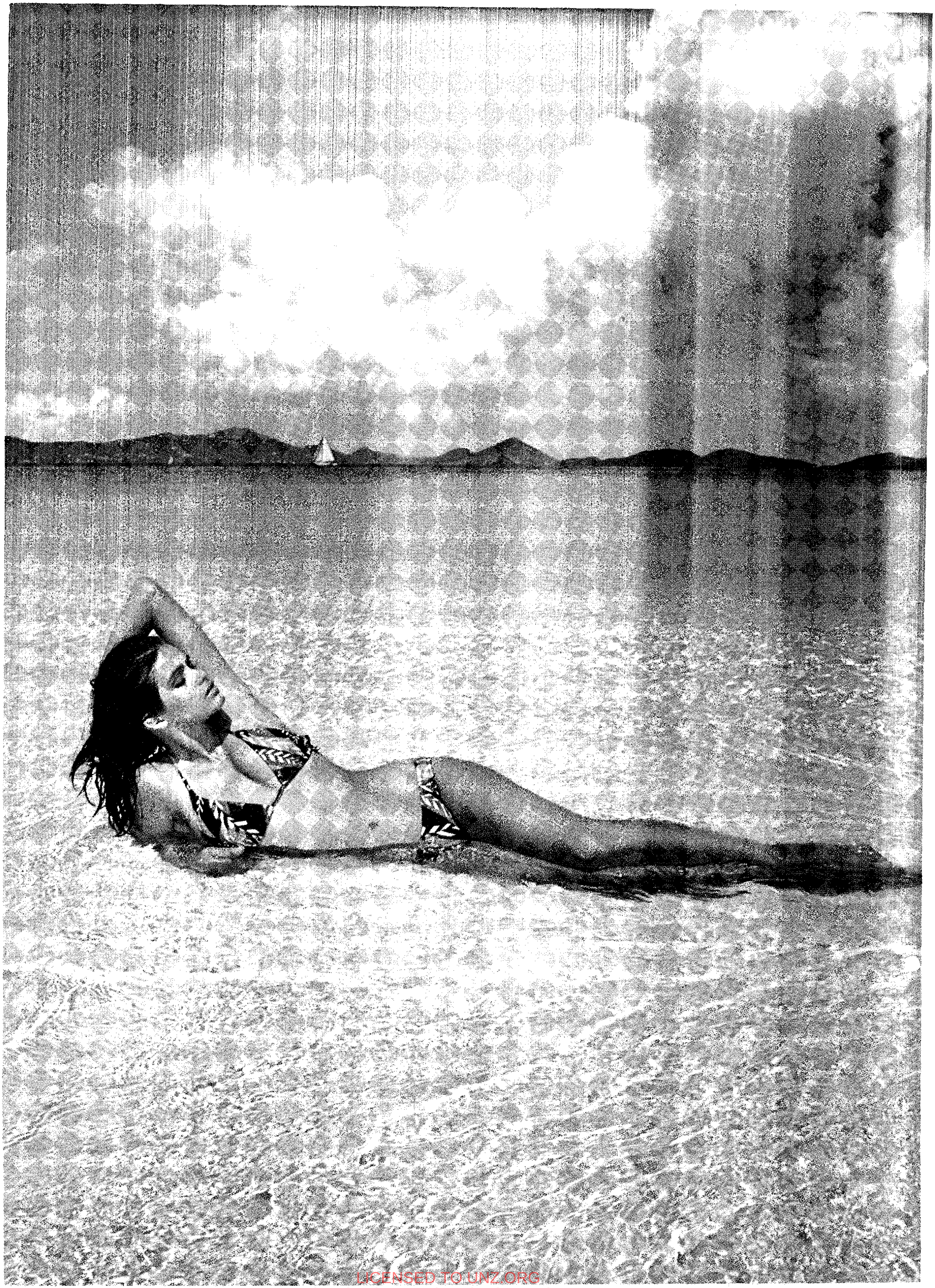
"Of course, solar energy works best where it's sunny, dry, and with almost no air pollution. But wherever it works, it frees up precious fossil fuels for use somewhere else.

"Gulf's research in solar energy is one part of our overall commitment to energy for tomorrow."

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

Gulf Oil Corporation



The American paradise.

Down in the Caribbean. The beautiful United States Virgin Islands. Swimming, diving, sailing. Fishing, golfing, playing tennis. Sporting the day away. Then taking on the town at night.

Being part of the U.S. means no passports, no visas. The language is English; the currency, the U.S. dollar. The duty-free shopping quota is twice that of any other island in the Caribbean. And we're easy to get to from where you are right now. It's not just what you do. It's where you do it. See your travel agent.

United States Virgin Islands

St. Croix · St. John · St. Thomas

©1981 United States Virgin Islands Division of Tourism, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020.

mother runs a post office in the bush, and the girls are harpies. She almost succumbs to snobbery, but she has her brains and her talent and her intrepid nature to see her through. This self-infatuated fantasy is presented in the guise of harsh realism, and the faithful, meticulous period re-creation makes it hard for us to connect with the heroine or with anything else. Directed by Bruce Beresford, whose attitude toward the material is cold and literal, as if we were in need of a muckraking exposé of the Victorian education of ladies. From a script by Eleanor Witcombe; cinematography by Don McAlpine, (9/15/80) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 27.)

Guernica (1976)—Arrabal's film about the bombing of Guernica and the siege of a buttressed little village in the Spanish Civil War. His heroine, played by Mariangela Melato, is a woman of feral magnificence and gifts of leadership. Arrabal uses shock as a device; perhaps shock today is as impelling a force as heretical doubts were in Galileo's time. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 29.)

Hangar 18—With Darren McGavin, Robert Vaughn, and Gary Collins; directed by James L. Conway. (U. A. East, and Olympia; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Rivoli; through Jan. 29.)

Hans Christian Andersen (1952)—Lavish, cloying, pseudo-whimsical monstrosity, contrived by Moss Hart and directed by Charles Vidor under the aegis of Samuel Goldwyn. It's the conceit of the movie to make Andersen (Danny Kaye) a simpleton bordering on active idiocy. With Zizi Jeanmaire, Roland Petit, Erik Bruhn, Joey Walsh, Farley Granger, and John Qualen. The drippy songs are by Frank Loesser. (Art; Jan. 24-25.)

The Incredible Shrinking Woman—With Lily Tomlin, Charles Grodin, and Ned Beatty; directed by Joel Schumacher. (Gemini 1, Waverly, New Yorker 2, and Rivoli; starting Jan. 30.)

Inside Moves—With John Savage, directed by Richard Donner. (Baronet.)

It's My Turn—With Jill Clayburgh, Michael Douglas, and Charles Grodin; directed by Claudia Weill. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 23-29. . . . ¶ Olympia; Jan. 23-29. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Jan. 23.)

The Jazz Singer—With Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Ziegfeld.)

Journey Into Fear (1943)—This labyrinthine spy story about smuggling munitions into Turkey is loaded down with terror hocus-pocus and high-toned conversations. It's a halfhearted—almost fey—film, with a lot of dark atmosphere and unusual camera angles that don't amount to much; the pacing is uncertain, and the suspense doesn't build. Orson Welles, who appears as the Turkish police chief Colonel Haki, is credited, along with Joseph Cotten, for the rather eccentric adaptation of the Eric Ambler novel. Welles also supervised the making of this Mercury Production, though it was at least partly directed by Norman Foster. The cast includes Cotten, Dolores Del Rio, Everett Sloane, Agnes Moorehead, Edgar Barrier, Jack Moss, Ruth Warrick, Richard Bennett as the ship's captain, and Hans Conried as the magician. Cinematography by Karl Struss; editing by Mark Robson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 29.)

Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Plaza.)

Kid Millions (1934)—With Eddie Cantor, Ann Sothern, and Ethel Merman; directed by Roy del Ruth. (Art; Jan. 21-22.)

Like a Turtle on Its Back—With Bernadette Lafont and Jean-François Stevenin, directed by Luc Beraud. In French. (New Yorker 1; starting Jan. 30.)

The Long Shot—Directed by Maurice Hatton. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Jan. 27. Mr. Hatton will be present on Thursday, Jan. 29, and Saturday, Jan. 31, at the 8:20 showings.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Terrible, but bearable; there's a fascination to its clunkiness. Shaw had allowed "Pygmalion" to be cut and adapted for the screen, and it was a great success, but he got stubborn on this one and hung on to his dialogue; Gabriel Pascal, who had produced "Pygmalion," had also been spoiled by its success and decided to direct this time. Their failings were compounded: the actors posture and talk, and the movie goes on and on until whatever it's meant to be about no longer seems to matter. It's too cheerful to be really boring, however. The cast includes Rex Harrison (in a role based on Gilbert Murray), Wendy Hiller, Robert Morley, Sybil Thorndike, Robert Newton, Emlyn Williams, Deborah Kerr, and Stanley Holloway. William Walton did the score, Cecil Beaton the costumes. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 25.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Maniac—With Joe Spinell and Caroline Munro, directed by William Lustig. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Jan. 30.)

Man of Marble—Directed by Andrzej Wajda. In Polish. (Cinema Studio 1; starting Jan. 23.)

The Mirror Crack'd—With Angela Lansbury as Agatha Christie's Miss Jane Marple, directed by Guy Hamilton. (Manhattan 2. . . . ¶ Waverly, and New Yorker 2; through Jan. 29. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Jan. 30.)

Mon Oncle d'Amérique—With Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre; directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Paris.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich's first Hollywood film, and perhaps Josef von Sernberg's most effective piece of romantic myth-making. It's enchantingly silly, full of soulful grand passions, drifting cigarette smoke, and a few too many pictorial shots of the Foreign Legion marching this way and that. Dietrich is Amy Jolly, a mysterious woman with a past she won't talk about, who arrives in Morocco and gets a job singing in a rough café. You feel that she's a real performer here: when she comes out to sing, her energy level soars. For her first number, she appears in top hat, white tie, and tails; a Legionnaire (Gary Cooper) shushes the raucous, jeering crowd. She sings, in a deep, harsh voice, and then, in perhaps the most daring moment in all of her pictures, she eyes a woman at a table, takes a flower from her, kisses the startled woman on the mouth, and, turning, tosses the flower to Cooper. When, in a feather boa and a short leotard that shows off her long sleek legs, she sings "What Am I Bid for My Apples?," the Legionnaire knows just what to offer. Dietrich is at the peak of her naughty perfection—cool effrontery and a hint of amusement. The contrast of her high, rounded forehead and Madonna-like face with her low, uncouth voice provides an extraordinary sexual charge; her torso is sturdier than in her later movies, and her upper arms look full and strong, yet her face seems more ethereal than perhaps at any other time. Still the German Dietrich—not the almost abstract, international Dietrich she later became—she's charming throughout, and she and Cooper look great together. This is the movie with the classically giddy, ridiculously satisfying romantic finish: she says goodbye to rich, kind, worldly Adolphe Menjou, who loves her, kicks off her high heels, and follows Cooper and the departing Legionnaires into the desert. With Juliette Compton, Ullrich Haupt, and Eve Southern; one could do with less of the eavesdropping café owner (Paul Porcasi). Jules Furthman wrote the script, based on the novel "Amy Jolly," by Benno Vigny. The cinematography is by Lee Garmes, with additional work by Lucien Ballard; the songs are by Leo Robin and Karl Hajos. (Mini Cinema; Jan. 28-30.)

Mountain Family Robinson—With Robert Logan and Susan Damante Shaw, directed by John Cotter. (Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., and Olympia; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Jan. 29.)

9 to 5—With Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton, and Dabney Coleman; directed by Colin Higgins. (Sutton, R.K.O. 86th St., and Criterion Center.)

The North Star (1943)—Samuel Goldwyn produced this Second World War atrocity in his typical, shiny prestige format. Anne Baxter, Farley Granger, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews, Ann Harding, Walter Brennan, and Jane Withers are Russians living in a village that fights back against its German invaders. Lillian Hellman wrote the script, Aaron Copland wrote the music, James Wong Howe did the careful, studio-ish cinematography, and Lewis Milestone, who had made his reputation with "All Quiet on the Western Front"—which was about the humanity of the young German soldiers who proudly went off to die in the First World War—disgraced himself by directing this slick piece of propaganda, which dehumanizes the Germans and, in the process, romanticizes the Russians so foully that they're turned into Andy Hardy's neighbors. Among the stock characters are Erich von Stroheim, Dean Jagger, Martin Kosleck, Tonio Selwart, Esther Dale, Paul Guilfoyle, and Carl Benton Reid. The film was doctored to change its political slant and reissued under the title "Armored Attack;" the version showing here is the original. (Thalia; Jan. 29.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and, as their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (Quad Cinema, Cinema 3, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Jan. 29. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 30, tentative.)

Palmy Days (1931)—With Eddie Cantor, George Raft, and Charlotte Greenwood; directed by Edward Sutherland. (Art; Jan. 22-23.)

Le Plaisir (1952)—This Max Ophuls omnibus film, based on three de Maupassant stories, sounds better than it is; the stories allow him to display his virtuoso technique, but two of the three turn out too thin and hokey. The first, "The Mask," famous for the Palais de Danse sequence, is about a man trying to retain the illusion of youth; Gaby Morlay and Claude Dauphin are in it. "The Model" is about an artist (Daniel Gélin) who quarrels with his mistress-model (Simone Simon). The most satisfying, "The House of Madame Tellier," is about the temporary closing of a brothel when the madam (Madeleine Renaud) and her girls go to the country to attend the first Communion of the madam's niece. The cast includes Jean Gabin, Danielle Darrieux, Pierre Brasseur, Ginette Leclerc, Mila Parély, and Louis Seigneur. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 29.)

Play It As It Lays (1972)—About empty lives, acute anguish, Hollywood and Hell. As Joan Didion's hurting waif-heroine who has discovered the nothingness of life, Tuesday Weld wanders around numbly, looking like a great pumpkin-headed doll. People have different levels of tolerance for stories celebrating soulless high life, and catatonic alienation has never been more poshly narcissistic than in this one. Frank Perry directed; it's visually handsome but a peculiarly passive viewing experience. With Tony Perkins, Tammy Grimes, Adam Roarke, and Ruth Ford. (Mini Cinema; Jan. 25-27.)

Popeye—Sometimes the components of a picture seem miraculously right and you go to it expecting a magical interaction. That's the case with "Popeye," with Robin Williams as the squinting sailor, and Shelley Duvall as the persnickety Olive Oyl, and Robert Altman directing, from a screenplay by Jules Feiffer. The picture doesn't come together, though, and much of it is cluttered, squawky, and eerily unfunny. But there are lovely moments—especially when Olive is loping along or singing, and when she and Popeye are gazing adoringly at the foundling Swee'-Pea (Wesley Ivan Hurt). The songs—an uneven collection—are by Harry Nilsson. With Paul Dooley as Wimpy, Paul L. Smith as Bluto, and, as Pappy, Ray Walston, whose rambunctious Broadway pizzazz cheapens everything. (1/5/81) (Loews Orpheum 1, Festival, and Loews State 1.)

Private Benjamin—A women's-liberation service comedy, in which Goldie Hawn plays a spoiled honeybunch—a rich blond Jewish girl from Philadelphia—who becomes a real woman in the Army. The script goes from one formula to the next, and it reworks the pranks of generations of male service comedies, but the director, Howard Zieff, refurbished the stale material with smart small touches, and Goldie Hawn has such infectious, frothy charm that she manages to get laughs out of ancient routines about a tenderfoot going through the rigors of basic training. Her likableness makes the picture moderately amusing until the last third, when she gets involved with a dream prince (Armand Assante) who turns out to be a thickheaded chauvinist, and she has to be liberated all over again; the picture seems to be stuck in a revolving door. With Albert Brooks, Eileen Brennan, Harry Dean Stanton, Hal Williams, Toni Kalem, Damita Jo Freeman, Mary Kay Place, P. J. Soles, and Robert Webber, and Sam Wanamaker and Barbara Barrie as the heroine's parents. Written by Nancy Meyers, Charles Shyer, and Harvey Miller. (11/10/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting Jan. 23.)

Raging Bull—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese's and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (Beekman, Greenwich Playhouse 2, Paramount, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Jan. 30, tentative.)

Rose Marie (1936)—Singing "The Indian Love Call," Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are in a class of their own; the wholesome, hearty horror of it is matchless. This is one of the liveliest and most popular of their *kitsch-fests*. It's set in the Pacific Northwest; she's an opera star and he's a Mountie who has arrested her brother (skinny young James Stewart). With Allan Jones and Reginald Owen. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Regency; Jan. 25-26.)

The Runner Stumbles (1979)—A simultaneously unconvincing and offensive movie (directed by Stanley Kramer), mostly in flashback, about a priest (Dick Van Dyke) accused of murdering a perky nun (Kathleen Quinlan), with whom he was in love. We know he didn't do it, and we soon guess who did. The film's notions of Church, courtroom, and love—as well as of erotic tension or religious crisis—are somehow appalling, inaccurate, and obtuse. (11/19/79) (Cinema Village; Jan. 27.)

Scanners—A Canadian film, with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGoohan; directed by David Cronenberg. (Bay Cinema, Manhattan 1, 86th St. East, and Loews State 2.)

Seems Like Old Times—With Chevy Chase, Goldie Hawn, and Charles Grodin; directed by Jay Sandrich. (34th St. East, Loews New York 1, and Embassy 5. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Jan. 23.)

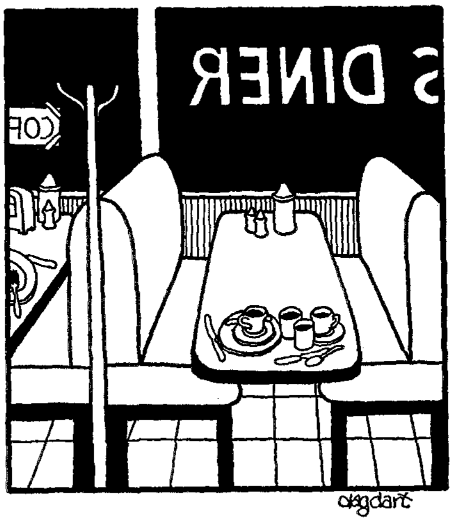
Sorry, Wrong Number (1948)—Lucille Fletcher wrote this overextended treatment of her radio play about a bedridden hypochondriac who calls her husband at his office, overhears a couple of men arranging a murder, and slowly comes to realize that she is to be the victim. Barbara Stanwyck is the terrified and, finally, whimpering woman; Burt Lancaster is her morose husband. The director, Anatole Litvak, seems to be defeated by the extravagantly jumbled, shallow script. With Ann Richards. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 27.)

Stavisky (1974)—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, a white plane with a red-circle nose, a white-on-white animal in the snow. Even the buildings and the skies are silvery white, and the slightly acrid neo-Gershwin score, by Stephen Sondheim, enhances the design. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the international king of crooks, the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his origins and his past, who lives as if he had no memories, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), who lives secure in the protection that class provides. Stavisky's adventurism, which weakened France and helped to destroy her in the Second World War, is also balanced against the revolutionary hopes of Leon Trotsky, exiled by Stalin, who was living near Fontainebleau. But Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. Each shot, each camera movement is thought out in design terms; Resnais has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded, white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun, the cinematography by Sacha Vierny. With Anny Duperey, François Périer, Michel Lonsdale, Claude Rich, and Gérard Depardieu as a young inventor. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 26.)

Stir Crazy—With Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder, directed by Sidney Poitier. (Gramercy, Cinema II, Loews Orpheum 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and National.)

Sweethearts (1938)—One of the liveliest of the Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy musicals. The title is ironic; they are squabbling husband-and-wife operetta stars, trading insults written by Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell. The Parker-Campbell script has nothing to do with the original story of Victor Herbert's 1913 operetta; the songs are retained as part of the long-running show, "Sweethearts," that the couple is appearing in. This was M-G-M's first three-color-process Technicolor feature, and it has startling color costuming by Adrian. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke; choreographed by Albertina Rasch. With Ray Bolger, Mischa Auer, Frank Morgan, Allyn Joslyn, Reginald Gardiner, Herman Bing, Florence Rice, Berton Churchill, Terry Kilburn, Lucile Watson, George Barbier, Gene and Kathleen Lockhart, Barbara Pepper, Raymond Walburn, and Jimmy Conlin. (Regency; Jan. 25-26.)

Sympathy for the Devil (1968; also called "One Plus One")—Godard's first English film. The Rolling Stones are rehearsing a song; the fragments of work in progress are interrupted by Godard's particular vision of modern life, full of stammered interviews and push-button incantations about politics and the Pop Art of billboard signs. The film is subtle, meticulous, with the director's typical way of pitting finely calibrated thoughts against crass images. (Thalia; Jan. 30-31.)



The Teahouse of the August Moon (1956)—John Patrick's Pulitzer Prize-winning play, adapted from Vern J. Sneider's novel, is a whimsical comedy-fantasy about the foolishness of the American military bureaucracy's attempts to impose American ideas on occupied countries—in this case Okinawa. Many people thought the play magical, but this M-G-M version, miserably directed by Daniel Mann, is an almost total mistake. Everybody in it, whether American or Okinawan, seems childish and stupid; the squeals and giggles of the native women are enough to drive one out of the theatre. Marlon Brando starved himself to play the pixie interpreter Sakini, and he looks as if he's enjoying the stunt—talking with a mad accent, grinning boyishly, bending forward, and doing tricky movements with his legs. He's harmlessly genial (and he is certainly missed when he's offstage), though the fey, roguish role doesn't allow him to do what he's great at and it's possible that he's less effective in it than a lesser actor might have been. But this whole production is so talky and rhythmless that it's hard to see how even a specialist in the fey arts could have got the role airborne. As the American captain who tries to turn an Okinawan village into a well-scrubbed Yankee community and then is converted by the natives, Glenn Ford grimaces, twitches galvanically, and stutters foolishly. It's the kind of role and the kind of performance that make you hate an actor. With Machiko Kyo, Paul Ford, Eddie Albert, and Henry Morgan. The adaptation is by the playwright himself. (Regency; Jan. 29-31.)

Tell Me a Riddle—From Tillie Olsen's short novel, with Melvyn Douglas, Lila Kedrova, and Brooke Adams; directed by Lee Grant. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Tess—With Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson; directed by Roman Polanski. (Little Carnegie.)

Tribute—With Jack Lemmon, Robby Benson, and Lee Remick; directed by Bob Clark. (Coronet.)

Whoopee!! (1930)—With Eddie Cantor, directed by Thornton Freeland. (Art; Jan. 23-24.)

Willie & Phil—Writer-director Paul Mazursky's homage to "Jules and Jim" is also an overview of the psychosocial fashions of the seventies, but there's no texture to the lives of the characters. We have no idea why Willie, a high-school teacher (Michael Ontkean), and Phil, a go-getting fashion photographer (Ray Sharkey), who meet at a revival showing of "Jules and Jim" in Greenwich Village, become inseparable friends, or why they both fall in love with Jeannette (Margot Kidder), rather than with any other stray pretty girl in Washington Square. Jeannette doesn't live up to what Willie and Phil say about her, and they don't live up to what the narrator (Mazursky) says about them. In Mazursky's best films, everyone is satirized, and the characters' foolishness makes them more likable. Mazursky brings people to life only when he makes fun of them. But he presents everything that Jeannette does at face value, and, having held back his feelings about her (or not having sorted them out), he muffles his satiric feelings about the men and the triangular situation. The whole movie becomes neutral. These three are so burdened by what Mazursky thinks they should be that they have none of the spontaneity of the people in "Jules and Jim." Apparently looking for an escape from his principal characters, Mazursky drags in ethnic humor and never lets up on it—Willie's Jewish parents, Phil's Italian-Catholic parents, and Jeannette's Protestant mother in Kentucky. The liveliest, funniest performance—it's just a small one—is by Kaki Hunter as Jeannette's cutie younger sister. With Helen Hanft as a used-car saleswoman, Julie Bovasso as Phil's mother, Jan Miner as Willie's mother, Kathleen Maguire as Jeannette's mother, Laurence Fishburne III as the student who recites "To be or not to be," and Kristine DeBell as Rena. (9/1/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 22.)

Woman Chases Man (1937)—With Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea, directed by John G. Blystone. (Art; Jan. 21.)

private lives on 6

Magnificent monogram: luxury letters without gilt.

D. Porthault, and Supercale — you already know they're elegant. Now you can make them letter perfect as well by monogramming your Private Lives purchases. There are many possible styles from which to choose, and they come in a kaleidoscope of colors ranging from pale to vivid. Just think of them as an initial investment. In Private Lives on 6 (D. 607), Herald Square. In NYC call: 971-6000. For convenience, use your Macy's charge. Or, Macy's welcomes the American Express® Card.

All-cotton terry robe by D. Porthault in white with dark blue crest and monogram by D. Porthault. **106.50. Elegance sheets by Wamsutta.*** In Supercale, 200-count cotton. White with swiss embroidered scalloped edge. Twin, reg. $55, **sale 49.50.** Full, reg. $60, **sale $54.** Queen, reg. 67.50, **sale $60.** King, reg. $85, **sale $75.** Std pillowcases (pkg. of 2), reg. $50, **sale $45.** King pillowcases (pkg. of 2), reg. $55, **sale 49.50.** Monograms: on sheets (all sizes), reg. $20, **sale $12;** on pillowcases, reg. $11 ea., **sale $9 ea.** *Monograms by Trousseau.

macy's
New York

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

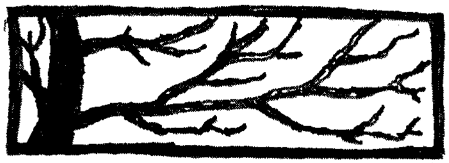
Notes and Comment

"I WAS going through the lobby of the Forty-second Street branch of C.U.N.Y.—a shortcut—when I saw the sign announcing the lecture," a friend of ours told us. "I was on my way to work. I'd waited for half an hour on a jam-packed subway platform for a downtown local at Eighty-first Street, then given up and taken a bus. There was an incident on the bus—accusations of pickpocketing, denials, tumult, delay—so I got off at Fifty-ninth Street and walked the remaining seventeen blocks. A man was running in and out of the traffic, laughing and gesticulating. He almost got hit. It was freezing cold; the temperature had dropped eight degrees during the night. I had been awakened in the morning by the wind flapping the window shades in my apartment, even though the windows were shut. The night before, I was supposed to go to a movie with a friend, but the friend had to work late and called me at seven-thirty to tell me so. I went alone. It was a Cinema 1, 2, 3, etc. My movie hadn't started. I stood waiting near the candy stand. An usher came up and demanded to know what movie I was waiting for. I told him. 'Wait in the upstairs lounge,' he ordered. Finally, the movie started. The place was almost empty. A man a few rows ahead kept turning around throughout the movie and staring at me. The film was about how miserable life can be. I went six blocks to a Burger King, sat at a small table. A disturbed-looking youth at the next table was smoking a cigarette. 'Do you have cigarettes?' he called to me, as if he hadn't. I went home. 'Beware—crime on this block is on the increase,' said a flyer taped to the vestibule wall. I opened my mailbox and found an appalling bill from Con Ed. When I was nearly asleep, I heard a car roar down the street, and a screech of brakes. Then there was a terrible crash: a solid hit. In the morning, I went to get a paper. The street was full of garbage, blown by the wind. Trash cans were rolling around. The woman running the newsstand screamed at me, accusing me of messing up her stack of papers. I read the paper on the crowded subway platform: toxic wastes were being discovered all over the country, and an increase in city transit fares was predicted. As I walked (after leaving the bus), I passed stores full of glittery awfulness. Finally, after an hour and a half of travel, I reached the C.U.N.Y. lobby, relieved to be approaching my office, and I saw the sign about the lecture. 'Stressors in the Workplace,' it said. 'Rm. 1629.' "

• •

New

ROBERT HUGHES, who is the author and host of "The Shock of the New," a public-television series that is currently exploring the subject of modern art, is an engagingly combustible critic, who throws off ideas and opinions like a bonfire throwing off sparks. His pronouncements may be mildly unconventional ("In the nineteenth century, God died and the artists weren't feeling too well, either") or illuminating ("I don't believe abstract painting is at a dead end, but its possibilities are *shrinking* at an extraordinary rate. Maybe it's best that it should embrace its own decorativeness, but this is a long way from the kind of great utopian hopes that Kandinsky, Malevich, and Mondrian had for it") or impishly McLuhanesque ("Ours is the culture of the electronic fragment"). His forum is an electronically fragmented series of eight programs which examines what has been happening in the fine arts during the last hundred years, and his purpose is to persuade the audience to reëvaluate the rather uncritical acceptance of modern art which has been encouraged in the classroom as well as in the marketplace. We encountered Mr. Hughes the other day in the midst of a large, cheerful party in his honor at the Museum of Modern Art—the menu included snippets from the programs, shown on television monitors; a brief speech thanking Exxon, which is one of the sponsors; and a splendid dinner of cold salmon, curried chicken, and cucumber salad—and can report that he is a solidly built Australian in his early forties with unruly blond hair, a round, ruddy face, penetrating green eyes, and a breezy manner.



After dinner, we asked Mr. Hughes if the series had been built around an over-all theme, and he replied that the basic idea was to treat modern art as art of a finite historical period. "My feeling is that modernism is not an eternal phenomenon, like Mao's fantasy of the perpetual revolution, but represents a closed historical period, like the Italian Renaissance," he said. "Now, we can't say that the Renaissance finished at 10 A.M. on a Tuesday in December of 1546, but we *can* point out that its energies petered out at about that time and that many of its forms remained as cultural fossils. Modernism in art can be dealt with in much the same way. You can see the orchestra tuning up with Courbet, in the eighteen-fifties, and you can watch the original motive power running out more than a hundred years later. People are still producing marvellous paintings and sculptures, but that terrific *sparkling* quality—that sense of really heroic possibilities—has disappeared. I remember feeling a bit nervous about this thesis at first, because modernism has become our official culture. There are colossal investments in galleries, in educational structures, in museums—and all this is predicated on the idea that there is a continuous historical movement into the future called modernism and that New York is leading the way. Another problem is to try to get a feeling of historical distance from the early years of modern art. Museums make us think that art inhabits a perpetual present, but remember when you look at those early Cubist Braques and Picassos that the women who saw them first were wearing hobble skirts."

We asked Mr. Hughes how he had planned his survey, and he explained that the arrangement of ideas was thematic, because so many of the things that happened in twentieth-century art happened simultaneously. "I begin with the Eiffel Tower, the most vivid and completely gratuitous social image of modernity in France at the turn of the century," he said, "and go on to raise the question 'What did the artists of the eighteen-nineties mean when they talked about themselves as "*des gens modernes*"?' At that time, the modernist image was part of the idea of progress; it anticipated a new heaven and a new earth, and it was indissolubly linked with the idea of the good machine that would transform all the conditions of life. There was also a strong aspect of millenarian reformism around 1900: artists felt that if they made a different kind of building, painted a different kind of picture, conceived a new language of sculpture, grace would descend upon us. I try to explain how they felt by showing a cluster of images that explore the connections between Cubism—the fundamental artistic movement of the twentieth century—and this heroically optimistic new world. Braque and Picasso, for example, were positively enraptured by the millenarian possibilities of a new age based on flight, rapid transit, and the idea of a relativistic universe. They even thought of themselves as the Wright brothers: Picasso's pet name for Braque was 'Vilbour,' and in several of his 1911 and 1912 Cubist paintings he inscribed the phrase '*Notre avenir est dans l'air.*' "

"How long did this euphoria last?" we inquired.

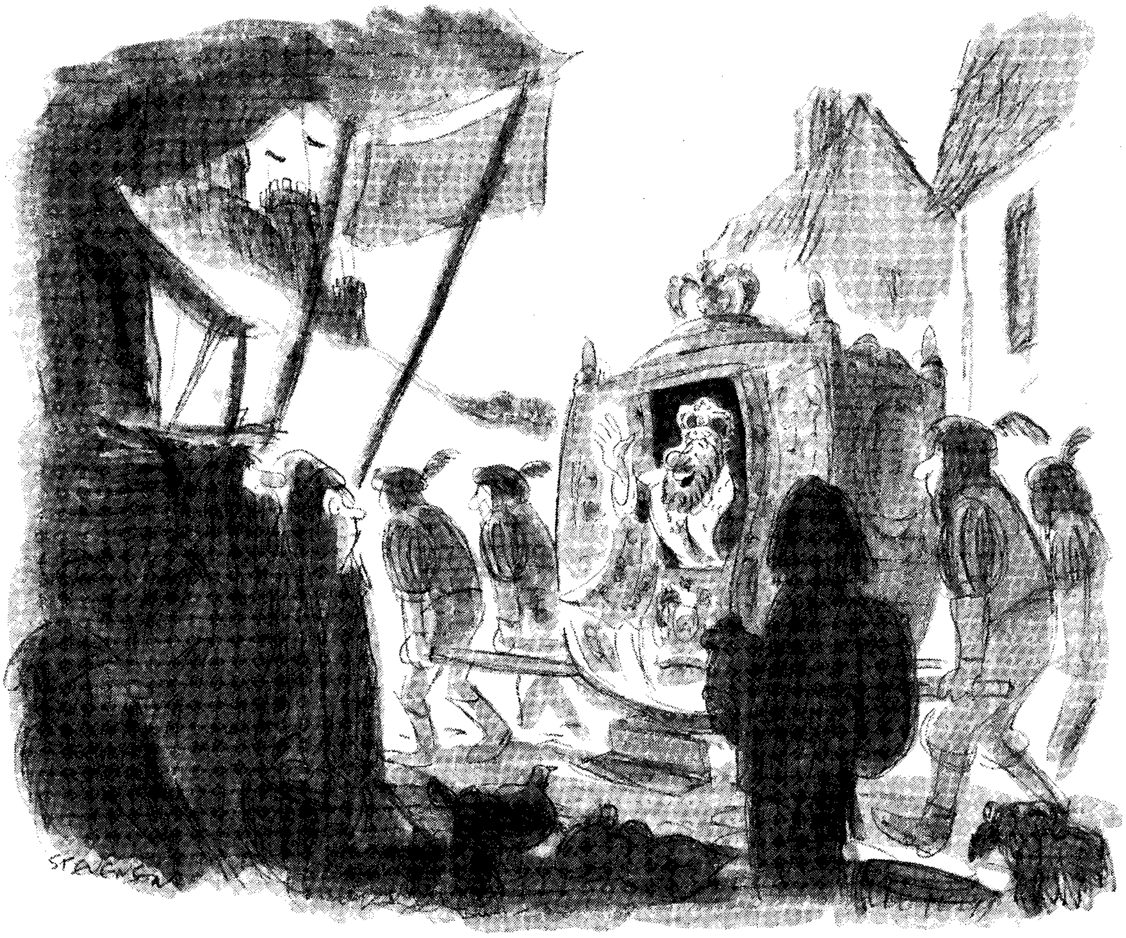
"Until the First World War," replied Mr. Hughes. "Which is what the second program is about. The war created a great crack in confidence for every sensitive and cultivated person in Europe. It killed the myth of the good machine, and it revealed the same catastrophic split between official language and actual experience which America later underwent in Vietnam. The results included the Weimar culture, a recoil from idealism to absolute objectivity, German Dadaism, the anarchic distrust of political structures which you get in people like Grosz and Höch, and the development of an international power style in the political architecture that was produced by both left and right. Program Three shows how a series of artists—among them Cézanne, Picasso, Matisse, the Fauves—constructed wonderful landscapes of ordered pleasure within the master image of the Mediterranean. Four deals with the Bauhaus and the utopian strain in modern architecture—hopes that ended up in the rubble of Brasília. Five concentrates on Surrealism and its effect in America. Six is the grace-and-terror one. It begins with van Gogh and Munch, deals with German Expressionism and American Abstract Expressionism, and ends with people like Francis Bacon. Seven, which is called 'Culture as Nature,' is about the intrusion of the manufactured urban landscape into art, and deals with the effect that television and print have had on painting. It starts with the Pop element in Cubism—the desire to make icons of the cheap, mass-produced world—and goes through artists like Stuart Davis, Rauschenberg, Johns, Rosenquist, Oldenburg, and Warhol. Pop Art has completely lost its momentum, but it's worth looking at, because it was an attempt to bring mass culture and the high diction of art together into a sort of demotic style. Eight is a summing up and a rather pessimistic look at the future."

"Why pessimistic?" we asked.

"Because art is no longer the repository of idealism, the way it was at the beginning of the century," Mr. Hughes replied. "We live in a deeply pessimistic society, which has pretty much lost its faith in the ability of art to embody religious or highly philosophical states of mind. And I see no end to the trivialization of works of art by the marketing process. I see no end to the fetishization of 'masterpieces' in museums for an increasingly large public. Works of art today are judged successful in terms of their celebrity. But celebrity is not a reward for manifest deeds; it's a condition of being famous for being famous. What supplies the fame and primes the pump is money. The social agreement that art is bullion prevents the power of social oxidization in a work of art—its ability to combine with other molecules coming in from society—and removes it to a plateau of imperishable and useless fantasy. It celebrates nothing. There are two ideas that are fundamental to the entire century of what we call modern art. The first is an acute consciousness of the semantics of your craft, of the formal properties of the art you're practicing—which formal properties to some extent become the subject matter of the work. The second is the great modernist hope that art could revive the world, could bring justice, harmony, and reason to social transactions. It's on the first idea that modernism really succeeded, and it's on the second that, having produced its great works, it failed. Because it didn't give us a better world. It gave us a slightly *different* world."

Tableware

JUST before she left the house the other morning, said Letitia Baldridge, who has revised and expanded "The Amy Vanderbilt Complete Book of Etiquette," to a roomful of tableware manufacturers and merchandisers, her husband said to her, "My God! Who would want to hear you at this hour?" Miss Baldridge, a large, pink-faced woman, said this with such comic skill that the whole roomful of tableware manufacturers and merchandisers laughed extremely hard. Miss Baldridge told them that she went to Vassar, and received a B.A., but the funny thing about going to college was that when she graduated she couldn't type, she couldn't take shorthand, and she couldn't file. The roomful of tableware manufacturers and merchandisers let that pass. Then, said Miss Baldridge, she went to work for Ambassador David Bruce and his wife, Evangeline, at the United States Embassy in Paris. Evangeline Bruce, she said, was an incredible woman, who could speak seven languages by the time she was seventeen, cared very much about how a table looked, and would always take care of the table setting herself. But then once, for some reason or other, Miss Baldridge had to take care of the table setting all by herself. At this particular dinner, there were more men than women, so some of the men had to be seated next to each other. Well, when they all sat down, it turned out that Miss Baldridge had seated one of the top ambassadors next to his wife's lover, and, because the ambassador and his wife and his wife's lover were an open secret, everybody at the dinner almost passed out. And so did the roomful of tableware manufacturers and merchandisers; again they laughed extremely hard. When something like this happens, she said, you don't cry about it, because then it only gets worse. After that, she told about working for Ambassadress Clare Boothe Luce, in Italy. This was soon after the Second World War, and what an experience *that* was! The Italians were so baroque, the dollar was tops, and the Luces were wonderful. Miss Baldridge, on the other hand, had her problems. There was the time she introduced the Pakistani Ambassador to a party of Italians as the Indian Ambassador. That didn't go down too well with the Pakistani Ambassador, naturally, but it got a big laugh from the roomful of tableware manufacturers and merchandisers. And the time when, for the first dinner she organized, everything was white—everything: the dishes, the soup, the wine. It wasn't funny then, but it got a big laugh now. And the time she served some Mormons a dinner they couldn't eat: the soup had sherry in it, and the fish had been cooked in white wine, the meat in red wine, the dessert in cognac. It wasn't funny then, but it was sidesplitting now. Winding up, Miss Baldridge told about working for Tiffany's, and how once, for a display, she ordered some exotic birds, and how they escaped from their cage, causing near-havoc on the third floor, which was filled with fine crystal and china. For that, the roomful of tableware manufacturers and merchandisers had lots of sharp intakes of breath. Miss Baldridge told about working in the White House for Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, and what a great decorator and restorer Mrs. Kennedy was, and how conscious of the tableware she was. The roomful of tableware manufacturers and merchandisers emitted some "Ah!"s. Then Miss Baldridge said that it was a wonderful world and an affirmative world, and the roomful of tableware manufacturers and merchandisers applauded wildly, as if they were surprised and grateful that someone could feel that way after a life filled with table settings.

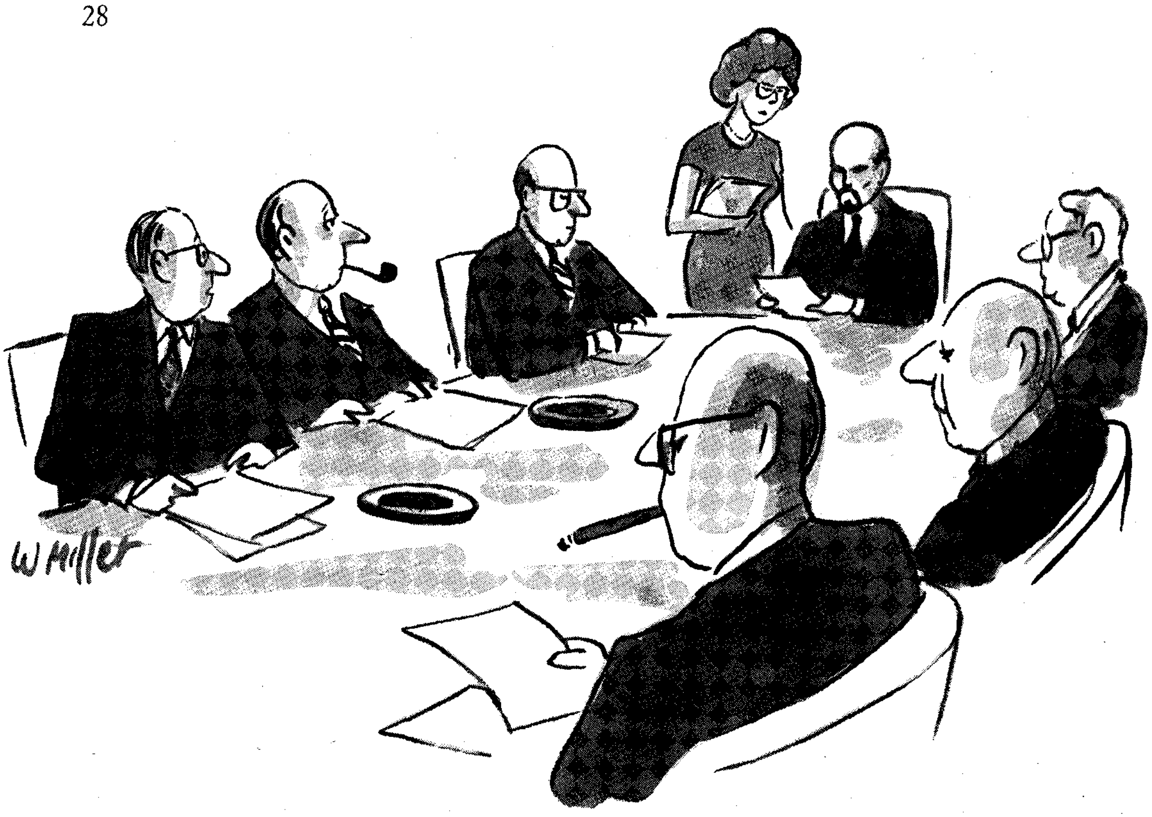


"Hi there. I'm the king. How'm I doing? Hi there. I'm the king. How'm I doing? Hi there . . ."

• •

Bookstore

THE only bookstore in New York specializing in architectural subjects opened several weeks ago in the north wing of the Villard Houses, on Madison Avenue between Fiftieth and Fifty-first Streets, and it would be difficult to think of a more appropriate spot. The Houses, which date from 1882, were designed by the firm of McKim, Mead & White for the railroad entrepreneur Henry Villard, and they are among the finest examples of nineteenth-century Italianate architecture anywhere. Over the years, the Houses have had many functions, and most recently have been incorporated into the new Helmsley Palace Hotel, with portions being converted into public rooms, meeting rooms, part of the lobby, and the main entrance. The bulk of the hotel is a tall dark-brown tower just east of the Houses. There were originally six Villard Houses (only three remain, because the interiors of two were merged in the nineteen-twenties, and the interiors of two more were dismantled when the hotel was built), and they were joined so that the entire structure would appear from the outside to be a seamless Renaissance palazzo. After the Houses had been used as private residences for many years, they became at various times the



"I keep thinking Ralph would look a hell of a lot more like the chairman of the board if he would just—I don't know—shave off that goatee or *__something__.*"

• •

headquarters of the Women's Military Service Club Center, of the Friends of Free France, of Random House, of Capital Cities Communications, and of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York. (The Archdiocese has leased the Houses to the Helmsley organization on a long-term basis.) In 1968, the Villard Houses were declared a New York City landmark.

The structure consists of a central section and two wings, bordering a three-sided courtyard, which opens on Madison Avenue. While the central section and the south wing are both being used for hotel purposes, the north wing has now been designated the Urban Center—a brand-new creation of the Municipal Art Society (which has subleased that wing from the Helmsley people). In this new role, the north wing will serve as the headquarters not only of the Society but also of the New York chapter of the American Institute of Architects, the New York chapter of the American Society of Landscape Architects, the Architectural League of New York, and the Parks Council. The bookstore, which is another creation of the Municipal Art Society, and is called Urban Center Books, is situated on what is known as the parlor floor, in what was once a reception room, and overlooks the courtyard.

We went up to Urban Center Books the other afternoon to see how things were going. Seated at a desk just inside the room—it has high windows, foliate cornices, and a large mirror over a fireplace—was the store's manager, John Frazier. He is a tall man with a blond mustache and a ready smile, who was formerly the manager of the bookstore in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and he spoke with enthusiasm about the new bookstore's prospects. "So far, we're doing a lot better than we expected," Mr. Frazier told us. "We thought that New York could support something like this, but you can never be sure until you try. The idea of a bookstore came from Joan K. Davidson, the president of the J. M. Kaplan Fund, and the fund subsequently donated something over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to help establish the store. Although Urban Center Books is being operated by the Municipal Art Society, which is nonprofit, it is expected to be self-sustaining. Anyway, we have about fourteen hundred titles on our shelves now, and we expect to add more. We see this as an issue-oriented store supporting programs and activities of the various organizations here, but we think that our focus should be principally on the lay market."

Mr. Frazier went off to wait on a customer—a woman who wanted to see something on post-modern architecture—and we walked over to a row of racks against a wall and glanced at some posters and maps. Then we took a look at a table covered with books. They included "Life in the English Country House," by Mark Girouard; "Cities of the American West," by John W. Reps; "Venetian Architecture of the Early Renaissance," by John McAndrew; "Architecture in the Seventies," by Udo Kultermann; and "Twentieth Century Furniture," by Philippe Garner. On another table we saw some yellowing monographs, including one on doorways which had been published in New York in 1921 as part of a series on architectural subjects called the White Pine series.

When Mr. Frazier returned to his desk, we asked him to what extent Urban Center Books would deal in early and out-of-print works.

"That kind of thing will undoubtedly become more important as we grow," he said, looking through a stack of books and bringing out a large volume with a faded green binding. "This is a first edition of John Ruskin's 'The Poetry of Architecture,' published in London in 1893. Gradually, we'll be acquiring more things like this. So far, our major buying decisions have involved current titles, and, fortunately, we have a first-rate board of advisers helping us make our choices. And even though we're tucked away here in the north wing, without a sign outside, a remarkable number of people have been finding the bookstore and coming in to browse. I have a hunch we'll be getting quite a lot of international business, too. The other day, for instance, a couple from Mexico came in to look around. They were staying in the neighborhood, and they said they had never heard of our shop. They sort of wandered in. Well, by the time they left they had bought three hundred dollars' worth of books. We seem to be filling a need."

Davis on Dogs

OUR dog-groomer, dog-partisan friend Mel Davis gave a few unsettling cries of anguish about his profession the other day while he worked—in his establishment, a cozy, warm, tidy place on East Forty-ninth Street near the East River—on a ten-year-old small miniature apricot poodle named Goldie, who stood on a grooming table as though transfixed by the shop's windows, which were opaque with steam against the icy blasts outside. "I'm so upset about what's happening with dogs," said Mr. Davis, who is, as half the poodle owners in town know, a small, faithful, puppylike man, with a small, faithful, puppylike face, who believes that every dog has the right to look naturally beautiful, and who measures all people by the way they recognize that right. Wearing pastel-green slacks and a gaudy flower-patterned sports shirt open at the collar, Mr. Davis sat on a bar stool, his heels hooked over the top rung, and clipped away at Goldie's fluff, shaping a kind of halo on top of her head. "Every time I go out on the street and see the way dogs look, I feel so depressed," Mr. Davis said. "All around me, I see long, low dogs with haircuts shaped to make them look like walking coffee tables. Short-backed dogs look as though their heads were pushed up against their behinds. Has mass production reached the point now where all dogs are made to look alike, no matter what the breed, and with no artistry and no styling? I know it's been happening with books and with clothes and with television programs and with movies and with medical doctors and with politicians and with the faces of people. But *dogs!*"

Goldie gave Mr. Davis a look of sympathetic gloom.

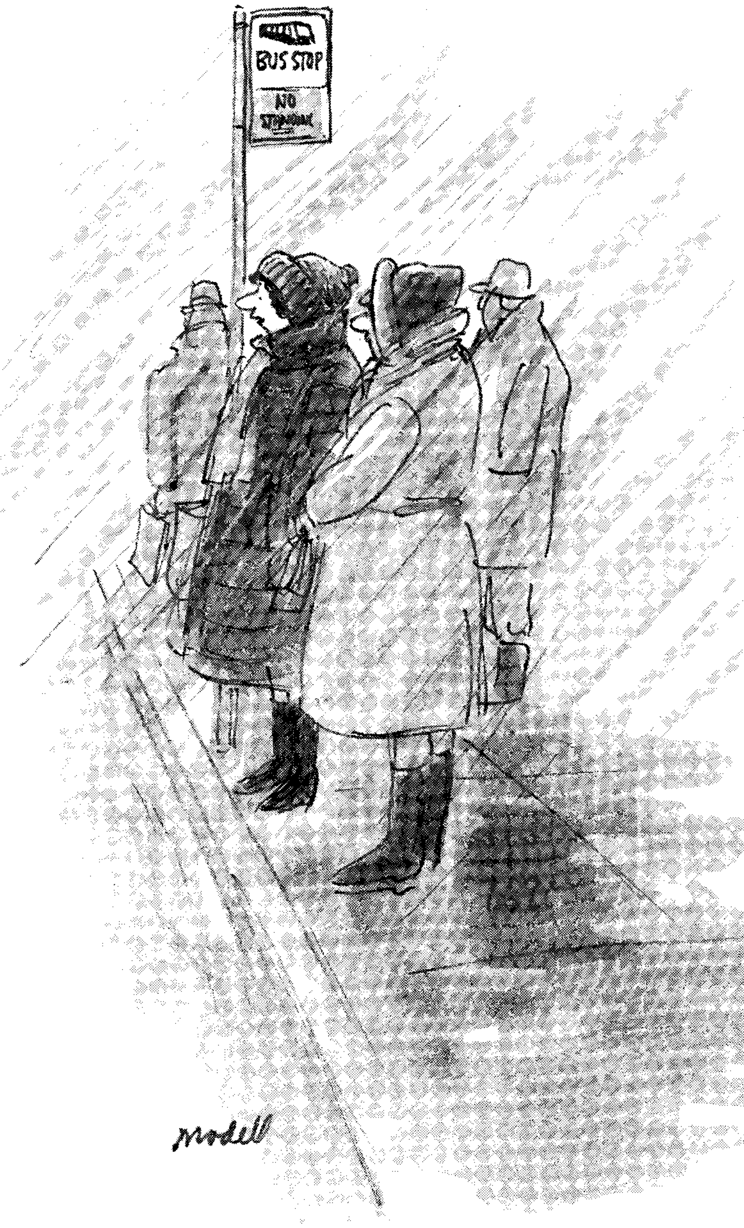
"Don't the owners see the travesties that are made of their dogs?" Mr. Davis asked. "Don't they see how badly their dogs are patterned? I feel so *sorry* for the dogs—and for the owners, too. I see so many shaved bodies, with full legs but with a small, scissored head, making the dog look so unbalanced, as though he came out of a barber school on the Bowery. Can you imagine schnauzers and other terriers not being made to look like the precisely tailored creatures they should be? The other day, I met a woman whose schnauzer looked like a poodle. She didn't know how her dog should look. But the *dog* knew. He came to us so unhappy. Well, we did a complete restyling. The dog looked so serene, and the woman was hysterical with joy."

Goldie wagged her tail.

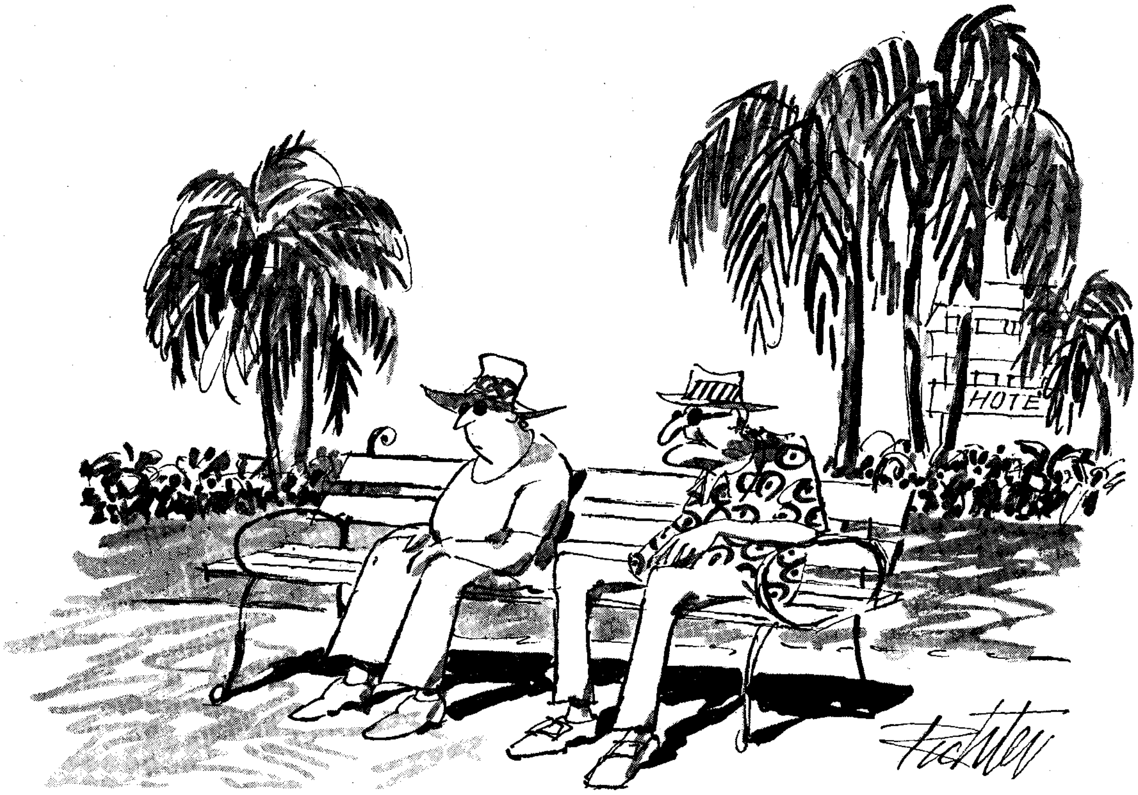
"Who knows or cares these days about how to enhance the personality or conformation of the dog?" Mr. Davis asked. "The trouble is, first of all, with the grooming schools. They appeal to the students to learn and to go out fast and earn a living in grooming. The students are dog lovers, and are sincere in their efforts. But how much can they learn in a crash course in a few months? Can an artist be taught to be an artist in the first place? We interview and audition quite a few of these graduates, but we rarely find anybody with real talent. We try to encourage the youngsters to start at the bottom, doing rough clipping, washing, drying, and brushing, and leave the styling to our talented groomers—at least, until the youngsters *learn* something. But no, these youngsters want to start immediately at the *top*. Their attitude is, once they are graduates they are immediately qualified to do it *all*."

"Sounds familiar," we said.

"To commercialize an artistic profession is to me an outrage," Mr. Davis went on. "Our clients are very fussy. When we have a new client, at first we observe the animal and suggest the correct cut. Some of these cuts are very intricate and require more than



"Right now, I'd even settle for a cracked one."



"I've come full circle, dear. It's now my strong belief that things ***are*** *what they seem."*

• •

just a basic style. A Dutch clip, or a modified Dutch clip, must give the effect of a poodle wearing a jacket or pants. If you mess up on *that*, the poor dog looks as though the pants were falling down. If only these would-be groomers would attend *one* all-breed American Kennel Club-sanctioned dog show and observe the charges of the professional handlers, they would learn more in one day than in an entire course taking months."

Mr. Davis picked up clippers to trim Goldie's nails, and she trustingly held up one paw. "Poodles are treated the worst," he said. "The textures of their coats are so varied that the formula of the shampoo has to be chosen with care. We happen to have developed our own, with high-protein content. It makes thin-coated poodles look virtually heavy-coated, while our woolly woollies become manageable, so that we can scissor and style them easily. Each poodle has an individual look. Nobody should ever forget that."

Mr. Davis looked Goldie in the eye, and she gave him a fervent wag of the tail.

"Heads have to be designed and cut to capture the true personality of each poodle," Mr. Davis said. "Every day, I go out and see dozens of horrible pinheaded dogs. When these dogs flex their ears, a horrible point appears on the top of the head. Horrible. This is what you get when you let a book-learning groomer do it. I'm so miserable when I see that Happy Hooligan look."

Goldie looked alarmed.

"It's O.K., Goldie, not you," Mr. Davis continued. "I have seen legs clipped starting from incredible angles, so that they look as though they were just hanging there, defying the laws of gravity. Tails are made to look like witches' brooms. And the mustaches! Some of them only people of Diamond Jim Brady's time would wear."

Goldie cringed.

"When I do Goldie, I start from the base of the neck and work toward the shoulder line and blend it in down to the full leg," Mr. Davis said. "You're done, Goldie. I'll give you your yellow bows."

As Mr. Davis tied the bows on Goldie's head, behind her ears, he almost smiled. "I took a walk yesterday," he said. "The unhappiest walk of my life." He looked solemn again. "I started from the Forties, where every dog looked either matted or the object of a different kind of indifference on the part of the owners. I saw one Afghan hound who actually had a tied-up topknot, à la Yorkie. I saw a freshly groomed schnauzer sporting a closely trimmed poodle face and a hula skirt with legs to match. Then I saw a beautiful Yorkshire terrier with so many ribbons and bows its whole head was hidden. One head bow is sufficient for a Yorkie. Only an idiot doesn't know that. In the Fifties, I found a glut of Lhasa apsos and Shih Tzus that had been 'economically clipped,' so the regal look of these beautifully coated breeds was ruined. When I reached the Sixties, I saw a cocker spaniel with a completely shaved skull, instead of a topknot blended into the dome. And again the hula skirt, like the one on the poor little schnauzer in the Forties, *plus* sloppy, unrounded paws. Then I saw some poodles with full puppy clips without shapings. They resembled little cigars. In the Seventies, I saw more guess-what-we-are poodles and pulis."

"All right," we said. "Specifically, what are the main faults you found with the poodles?"

"The legs were clipped so high the dogs looked as if they were walking on stilts," Mr. Davis replied. "The heads were too small and tightly cut, so the dogs looked as if they were wearing caps. The bodies were shorn too close—usually with injury to the animal, revealed by discolored hair over the skin wound. Tails sometimes looked like bananas instead of nice little pom-poms. The ears weren't blended to the side of the head, so I knew there had been deep scissoring, cutting away precious hair that had taken years to grow."

Goldie was ready to leave, looking satisfied with herself.

"*She* knows," Mr. Davis said.

THE EMPEROR

EACH morning the Emperor weighs the documents brought to him, each evening he weighs them again; he will not rest until a certain weight has passed through his hands; he has declared six to be the paramount number of his reign, black the paramount color; he hurries from palace to palace, along the underground corridors, ignoring gorgeous wall hangings, bells, drums, beautiful ladies; how many more responsible officials must be strangled before his will prevails, absolutely?

The Emperor sleeps in a different palace each night, to defeat assassins; of the two hundred and seventy palaces, some are congenial to him, some not; the three worms inspiring disease, old age, and death have yet to find him; his presents this morning included a most dazzling parcel-gilt bronze wine warmer, gift of the grateful people of Peiho, and a sumptuous set of nine bronze bells tuned in scale, gift of the worshipful citizens of Yuchung; he has decided that all officers in these places will be promoted one rank, and that the village well in Peiho will be given the title of Minister of the Fifth Rank. . . .

The First Emperor has decreed that the people of his realm will be called the Blackheaded People; in the ocean there are three fairy islands—Penglai, Fangchang, and Yingchou—where immortals live, and he has sent the scholar Hsu Fu, with several thousand young boys and girls, to find them; he dictates a memorial, which begins *The Throne appreciates* . . .; the famous assassin Ching K'o has purchased, for a hundred pieces of gold, a bronze dagger said to be the sharpest in the kingdom.

Hats are six inches wide, carriages six feet wide, the Empire has been divided into thirty-six provinces; a jade cicada is placed upon the tongues of ministers of the Sixth through the First Rank, upon interment; as he hurries through the corridors, he is beseeched by wives, so many that he no longer attempts to remember their names but addresses each as "Wife!" and flees their fatiguing excellences; he sends armies hither and thither as others send messengers; the model of all China he has decreed must be inspected, its rivers of quicksilver and cities of celadon must be approved; if you have artisans strangled for poor work there remain their families, consistently large, whispering against you in the squares and taverns. . . .

The Emperor Ch'in Shih Huang Ti has decreed that six thousand archers, lancers, charioteers, and musicians be buried alive, along with two thousand horses, in military formation on the four sides of his tomb; responsible officials attempt to reason with him, stating that this will inflame the people against him; but his tomb must be defended by precisely six thousand archers, lancers, charioteers, and musicians, lest it suffer the fate of other tombs in other times. The enfeoffed Marquis of Changhsin has wrongly seized territory in the region of Shanyang; stranglers are summoned; generals on the frontier must be regularly and thoroughly frightened, so that they do not misremember where their true allegiance rests. . . .

His gifts this morning include two white jade tigers, at full scale, carved by the artist Lieh Yi, and the Emperor himself takes brush in hand to paint their eyes with dark lacquer; responsible officials have suggested that six thousand terra-cotta soldiers and two thousand terra-cotta horses, at full scale, be buried, for the defense of his tomb; the Emperor in his rage orders that three thousand convicts cut down all the trees on Mt. Hsiang, leaving it bare, bald, so that responsible officials may understand what is possible; the Emperor commands the court poets to write poems about immortals, pure beings, and noble spirits who by their own labors change night to day, and has these sung to him; everyone knows that executions should not be carried out in the spring, even a child knows it, but in certain cases . . .

The deft and subtle assassin Ching K'o is beheaded, and his botched attempt recorded in the annals, and his botched last words excised from the annals; the Emperor hurries through the corridors of his plethora of palaces accepting petitions which he thrusts into the sleeves of his robe; seventy thousand convicts are at work on the construction of his tomb, which has been in progress since his thirteenth year and measures 2,173 metres north-south and 974 metres east-west; the ceiling of the inmost chamber has a sky in which pearls of ungodly size represent the stars, the constellations; the Emperor Ch'in Shih Huang Ti pauses, drinks warm wine, and considers whether sufficient chairs have been provided, in his tomb, for the suites of wives, generals, and responsible officials who will be buried with him; the scholar Hsu Fu and the youths and maidens who embarked with him have not been heard from, have most certainly been devoured by monsters. . . .

For a thousand piculs of grain a commoner can now purchase noble rank—a scandal; the Emperor has had a building stone too large to be moved through the Kirin Gate given sixty lashes, to punish it; there is a woman who excites him, the Lady Yao (with the long scar on the right leg), but to find his way back to the pavilion that contains her is an almost impossible task; a blasphemer has described him as a dog, a hen, and a snake, and he rejoices in the poverty of mind displayed; he will cause Mt. Hsiang to be planted in squared-off stakes, so that certain officials may achieve a more sophisticated comprehension of the Imperial will. . . .

No. He will permit the six thousand clay soldiers to be buried, and with them one real soldier, a prince—a secret happiness; he will prepare with his own hands for this prince a potion to put him softly to sleep—a fatherly happiness; he will whisper into this prince's ear, before administering the potion, a lifetime of secrets—a delirious happiness; he will have the buriers of the prince themselves buried—a geometric happiness; those who perform the second burial will be sent away to a war, which he will contrive through transcendent military skill to lose—a sad, remote, and professional happiness; he will walk through the streets of the capital barefoot and carrying a thornbush with which to flagellate his naked shoulders for having lost this war—a hidden and painful happiness; these happinesses taken together may be the equal of the herbs of immortality growing like weeds on the magic island of Penglai; like weeds.

—DONALD BARTHELME

MR. RAY

THE old woman had worked hard on the "No Smoking" sign, embellishing the stark black letters with ivy and birds and a dog she forgot to put a tail on. She noticed the mistake at the last minute, just after she had climbed the rickety wooden stairs to the garage apartment and was about to knock on the door. Breathing hard, perspiring, she rooted through her pockets for a pencil, but found only tissues, some pennies, and an expired coupon for Evangeline Maid bread. If she went back downstairs, across the yard to the house, and crayoned in the tail, she'd never make it up the stairs again. As it was, she felt a little faint and dizzy in the damp April heat. The tail would have to wait.

Mr. Ray, her handyman, was sitting at the dinette table in his undershirt, contemplating a mug of coffee. "I'm coming in," she announced through the screen after he pretended not to hear her knock. The kitchen was stuffy but, because of the tung trees shading the garage, not unbearably hot. She went straight to the bedroom door and taped the sign up beside a calendar with the days crossed out wrong. He was two days fast, probably as a result of being so high-strung. "Mr. Ray, it's only the twenty-first, not the—"

"What's that?" he demanded, pointing to the sign.

"The oxygen people told me it's the law," she replied patiently but firmly. "You got to have a sign for the bedroom."

Mr. Ray tried to say something, but his throat clotted and he began hacking into a napkin. The old woman used this opportunity to poke her head inside the tiny bedroom, where she was not allowed. Standing next to the narrow iron bed, both of them a little taller than the handyman, were the two five-foot-high green oxygen tanks that caused her so much worry. Sometimes Mr. Ray forgot to fill the plastic bottles with distilled water for the tanks, or he left the valve open after he woke up and took the breathing tube off. Although he had promised never to smoke in the bedroom, it wouldn't surprise her if one day the entire garage was blown to kingdom come.

"Shut that door," he said.

She shut it, and watched as he hoisted himself out of his chair. The pink hospital inner tube that cushioned his fleshless buttocks slid to the floor. At Parker General over in Baton Rouge—Mr. Ray didn't trust the one-story hospital in Tula Springs, the town where they lived, so she had to drive him thirty miles south on the interstate—they said they'd never seen anyone so skinny. Yet after all the tests and X-rays and intravenous feedings he came out looking pretty much the same as when he went in. The trouble was, his heart was too big. It had swollen up because of a chronic rheumatic condition, and now it pressed against his gullet and made eating a terrible, painful chore. There wasn't much anyone could do about it. An operation was out of the question for someone so undernourished and weak. The doctors just advised the old woman to try and make food attractive to him and keep him in a cheerful mood.

"Mr. Ray, you sit back down, hear?" Her unblemished, dimpled hands fluttered to her ample bosom; she twisted the buttons of the house smock that protected her favorite polka-dot dress. Ignoring her, Mr. Ray progressed with stiff, mechanical baby steps across the linoleum, his face drawn tight with pain. When he got to the refrigerator, he leaned against it, gasping for air; then, gritting his teeth, he continued to the bedroom door. He was old himself, in his late seventies, but his hair was still black and full and jabbed in a widow's peak down his sallow forehead. The old woman's maid said he reminded her of the devil, but the old woman told her not to think that anymore. It wasn't nice.

"It's the law," the old woman protested as he reached up slowly and ripped the poster paper in half. "You're breaking the law."

"No law says I got to have a dog on my door."

"You *like* dogs," she said, leaning over to pick up the pieces. A sharp pain coursed through her back. "You always say how you like dogs."

"I hate dogs!" he shouted, so loud that her scalp prickled. He had playing cards with dog pictures on them, but she decided to help him remember this later.

After he got back to the table, the old woman gave him an appraising look and decided it was time for a shave. He complained that it hurt too much, but gave in when she reminded him

"He felt he was just getting to know Fritz Mondale."

that today was the day for the lawyer. Mr. Herbert, Tula Springs' most prominent attorney, was sending someone from his office to help Mr. Ray make his will. "And remember what you told me," she said as she lathered up his hard, bony face. She shaved him right at the table, since he didn't have a real bathroom—only a toilet in a closet. "You promised you'd eat some of that cereal I bought at the Winn-Dixie, said you would if I got you a lawyer."

"What cereal?"

"That new pink kind with the little marshmallows in it." When she shopped for him, she always tried to get food that looked cheerful and was colorful. "Now hold still." She was shaving the hard part, up around his eye sockets. He had whiskers that went right to the top of his cheekbones, and she never felt right unless she got every last one of them. Her hand began trembling, and by accident some lather got in his eye.

"Your own fault," she said as he flung away the bath towel she had tied around his neck. "You can't jerk like that. Now come on, let's finish up." But he refused, saying he didn't care if he was only half shaved, and then he broke his promise about the cereal and refused to eat anything. Instead, he lit up one of his Camels.

The old woman wished she could go on back to her house—the nice beige brick house that smelled like furniture polish and was cold as an icebox. But since Mr. Ray was too weak to get down the garage stairs, they'd have to wait for the lawyer here. She asked him if he intended to wear nothing but a dirty old undershirt, and he said he had nothing to hide. "If the lawyer don't like it," he said, glaring at her with black angry eyes, "let him put me in jail."

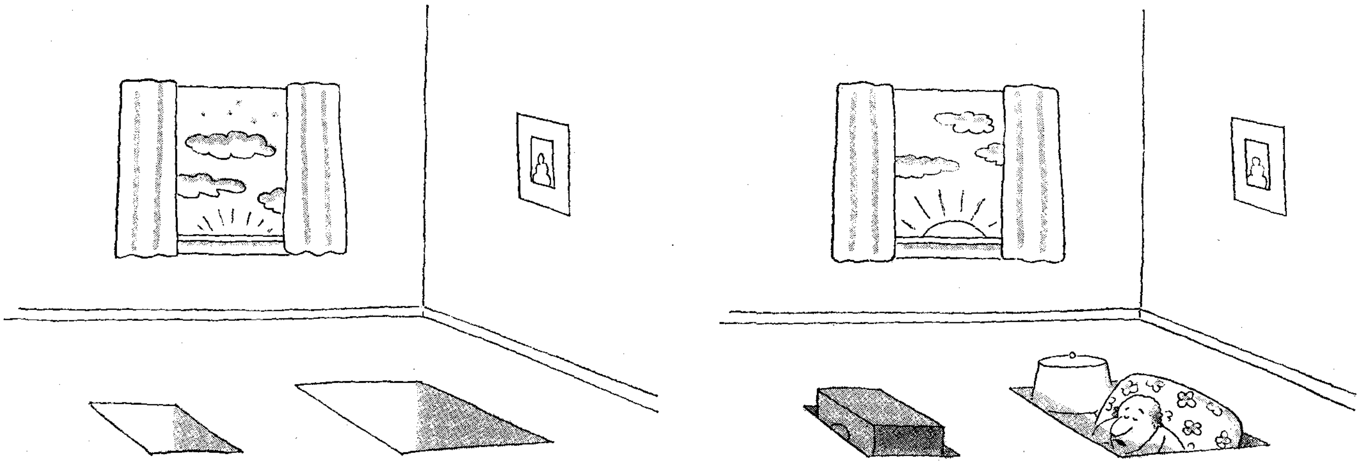
"She won't put you in jail. But it would be nice if you took that handkerchief out of your chest." He kept a handkerchief stuffed in his undershirt in case he coughed where a napkin wasn't available.

"She? What's that supposed to mean—she?"

"Just what it sounds like. Your lawyer is a woman." She paused to let this sink in. "Now I won't have any sulking. Mr. Herbert thinks very highly of her. She just got out of Tulane Law School, so everything's fresh on her mind. And furthermore, she's the niece of the Heweses over on Tula Drive. You remember the Heweses—Buster Hewes. He's the little boy that used to bring you things to look at—frogs and katydids and stuff." While she talked, the old woman glanced around the kitchen, thinking how unfair it was that Miss Keely, the lawyer, should see it this way. She had planned to wallpaper it with a bright floral pattern that her granddaughter had bought too much of for her house in Baton Rouge. But Mr. Ray wouldn't hear of it—Mr. Fussbudget, who separated his garbage into five different bags (wet, dry, bottles, bones, and card-

"It's going to be great! All natural ingredients."

• •



board), and wrapped his sugar cubes one by one in cellophane (what a sinful waste of time!). He would rather look at grease-stained pasteboard than a stylish print. She sighed and checked to see if her slip was showing.

Miss Keely arrived on a skittish ten-speed bicycle, which she steered uncertainly up the shell drive while balancing a briefcase on the handlebars. The old woman watched with apprehension as she got off, stretching a gray-skirted leg over the bar in front. It was a man's bike. "Dear, up here," the old woman called out the window. "There's stairs in back."

On the landing outside the screen door the old woman intercepted her to make sure she understood about Mr. Ray, how he was in terrible pain all the time and how you shouldn't ever get mad at him when he talked ugly, since it was the pain talking, not him. Miss Keely—Donna Lee, she told the old woman to call her—nodded and smiled, but the old woman could tell she wasn't listening, so she went over the important parts again. "Doctor told me it could be any day. Mr. Ray could go just like that." She snapped her fingers. "Course, he's been saying that for a while now, must be coming on two years, and I—"

"Mrs. Jenks, can't we go inside? It's hot out here."

"Remember the pain," the old woman whispered as she held open the door for her.

"Mr. Ray, this is her, Miss Keely," the old woman said, but Donna Lee walked right past him to the window. Maybe she was a little scared, the old woman thought. After all, with only an undershirt on Mr. Ray presented quite a sight. It took a while to get used to seeing that many ribs on someone still breathing. Indeed, the old woman had friends who wouldn't visit her anymore; they were afraid she might take them out to the garage for a chat with Mr. Ray. "No fan?" Donna Lee asked, shoving open the window the old woman had closed after calling down to her.

Mr. Ray turned and squinted up at Donna Lee. She was tall and angular, yet her face, haloed by a mass of golden, unkempt hair, was round, almost moonish. "Mr. Ray's cold all the time," the old woman explained, holding herself erect. She wanted to project an image of good posture for Donna Lee, whose head sagged forward a little.

"If he's so cold, what's he wearing an undershirt for?"

Mr. Ray clenched his fists and stared hard at the table. Pulling up a chair, Donna Lee draped a long downy arm around his shoulders. "They didn't tell me you'd be so cute," she said solemnly.

Mr. Ray kept staring at the table.

"How many girlfriends you got?" she asked, patting him gently.

The old woman frowned, wondering if the girl had trouble with her eyes.

"Two, three?" she persisted. Suddenly she smiled, and her plain face lighted up. "Come on now, hon."

The back of Mr. Ray's neck corded and his head, which seemed too big and heavy for his frail body, slowly rose. "Zero," he muttered.

"A sexy man like you?" Donna Lee snapped open her briefcase.

Mr. Ray's eyebrows knit together, and the old woman leaned closer in order to hear better.

With a gold-tipped fountain pen, Donna Lee wrote his name across the top of a pad of ruled paper. "Raymond O. Spark. Now why don't you tell me a little bit about your family, Ray. Give me some names I can write down."

Mr. Ray fiddled with a bottle of his Digoxin heart pills, then took a rubber band off the salt shaker and twisted it around his fingers.

"Any brothers or sisters?" Donna Lee prompted.

"Mr. Ray, the lawyer asked *you* a question," the old woman said.

"I hear, I hear." His chair scraped back as he got up.

"Now what?" The old woman sighed theatrically and clasped her hands together.

Mr. Ray returned from the refrigerator with some leftovers, which, like all his leftovers, were wrapped in tinfoil and labelled with a strip of adhesive tape. "bred with buttar," the old woman read after he set it down on the Formica table.

"I thought the lawyer might like some bread," Mr. Ray said to the empty space between the two women.

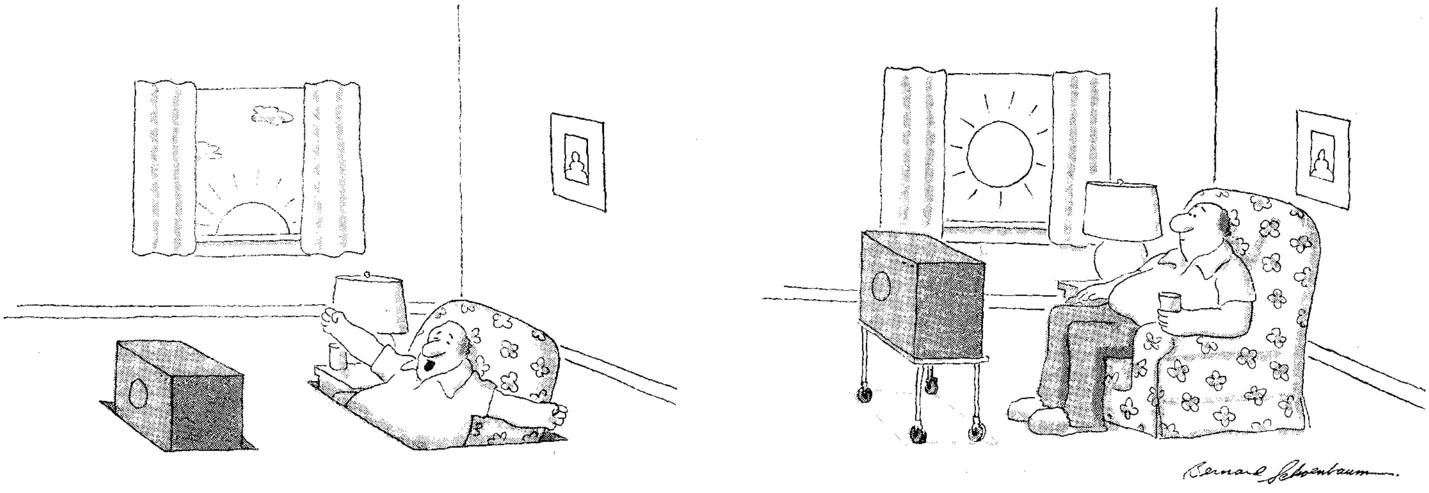
"Me? I'm full, really," Donna Lee replied. "But thanks. Now what about your family?"

Mr. Ray just sat there, staring at the bread.

"He hasn't got any family," the old woman finally replied.

"What do *you* know?" Mr. Ray said. "I got someone in Albany. Just never told you, that's all. He's my nephew, Joe."

"Joe's not your nephew," the old woman said. "He's Hungarian." She



turned to Donna Lee. "Mr. Ray used to have a young friend from where all those Hungarians live, over in Livingston Parish. But Joe's not family, not 'less Mr. Ray's Hungarian. You Hungarian, Mr. Ray?" The idea of a Hungarian Mr. Ray made her smile and shake her head. Mr. Ray threw the packet of bread on the floor.

Leaning over to pick it up, Donna Lee asked if maybe he'd like to include Joe in the will.

"Why?" he said. "Never see him no more."

"What about other friends?"

He shrugged.

"Think, Mr. Ray, think," the old woman said. "The lawyer's got her meter running. This is costing."

"Don't pressure me," he said, and his chest started heaving up and down. "I can't think under pressure. I need time."

"Time?" The old woman rose to her feet. "You've had all week to think about this. You knew the lawyer was coming today."

Donna Lee waved her hand at the old woman, motioning her to sit down. "Ray, why don't we go ahead and make a list of your assets. Then we'll come back to your friends." She stroked his arm. "O.K.?"

Looking through his bankbooks, Donna Lee found he had one hundred and nineteen dollars in a savings account and eighty-two in checking. She wrote this down. There was no life-insurance policy, but then he remembered the tanks.

"The oxygen tanks?" the old woman said. She was standing behind Donna Lee, looking over her shoulder. "You can't leave them things to anyone. We just rent them. X that one out, Donna Lee. So I guess that's about it, Mr. Ray, right?"

He stood up, and, taking Donna Lee by the hand, led her into his bedroom. When the old woman tried to follow, he shut the door.

"Look here, Mr. Ray, I'm paying for this." She knocked and then turned the knob. "I'm allowed to see, too."

"Please, Mrs. Jenks," Donna Lee said. "There's not enough room in here."

"It's not fair." The door opened a notch wider, forcing Donna Lee to crowd herself against the oxygen tanks. The old woman had one wide hip through the door; she would have made it all the way through if Donna Lee weren't so big herself. Finally, after Mr. Ray lost his temper and began shouting, she unwedged herself from the door and went back into the kitchen.

Sitting at the dinette table, she held out her hands in front of her and watched them tremble. She was still dizzy from holding her breath in the door, trying to make herself smaller. It would teach them a good lesson if she fell over dead, she thought, feeling her pulse. But it was steady and strong as the beat of the little black metronome that sat atop her spinet.

Donna Lee and the old woman waited outside in the shade of the biggest tung tree for Mr. Ray to make up his mind. He had ten minutes to decide who would benefit from his will. After that, he would have to pay for his own lawyer. "The poor man," Donna Lee said, her eyes suddenly filling with tears. "It's like Auschwitz."

The old woman went red in the face. "I suppose they had maids at Auschwitz, and two for every inmate at that. Opal, my maid, is so tired of shopping for him she's fixing to quit. So it's me who goes running out and then gets yelled at for buying the wrong thing. First he won't eat anything but Oscar Mayer franks, then without any warning he changes his mind to Campfire—says that's what he *always* eats."

"Mrs. Jenks, don't you have any feelings at all?" Donna Lee asked.

"For two years he's had one foot in the grave, and for two years, girl, day in, day out, I've had feelings. There's just so much blood in this turnip." She tapped her chest impatiently, and felt soothed by the outburst. "Now, dear, why don't you tell me what he showed you up there in his bedroom?"

Donna Lee yanked a kudzu leaf from the vine twisting around the tree trunk. "I think you should learn to respect his privacy."

"Please don't talk to me about privacy," the old woman said, waving away a mud dauber that nested in the garage eaves. "Twenty years I've kept out of his bedroom. And don't think I didn't have plenty of opportunities to sneak a look." Several times she had taken advantage of the opportunities and looked through his dresser drawers, but since she never found anything interesting, she didn't think this really counted. "Furthermore, I know almost nothing about his private life. I'm not even sure his real name is Spark. He just told me it was, but he had nothing official to back it up—no driver's license, birth certificate, Social Security card, nothing. For all I know, he could be an axe murderer. Now if you want to call that prying, go right ahead."

Donna Lee lifted up a sandalled foot

and scratched her toe, then glanced anxiously up at the apartment windows. "What about that Hungarian guy—Joe?"

"Mr. Ray used to work with Hungarians down at my daddy's creosote plant on Highway 41." She reached up to unpin her straw gardening hat so she could fan herself, and discovered she hadn't put it on. "That was right after my husband died. I used to go out there to talk with Daddy, and I'd see him there, Mr. Ray, boiling up all those pines. He was so little you couldn't help noticing him. They'd all be jabbering in Hungarian and he looked sort of left out because he didn't know Hungarian, not even 'hello' and 'goodbye.' So I asked him if he wanted to come work for me, and he said yes and moved on in. Then on Sundays this nice young Hungarian from the plant, Joe, he would come out and visit. He and Mr. Ray would sit out here, right underneath this very same tung, and I'd bring them lemonade and stuff. I guess Joe felt sorry for him or something. But since he didn't speak English too good and Mr. Ray, like I said, couldn't even learn 'hello' and 'goodbye,' they got sort of tired of each other. After a while, Joe just stopped coming over."

Donna Lee said something, but the old woman didn't hear as she looked out over the milkweed and dandelion that ruined her yard. An eighth grader from Tula Springs Junior High—the red bricks were visible through the cane hedge at the far end of her property—came over every other Friday to mow, and it looked like it was about time. "What day is it?" she asked, interrupting Donna Lee.

"Thursday."

The old woman sighed. "I better walk the yard, then. Come on with me."

Before the boy mowed, the old woman always checked to make sure there were no sticks or trash lying around. Kids riding by on the school buses sometimes tossed their Coke bottles out the window, and the old woman was afraid the boy wouldn't have sense enough to stop and throw the bottles out of the way. "Mr. Ray used to like to run over these crawdad castles," she said to Donna Lee as she toppled a mound of gray mud with her heavy black shoes. "Conked the mower right out, but he thought it was fun. He'd play like he was in a big airplane killing everything in his path. I remember once I saw him run over a poor toad and I bawled the daylights out of him. He got mad right back and said his B-52 didn't stop for nothing. Now can you beat that—a grown man!"

"Was Mr. Ray ever married?" Donna Lee asked, walking right over a candy wrapper. The old woman went back for it.

"I doubt it," she said, stuffing the wrapper in her pocket. "Women make him too nervous. He says they can't think straight, don't have the scientific turn of mind. Everything he did he claimed he did scientific. I'd ask him something simple, like paint the porch. Well, a day later he's still planning how to do it, scientific. How much paint, how many coats, square feet, square inches. And of course it always came out wrong. He just didn't have a head for figures." The old woman yawned and stretched, then remembered what was nagging at the back of her mind. "Now, girl," she said, trying to revive her temper, "like everyone else nowadays I got my rights. You tell me what's in that bedroom."

"It's nothing, Mrs. Jenks. Don't worry."

"If *it's nothing, then*—"

Donna Lee rested her hand on the old woman's forearm. "I promised him I wouldn't tell. I don't want to break my word." She smiled, her blue eyes strangely dark and appealing. The old woman realized she had been wrong about her. The girl wasn't plain at all; she was really quite lovely.

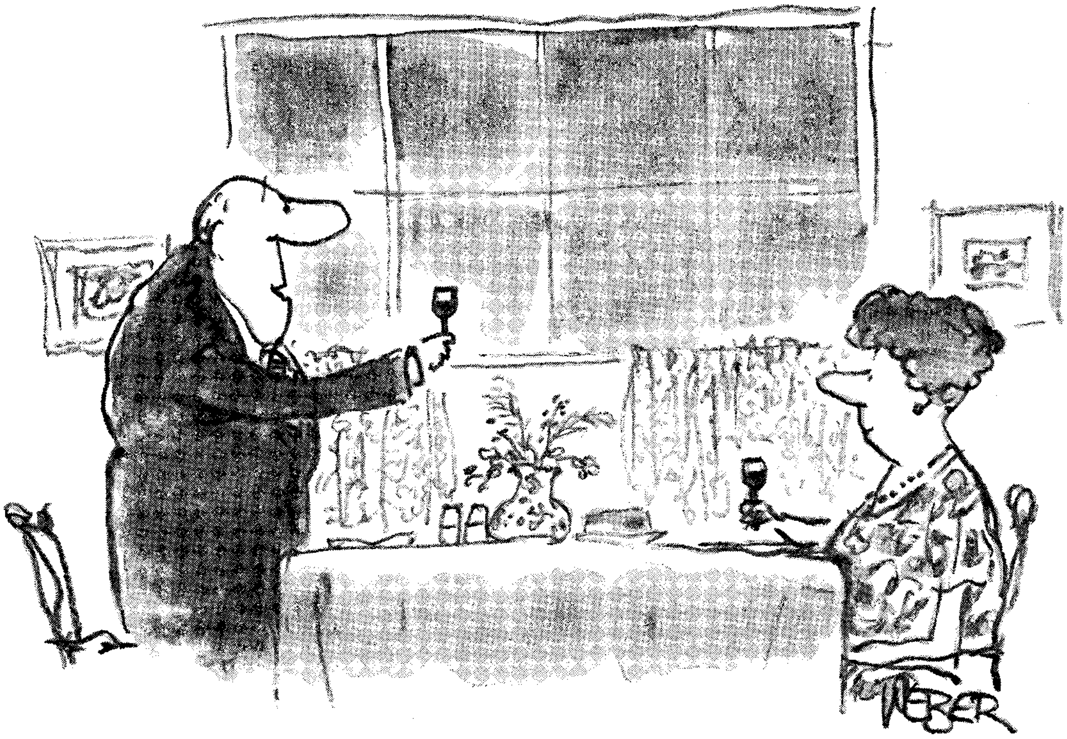
"All right, Donna Lee."

Donna Lee trailed the old woman up and down the yard, asking questions about Mr. Ray. No, he wasn't on Medicare or Medicaid, the old woman replied. Yes, she paid his medical bills herself. Yes, she tried to get him to sign up for government benefits—practically begged him. But he just didn't like filling out forms. They made him too nervous. Why? He believed they were a ruse, and once he signed his name everything would be taken away from him. No one ever gave you something for nothing, he would say when she tried to reason with him.

"He sounds a little paranoid," Donna Lee observed.

"Well, for someone who believes in privacy, you do your share of prying."

Con Artists



"Prices may keep going up, up, up, but my love for you will remain positively, and forever, as is."

• •

"I'm concerned about his welfare."

The old woman tugged at a thick, rhubarb-red weed. Her flesh-colored stockings crinkled about her ankles. "You're not with the government, are you?"

"No, Ma'am. You know I'm with Mr. Herbert's firm."

"You never can tell these days. I worry they might send someone after me 'cause I used to pay him cash."

"Is that two hundred dollars all he's got now? How can anyone retire on two hundred dollars?"

"Easy, long as you got a sucker like me around." The old woman stood up and slapped the dust from her smock. "Ever since he started working for me, Mr. Ray's been retired—least that's what it's felt like to me. If I ever wanted anything done, I'd have to do it myself. The man couldn't even mow a straight line. He always left patches in the middle of my yard."

Donna Lee found a white shell in the St. Augustine grass and tossed it back to the driveway. "Why'd you keep him, then, if he was no good?"

"His heart swole up. Can't fire a man for being rheumatic."

"But he wasn't sick for twenty years. What about before?"

"Before? I don't know. I guess back then he was more fun to have around. Real cocky little guy, used to strut all over the place like he was Mr. Big. Sometimes I'd watch him from my kitchen window, see him cursing and muttering to himself when he messed up a job. He was better than the TV. And he was so finicky. Down in the garage, if his screwdriver wasn't on the nail right next to the pliers he'd have a fit. Johnnie and me—she was my maid before Opal—we used to get a big kick out of rearranging his tools. Then when he'd get all red in the face and start screaming, Johnnie would clap her hands and say, 'Rumpelstiltskin, Rumpelstiltskin!' Lord, how he hated that name. It put me in stitches."

"I don't see anything funny about that—not in the least."

The old woman was surprised by the cold, impertinent look. "Well, you just had to be there, see the way he was a little king. I'm sure you would have laughed, too." She glanced down at her watch, a Timex that used to belong to her husband. "Fifteen minutes," she said, starting for the garage. She could feel Donna Lee's eyes boring into her back. "Let's see if he's made up his mind."

At the bottom of the wooden stairs, the old woman paused to catch her breath. She had walked too fast across the yard. "I don't think I can make it up."

Donna Lee shrugged and started to go up by herself.

"Dear," the old woman called after her. Donna Lee turned, her face impassive. The old woman wasn't sure what she was going to say, but she knew she had to say something. "You're a pretty girl; don't let anyone tell you different. Only thing I see wrong with you, besides your posture, that's your sense of humor. It needs developing. For a girl like you a smile's so important. It's the difference between night and day."

"Thank you," Donna Lee said blandly. "I'll try to remember."

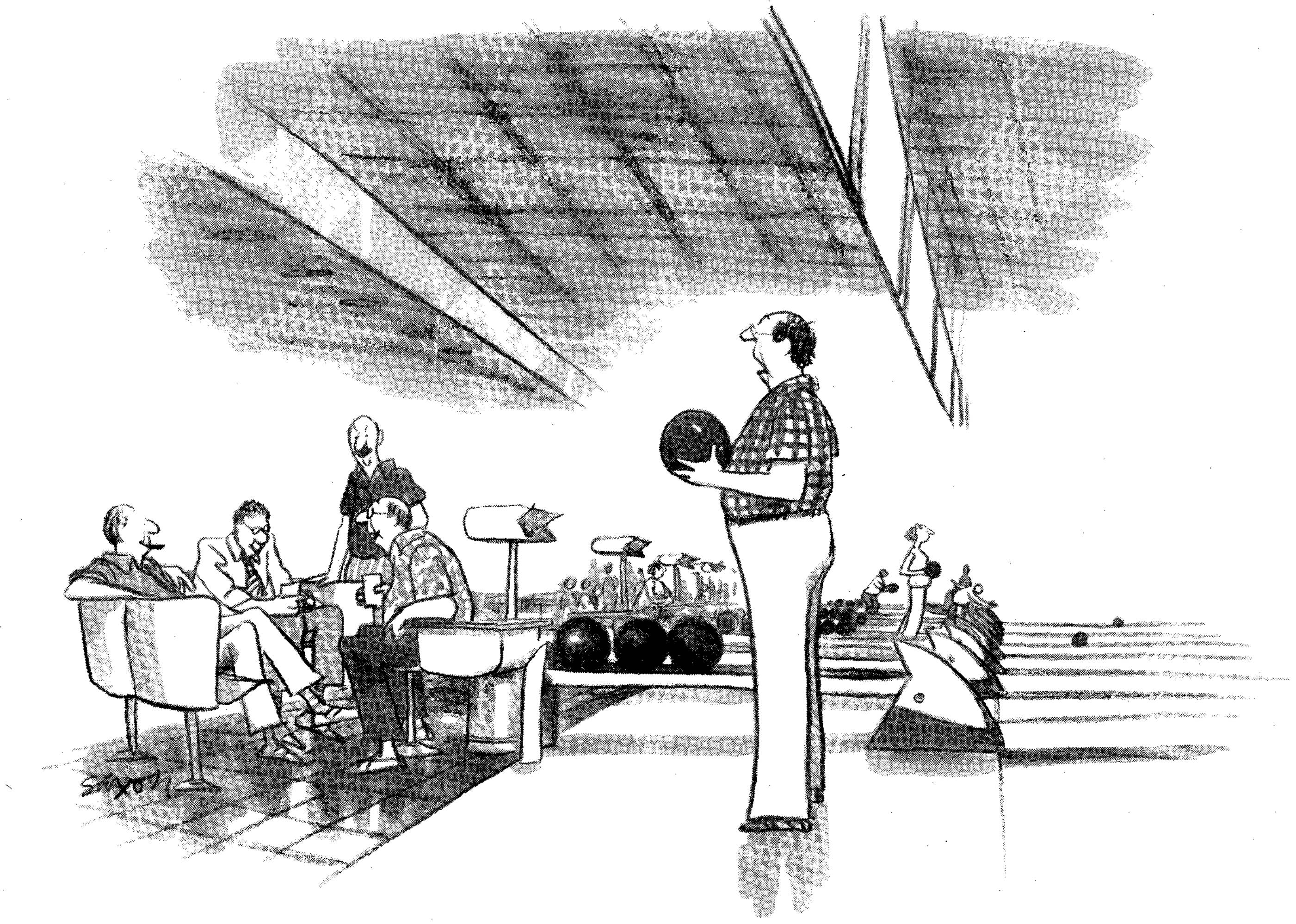
"When you finish up with him, come back to the house. I'll be cooling off. I got central air-conditioning there."

IN the sewing room Opal was perched on a stool ironing while the radio hummed softly beside her. The old woman brought her a bunch of grapes from the kitchen and sat down in the Windsor chair. She was afraid of losing Opal—not because she was such a good maid but because she dreaded the idea of getting used to someone new. Opal was thinking of going to work for the Tula Springs Hatcheries, but she hadn't made up her mind yet. The old woman hated the suspense.

"You ever think Mr. Ray might leave you something when he dies?" the old woman asked. "He's out there right now with the lawyer."

Opal folded her lithe brown arms, smooth as satin, and stared down at the Paisley curtain she was ironing. Then she took up the iron again. The grapes, untouched, were sitting at the edge of the board.

"What if he was one of those eccentric types," the old woman went on, "the types you read about all the time? They act poor but they got all this money stored under their mat-



"What do you say? Shall we get down to some serious bowling?"

• •

tress." Of course, the old woman didn't believe this herself—at least not while she was awake. Twice, though, she had dreamed about Mr. Ray's green oxygen tanks. For some reason they were standing in the yard like tall, hard shrubs. She had her hose with her, so she decided to see if they needed watering. When she turned the hose on them, the paint washed away. Underneath the green, the tanks were gold, solid gold.

"Ain't *no* money under his mattress," Opal said, adjusting a fold in the curtain.

"How do you know?" the old woman said irritably. "You don't know everything, not everything in the world."

"Maybe not. But I do know one thing. It ain't money under that mattress."

The old woman stuffed a cushion behind her aching back. "You act like you've seen."

"I have, Miss Jenks. He showed me hisself. All he got under that dumb bed of his is suits, boxes of suits."

"What do you mean, suits?"

"Sharkskin, herrin'bone, blues, checks—the suits a man wears. Mr. Ray goes on and on about his suits to me, says in his prime he used to be a real fashion plate." Opal grinned. " 'Magine that, Miss Jenks—Mr. Ray a fashion plate. I laughed so hard he threw me out. 'Don't you ever come back in here,' he hollers at me, and I say, 'Don't worry, I wouldn't if you paid me a million dollars.' No sir, not for a million dollars."

The old woman sat a while longer, but she wasn't listening anymore. It was too discouraging. Here Opal was the one who said all those terrible things about Mr. Ray, how he looked like the devil and how she'd be glad when he died so she wouldn't have to shop for him anymore, and yet it was Opal who got to see. The lawyer sees, Opal sees—every Tom, Dick, and Harry sees.

SHE must have gotten up from the Windsor chair and left the sewing room, because she was now lying on her bed with the shades down. It was strange. She didn't remember walking out of the sewing room and down the hall to her room.

"Miss Jenks?" The bedroom door opened. "You O.K.?"

"I'm just tired, Opal."

"Oh." She started to shut the door.

"Opal, listen. When the lawyer comes, tell her I'm asleep. I can't see her now."

The door shut.

The old woman sat up in bed and pried her shoes from her swollen feet, then lay down again. She covered her eyes with her hand, as if an immense, unblinking sun were bearing down upon her. Now that she knew everything, everything in the world, she wondered what it was that would get her up those stairs tomorrow, and the day after that and the day after that. It was too much to expect of anyone. It would break the strongest heart.

—JAMES WILCOX

•

AMERICA HAS CHANGED
AND SO HAS ITS LEADERS
—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Only its syntax remains steady.

FOUR POEMS

SOURCES

Fish scales, wet newspapers, unopened cans
of syrupy peaches, smoking tires,
houses that couldn't contain
even a single family without someone
going nuts, raping his own child
or shotgunning his wife. The oily floors
of filling stations where our cars
surrendered their lives and we called
it quits and went on foot to phone
an indifferent brother for help.
No, these are not the elements
of our lives, these are what we left
for our children to puzzle ourselves
together so they might come to know
who they are.
But they won't wait.
This one has borrowed a pickup and a bag
of nails and will spend the light of day
under the California sun singing the songs
the radio lets loose and pounding together
a prefabricated barn. This one lies
back at night before a television set,
a beer in one hand, and waits for
the phone to ring him awake, for
a voice out of the night to tell him
the meaning of the names that fell
together and by which he knows himself.
Out there in the harbor of New York
is Ellis Island, almost empty now
except for the wind that will never leave.
He thinks of the little girl, her name
pinned to her dress, all she is
held in a little bag.
My distant sons,
my unborn daughters, myself, we
can go on smiling in the face
of the freezing winds that tear down
the Hudson Valley and out to sea, winds
that turn our eyes to white tears, or under
the bland blue sky of this our Western
valley where you sweat until you
cannot hold your own hands. What do we have
today? A morning paper full of lies.
A voice out of nowhere that says, Keep
punching. Darkness that falls each night.
Sea winds that smell of fish scales.
Borrowed cars that won't start and if they did
would go nowhere. Names that mean Lover
of Horses, Hammer, First and Only, Last
but Not Least, Beloved of God. Each other.

ASCENSION

Now I see the stars
are ready for me
and the light falls upon
my shoulders evenly,
so little light that even
the night birds can't see
me robed in black flame.
I am alone, rising
through clouds and the lights
of distant cities until
the earth turns its darker
side away, and I am ready
to meet my guardians
or speak again the first words
born in time. Instead,
it is like that dream
in which a friend leaves
and you wait, parked
by the side of the road
that leads home, until
you can feel your skin
wrinkling and your hair
grown long and tangling
in the winds, and still you
wait because you've waited
so long. Below, the earth
has turned to light but,
unlike the storied good
in Paradise, I see no going
and coming, none of the pain
I would have suffered had I
merely lived. At first
I can remember my wife,
the immense depth of her eyes
and her smooth brow in morning
light, the long lithe body
moving about her garden
day after day, at ease in the light
of those brutal summers. I can
see my youngest son again
moving with the slight swagger
of the carpenter hitching
up his belt of tools. I
can even remember the feel
of certain old shirts
against my back and shoulders
and how my arms ached
after a day of work. Then I
forget exhaustion, I forget
love, forget the need to
be a man, the need to
speak the truth, to close
my eyes and talk to someone
distant but surely listening.
Then I forget my own trees
at evening moving in the day's
last heat like the children
of the wind, I forget the hunger
for food, for belief, for love,
I forget the fear of death,
the fear of living forever,
I forget my brother, my name,
my own life. I have risen.
Somewhere I am a god.
Somewhere I am a holy
object. Somewhere I am.

I REMEMBER CLIFFORD

Wakening in a small room,
the walls high and blue, one high window
through which the morning enters,
I turn to the table beside me
painted a thick white. There instead
of a clock is a tumbler of water,
clear and cold, that wasn't there
last night. Someone quietly entered,
and now I see the white door
slightly ajar and around three sides
the light on fire. I remember once,
twenty-seven years ago, walking
the darkened streets
of my home town when up ahead
on Joy Road at the Bluebird of Happiness
I heard over the rumbling of traffic
and the rumbling of my own head
for the first time the high clear trumpet
of Clifford Brown calling us all
to the dance he shared with us
such a short time. My heart quickened
and in my long coat, breathless
and stumbling, I ran
through the swirling snow
to the familiar sequined door
knowing it would open on something new.

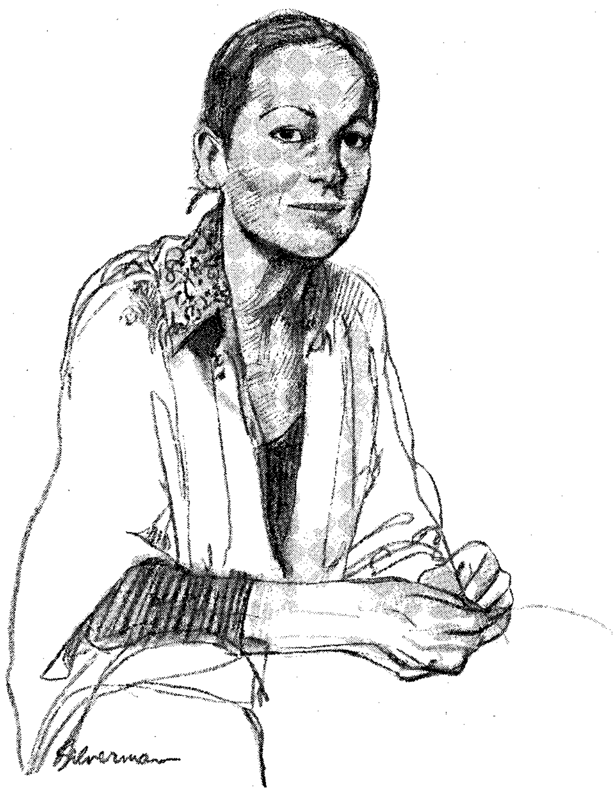
ANOTHER SONG

Words go on travelling from voice
to voice while the phones are still
and the wires hum in the cold. Now
and then dark winter birds settle
slowly on the crossbars where, huddled,
they caw out their loneliness. Except
for them the March world is white
and barely alive. The train to Providence
moans somewhere near the end
of town, and the churning of metal
on metal from so many miles away
is only a high thin note trilling
the frozen air. Years ago I lived
not far from here, grown to fat
and austerity, a man who came
closely shaven to breakfast and ate
in silence and left punctually, alone,
for work. So it was I saw it all
and turned away to where snow
fell into snow and the wind spoke
in the incomprehensible syllable
of wind, and I could be anyone:
a man whose life lay open before him,
a book with no ending, a widow
bearing white carnations at dusk
to a hillside graveyard turned
to blank rubble, a cinder floating
down to earth and blinking slowly out,
too small to mean a thing, too tired
to even sigh. If life comes back,
as we were told it does, each time one
step closer to the edge of truth,
then I am ready for the dawn
that calls a sullen boy from sleep,
rubbing his eyes on a white window
and knowing none of it can last the day.

—Philip Levine

PROFILES

PRESENCE



Teresa Stratas

ABOUT fifty years ago, a nearly illiterate young shepherd from the mountains of Crete named Emmanuel Stratas (his Cretan name was Stratakis) emigrated to Canada, where he settled in Toronto. There he met a young Cretan woman named Argero Terezakis, who had been imported to North America to marry a rich Cretan-American. That prospect did not appeal to her, and before long Emmanuel and Argero married. From their union were born Nicholas Stratas, who became a psychiatrist, was deputy commissioner of the North Carolina Department of Mental Health for a time, and is now in very successful private practice; Mary Garofalakis, who became principal of the Greek-American Institute, an elementary school in the Bronx primarily for children of Greek descent, affiliated with the Greek Orthodox Church; and Anastasia Stratas, who, under the name Teresa Stratas, is one of the most celebrated divas in the current world of opera.

As an opera singer, Miss Stratas is probably what one would call a lyric soprano. She has the vocal agility of a coloratura, a powerful voice capable of filling large auditoriums, and a versatility as both singer and actress that makes her, in her early forties, one of the most highly valued artists on the roster of the Metropolitan and a number of the world's other leading opera houses. She is noted for the warmth and expressiveness of her singing. Her innate musicianship and style in phrasing have impressed critics for a couple of decades. Her voice has an enormous range, stretching from the E below middle C to high E-flat. She is an excellent musician, and learns all her roles by herself, disdaining a coach. These roles have included Mimì, Susanna, Cherubino, Zerlina, Liù, Despina, Violetta, Mařenka, Desdemona, Lulu, and Salome, which she has sung in a film version. She sings in all the great opera houses of Europe—La Scala, the Bolshoi, the Vienna State Opera, in Berlin, Hamburg, Munich, Salzburg, and at Covent Garden. One of her most recent European triumphs occurred in 1979 when Rolf Liebermann, impresario of the Paris Opéra, chose her for the title role of Lulu in that difficult modern opera by Alban Berg. Reviews in Paris were ecstatic, and after the first performance Liebermann lined her hotel room with orchids. "Orchids are flowers that Lulu wears," she recalled recently. "Rolf sent not just single orchids but whole clusters of orchids, and a card that said, 'With all my love. You gave me the greatest evening of my career. Thank you.' " Last month in New York, she repeated the triumph when the Metropolitan opened its season with its première of the complete "Lulu."

Aside from her vocal and thespian abilities, Stratas has that mysterious faculty known as "presence"—the faculty that arrests one's attention the instant its possessor appears onstage. It is a quality that she has shared with the late Maria Callas, another North American of Greek origin, and with George London, the great Canadian-born baritone. Even when she is standing still, the eyes of the audience are riveted on her. Sir Rudolf Bing recalls that he noticed it when she sang an audition at the Met, of which he was then general manager. "Hers is an extraordinary talent," he said not long ago. "She has a beautiful voice. But what struck me at the audition was the way she looked. This was a fascinating personality. You knew that the person onstage was somebody." Stratas's close friend the Metropolitan singer Rosalind Elias has remarked that even when Stratas is standing beside a tall male singer—and she is a very tiny woman—she gives an impression of power. Anthony Bliss, the executive director of the Met, shares these impressions. "Her presence on the stage is exceptional," he said in a recent interview. And Sir John Tooley, the general administrator of Covent Garden, expresses enthusiasm. "She is a very remarkable artist," he said a little while ago. "She has a degree of perception that is quite extraordinary—perception, that is, in getting to the heart of a role. She is truly one of the great singing actresses of the day. She is also a highly self-critical artist; in fact, she can go too far in her self-criticism—to the point where it becomes destructive."

THAT Stratas is a great singer is beyond question. She is barely five feet tall, with a lovely figure, reddish-black hair, and a face that has a strange, archaic beauty. If one did not know that her parents came from Crete, one would guess it from her face, which in repose, or in a depressed mood (something not unusual for her), resembles a Minoan mask of perhaps 2000 B.C. The huge eyes are dark—so dark as to resemble the eyeholes of a mask. The nose descends from the forehead without a notch between the eyes, as do the noses of figures in frescoes and statues at

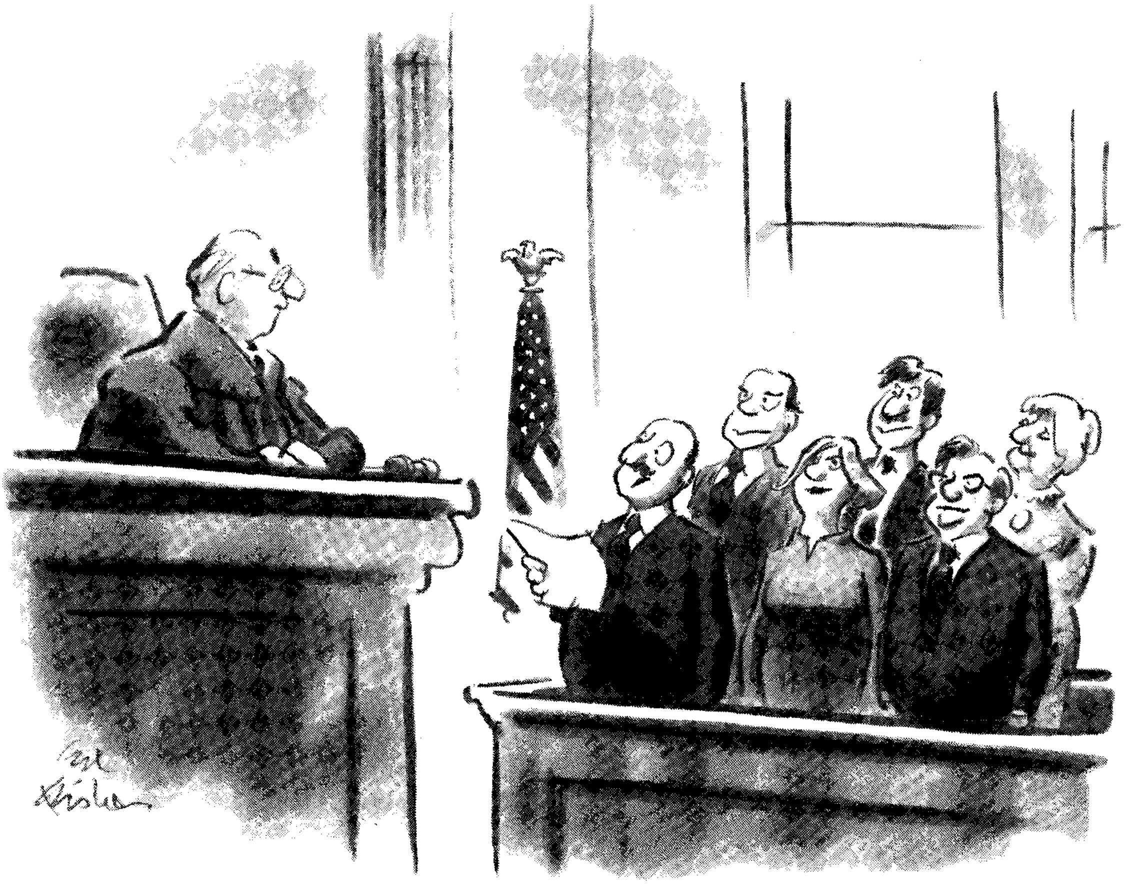
Knossos and Mycenae. The mouth is at the same time sensual and determined. The chin is small, and the ears are delicately formed. When Stratas becomes animated, the large, dark eyes begin to sparkle, and there is an impression of boundless energy and intensity. Still, her eyes nearly always seem to express a need of help and sympathy—they have a beseeching quality. Although she appears to be in her twenties, Stratas looks like a waif. And yet this impression is itself deceptive, for there is no more independent character to be found anywhere.

Her speaking voice is low, with a sort of world-weary tone or a bright, decisive one, depending on her mood. When she is in New York, she lives alone in a cavernous, high-ceilinged apartment in one of Manhattan's old, declining hotels. The apartment is quite large, with two bathrooms, a living room, a bedroom, a library, a music room, a kitchen, a dining room, and what she calls her "den," where she sometimes entertains visitors and does much of her reading. "I love the companionship of men," she said recently. And a number of men have fallen in love with Stratas, while a number of others have formed lasting and profound friendships with her. The apartment is filled with mementos—presents from admirers. "It's not my taste, it's the taste of my friends," she has said while showing a visitor around and remarking on the provenance of various objects that decorate the walls. There is a piece of Hindu sculpture, which is a present from the conductor Zubin Mehta; a group of valuable framed Chinese paintings; and a number of icons, including a very rare one of John the Baptist's head on a platter and a lead-framed one depicting the head of the Madonna.

One of the icons—not the most valuable—reminds Stratas of a memorable episode. On a trip to Europe, she was sitting next to a black G.I., and as the flight proceeded he went to sleep and leaned toward her, finally snoozing away the rest of the trip on her shoulder. When he woke up, he was terribly embarrassed. It happened that they had reservations at the same hotel in Munich. When Stratas checked in, she found that the G.I. had been assigned a dreadful room with no view and very little air. She remonstrated with the room clerk, and finally got him a better room. Then she asked him if he would like her to show him around Munich. He was delighted. She took him to Schwabing, the city's Greenwich Village, where they came upon a sidewalk display of art objects. The G.I. said he wanted to buy something for his mother, and asked her advice about what to choose. They settled on an icon of the Madonna and Child, and Stratas held it while he paid for it. When he was through, she started to give him back the icon. He said, "It's for you."

There are countless other items: a piece of the old Met's curtain, which she received from the stagehands there, and which she keeps framed under glass; and a signed Marc Chagall poster—a present from Mary Colligan, who was a backstage receptionist at the old Met. Stratas retains a nostalgic feeling for the old house; it is where she made her New York City début. Besides the mementos of friendship that adorn the walls of her apartment, she has been given mink coats—which she keeps in a vault—and jewelry, which she has never been seen wearing. One of her most prized possessions, which hangs in her apartment, is a lunch invitation to visit the White House, signed by John F. Kennedy.

At home, when Stratas feels in a comparatively formal mood—as when journalists come for interviews, which she gives only rarely—she wears her hair pulled back and parted in the middle, and appears in a voluminous dressing gown. On less formal occasions, she is apt to look like a ragamuffin. "The only time I feel lonely," she said recently, "is when I am with a group of people." Though she gives parties occasionally, she never attends those she is invited to. "I have ruined my career forty times," she said. "I am invited to parties by the Metropolitan people, but I never go. I can't stand talking to all those ladies with blue hair." The subject of hair reminded her of how, some years ago, in an unhappy attempt to conform to



"We the jury award the plaintiff all the gold in Fort Knox."

JAKE'S
"HOME OF THE BOTTOMLESS CUP OF COFFEE"
MStevens

"Hey, c'mon, guys. I've got to get home."

social usage, she went to a beauty parlor to have her hair done. She sat under the dryer and began to submit to the manicurist. Then, in a sudden spasm of irritation, she pulled the rollers from her hair, paid her bill, and left, with her hair sopping wet. "That is the greatest waste of time," she said. "I don't know how women stand it. All I could think of was if I were home I could be studying, I could be reading—a thousand things I could be doing. I'm not interested in hairdressers. I'm not interested in clothes, either. I have a couple of formal gowns for when it's absolutely necessary, but I seldom wear them. I prefer to dress as you see me." What one saw was a diminutive figure dressed in jeans and a blouse, her hair dangling carelessly. (At the Met, she ordinarily takes care of putting on her own costume and makeup, and tends to her own hairdo.)

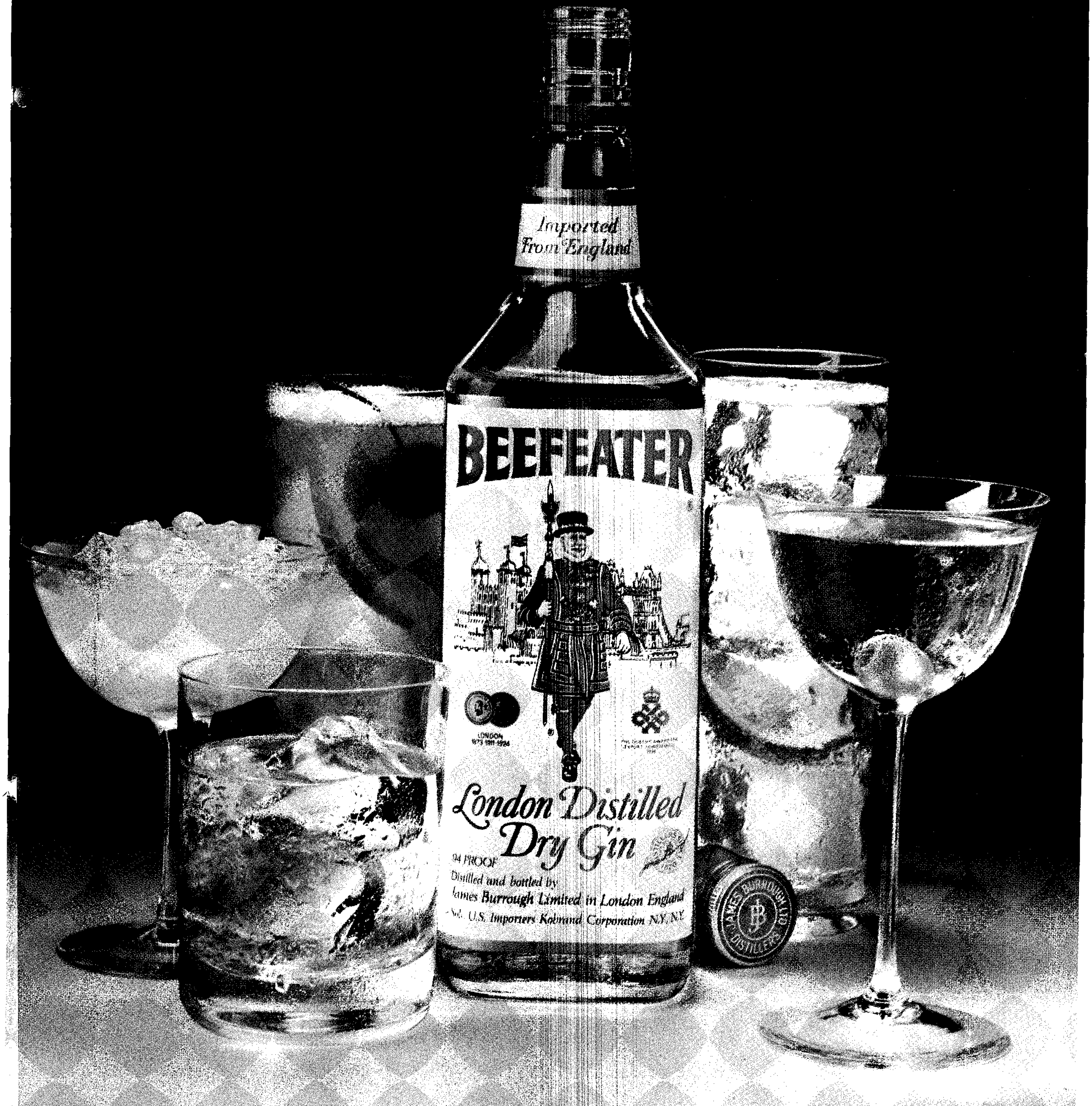
Stratas keeps her figure by doing yoga exercises. She has done them all her life, without knowing that they were yoga exercises until she read about the subject in books a few years ago. What she does is hatha-yoga, or physical yoga, but she has no idea of the philosophical ramifications of the cult and has never visited a guru. The exercises seem to keep her in catlike trim. She also meditates, though she does not assume the cross-legged posture of the traditional yogi. "I can meditate just sitting in a chair," she said recently. "I often fall into meditation spontaneously. It drives people crazy." Among her other ascetic habits is fasting. "I know that my perceptions are not the same when I'm fasting as when I'm eating," she has said. "But I'm aware that when I eat— And I can eat, let me tell you, when there are people around. I'm an extremist in everything that I do—when I sit down and decide to eat, I can frighten people. I eat and drink. But I'm very aware that it dulls my senses and my perceptions, and my spiritual self gets drugged. No, that's too mild a word—it becomes almost nonexistent. Which might be what we are doing in our society today. We drug ourselves with transistor radios, television sets, drinking too much, eating the wrong food.

"I throw Greek parties. I cook up a huge Greek meal—not particularly for fellow-Greeks but for my friends. I get a joy out of giving. I have a buffet spread on a table, with stuffed grape leaves, *pastichio*—all the good Greek food. And people come over and sit on the floor or wherever they want and have a very good time. Basically, I'm introverted. But once in a while I come out of my introversion and love people for a short time, and then I go back into my introversion. Actually, I distrust people. And that distrust does interesting things. I don't expect anything of people, so I'm sometimes pleasantly surprised—whereas a lot of people trust people and are usually being hurt right and left. I may sound cynical. On the other hand, I'm very tolerant of people, and aware of their shortcomings, as I am of my own."

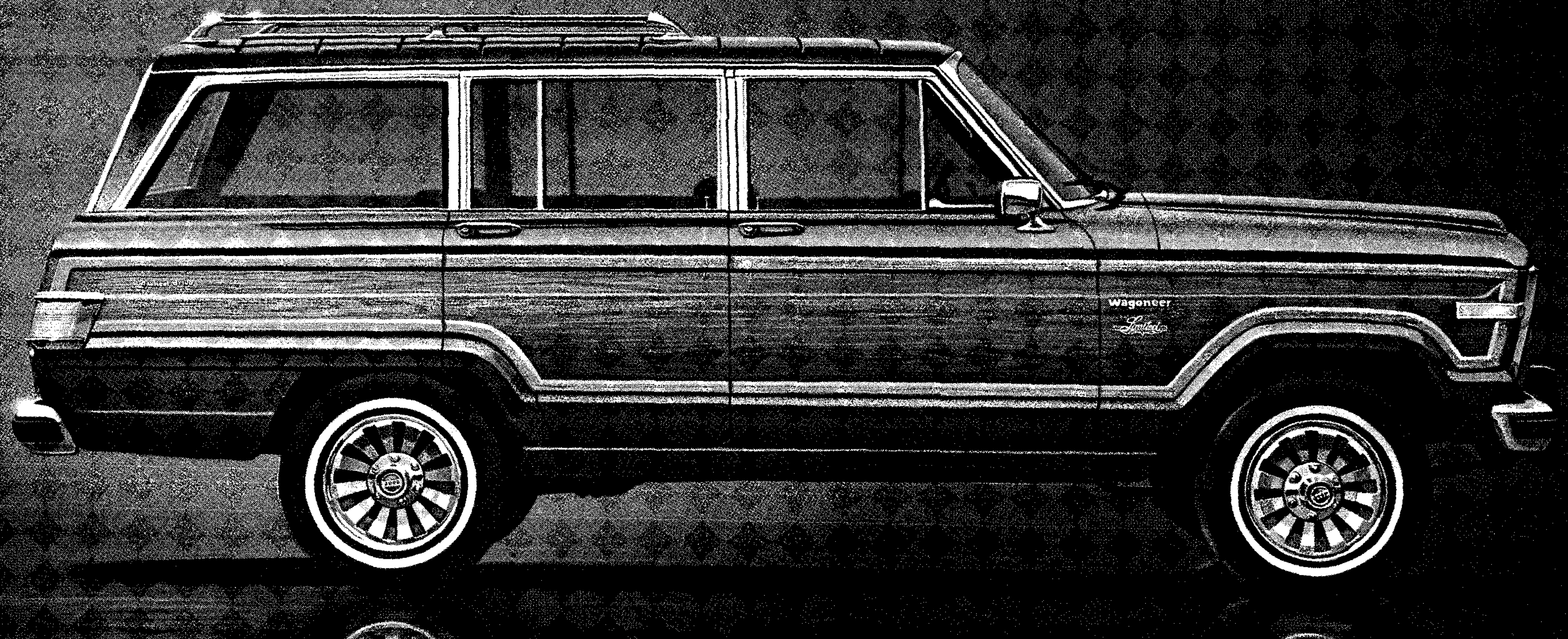
STRATAS's fundamental pessimism and distrust arise from an early life of truly Dickensian horror. She was born on a dining-room table in a very small apartment over a Chinese laundry in the slums of Toronto. It was the red-light district. Her father suffered from a manic-depressive psychosis. "Obviously, he couldn't help that he had this illness," she said recently. "As far as work was concerned, he fluctuated between the point where he was not working at all and a state of euphoria in which he thought he could conquer the world—and that was much harder to handle, of course. During his manic phases, he drank. Drinking is one of the small things they do in that ghastly state—things that have left their mark on me. Not that I think manic-depressive psychosis is hereditary. But my childhood was spent in a state of panic. Half the year, we were dodging a killer maniac; the other half, we were trying to keep him from killing himself."

Her father deeply resented her birth, frequently levelled the taunt "One more mouth to feed" at her, and often hurled her across the room. "People often say to me, 'You move so beautifully on the stage. Were you ever a dancer?' I don't tell them, but I learned to move by dodging my father

The many facets of The Crown Jewel of England.™


Imported
From England
BEEFEATER
LONDON
1873 1911-1924
London Distilled
Dry Gin
94 PROOF
Distilled and bottled by
James Burrough Limited in London England
Sole U.S. Importers Kobrand Corporation N.Y. N.Y.
JAMES BURROUGH LTD
JB
DISTILLERS

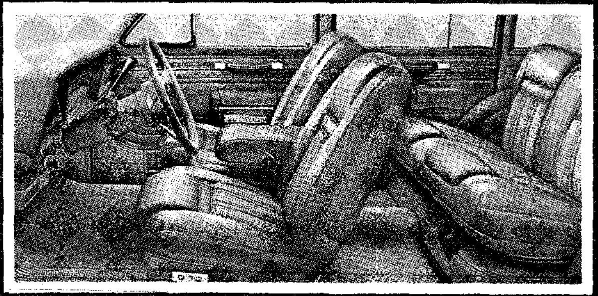
100% Grain Neutral Spirits.



The Ultimate Wagon

Imagine having gas mileage about the same as a full size 2-wheel drive wagon . . . and 4-wheel drive for added security when you need it most. 21 HWY EST. ⑯ EPA EST MPG.*

That's what makes Jeep Wagoneer the ultimate family wagon. No conventional 2-wheel drive wagon can perform so confidently under pressure when the rains are torrential, the streets unplowed . . . or when the beauty of the off-road beckons.



Wagoneer may take a tough-minded approach to conditions outside . . . but inside it's a soft touch, with room, luxuries and driving comfort you'd marvel at in any station wagon. And with a full range of Wagoneer models to choose from, you'll find the price of owning one surprisingly affordable.

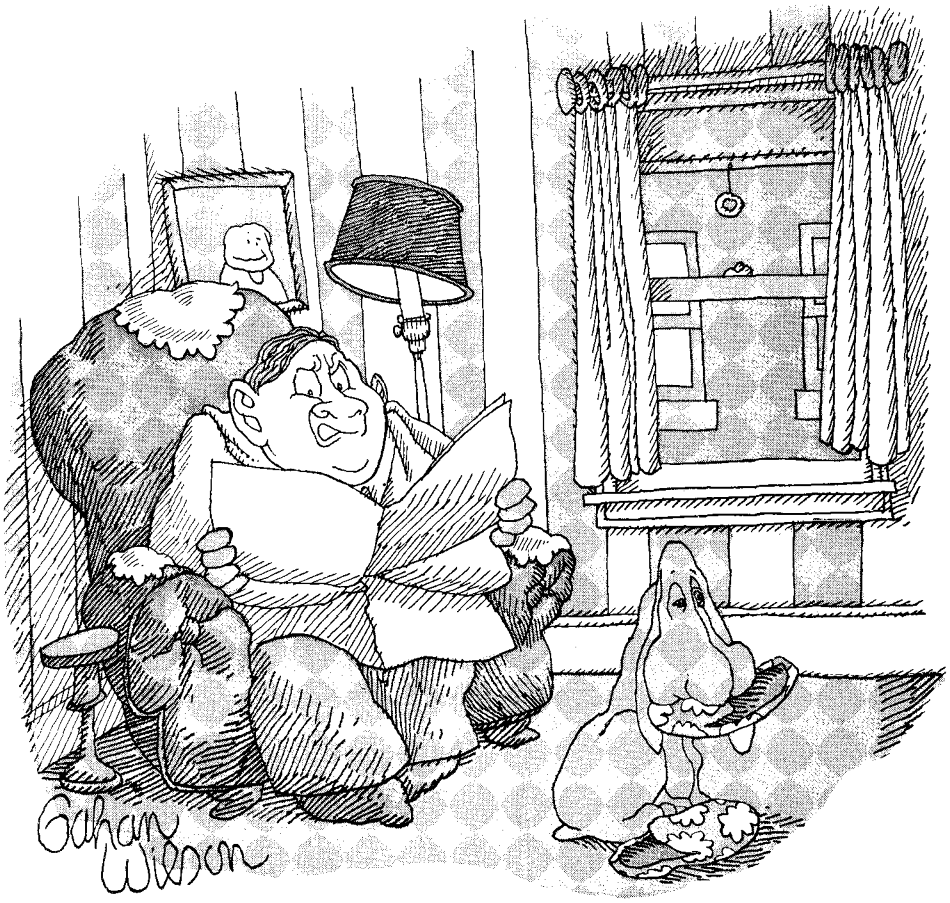
The mileage of 2-wheel drive full size wagons . . . the security of 4-wheel drive. Doesn't your family deserve the ultimate?

Jeep Wagoneer

AT AMERICAN MOTORS

*Figures are for comparison. Your results may differ due to driving speed, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will be less. California mileage will be different.
Jeep Corporation, a subsidiary of American Motors Corporation.

as he grabbed for me around the dining-room table." Toronto was terribly cold for a Cretan family. They heated the apartment with coal, but Stratas can remember scarcely ever being warm enough. At about the age of four, she contracted tuberculosis and almost died. The local doctor recommended a sanatorium, but Greeks are superstitious about the disease, and have a word—*fthisikia*, which means both "tubercular" and "dirty"—that warns against contact with anyone who has it. The family decided to keep her affliction secret, and there was no question of a sanatorium. Although Stratas apparently recovered, she still has pains in her left lung every time she works too hard. "It left scars on one lung, and whenever I get into a strenuous schedule the lung starts to act up," she said. "It acted up during the Paris production of 'Lulu.' There were ten or twelve hours a day of rehearsals and costume fittings. My weight, which is normally between ninety-five and a hundred pounds, went down to eighty-seven, and I really felt ill. By the time of the performance, I didn't think I could sing 'Three Blind Mice.' "



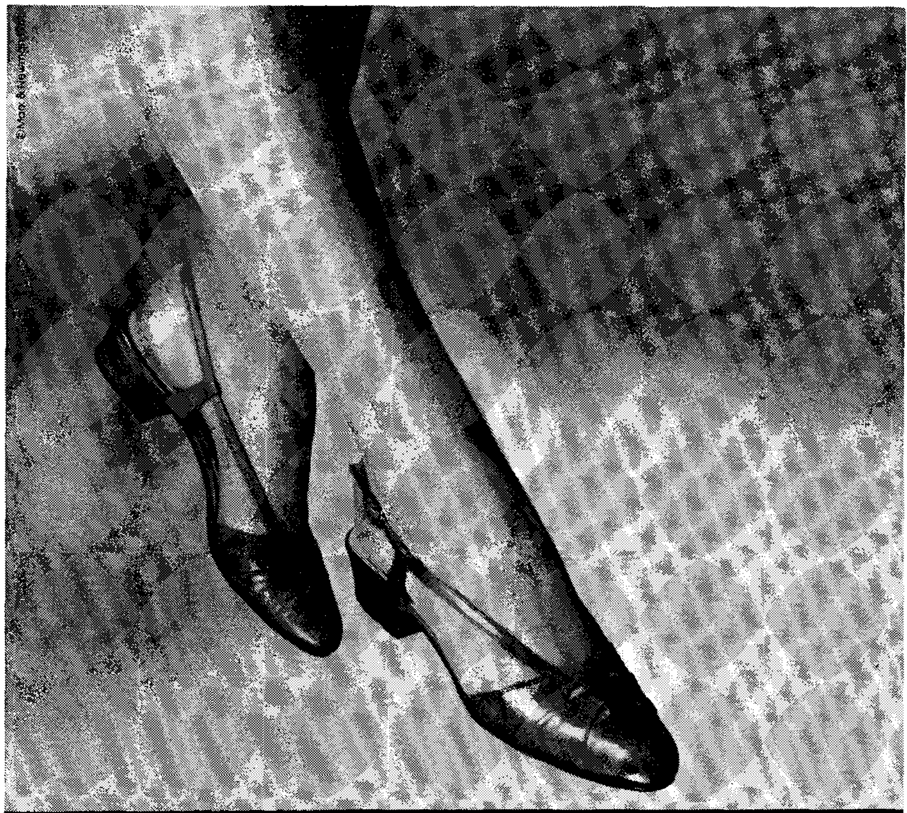
"Over here, for God's sake!"

• •

At one point during her adolescence, after seeing her mother cry over the bills that had come in, Stratas attempted suicide. It would eliminate that one more mouth to feed, she thought. After taking some sleeping pills, she locked herself in the bathroom and slashed her wrists with a razor. "I wanted to make one less problem for my mother. It was very interesting. I suppose I was in another dimension because of the pills. Everything seemed to be in slow motion. I sat on the edge of the bathtub and watched myself. At some point, I must have fallen to the floor. My brother heard the fall and broke down the door. My parents' reaction was like their reaction to the t.b. It was that no one must find out that I tried to commit suicide. They didn't want me to go to the doctor. But my brother yelled, 'If we don't get her to the emergency room, she is going to die!' And then I remember that I couldn't quite comprehend that I might die. They carried me down, put me in a car, and took me to the emergency room, where I got fifteen stitches in one wrist and ten in the other. There was just an interne there, and he sewed me up without anesthetic or anything. But I remember I felt no pain. My brother was standing over me, crying."

Emmanuel Stratas got jobs as a busboy or a waiter, working from ten to sixteen hours a day, in various Toronto restaurants—jobs that he found doubly difficult, because of his mental state and because he couldn't read or write. Meanwhile, Teresa was sent to school wearing undershirts made from old flour sacks, and she recalls being deeply embarrassed when undressing for gym class. Her mother, who seems to have been a remarkable woman, kept the family intact and fed. "She went to bed at three in the morning and got up at five," Stratas recalls. "But she couldn't protect us from Father's moods, in spite of the great love she showered upon us. I will never get married. Basically, I believe in 'for better for worse, till death us do part,' and I'm an idealist. But at the same time I'm a realist. I couldn't be faithful to one person. Also, in every marriage, one dies before the other. That's another of the horrible things. It's such a tragedy, because I think you are so closely entwined with each other that you don't know who is what part anymore, and then, suddenly, part of you is gone. You are never whole again."

Eventually, Stratas's parents opened a small restaurant, which she describes as a "greasy spoon," and became a bit more prosperous. Her mother did the cooking and managing. In his manic phases, her father did little but sing and dance Greek dances. During her high-school years, Stratas earned money by singing in night clubs and movie houses—so successfully that in her senior year she decided to leave school. Musicians in the orchestras where she sang told her that she had a big voice and she should study music and become an opera singer. One night, a drunk came into the restaurant, ate a meal, and then found that he had mislaid his wallet. Instead of payment, he left two tickets to the Metropolitan Opera, which was then on tour in Toronto. "I had never seen an opera in my life," she says. "I was already singing in night clubs, though. It was my sixteenth birthday, and my mother gave my brother and me the tickets. I remember that I didn't want to go. I had heard only negative things



Amalfi makes fashion feel fabulous.

Fine Italian-made shoes within walking distance. Everywhere in America.
For store nearest you, write Amalfi® Shoes, 9 West 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019.

L.L.Bean®

Outdoor Sporting Specialties

Chamois Cloth Shirt
(For Men, Women and Children)

Mr. Bean's favorite hunting and fishing shirt. Well made from a 7 oz. cotton flannel, thickly napped on both sides. Warm, wind resistant and comfortable to wear. Machine wash. Five colors, Navy. Bright Red. Tan. Forest Green. Slate Blue. Men's regular sizes 14½ to 20. Men's long sizes 15 to 19. Women's sizes 6 to 20. Children's sizes 8 to 18.

Please Ship Postpaid

__#4311W Women's Chamois Cloth Shirt @ $15.50
Size__________ Color__________

__#1611W Men's Chamois Cloth Shirt @ $15.75
Size__________ Color__________

__#1612W Men's Long Chamois Cloth Shirt
@ $17.00 Size__________ Color__________

__#4335W Children's Chamois Cloth Shirt
@ $14.00 Size__________ Color__________

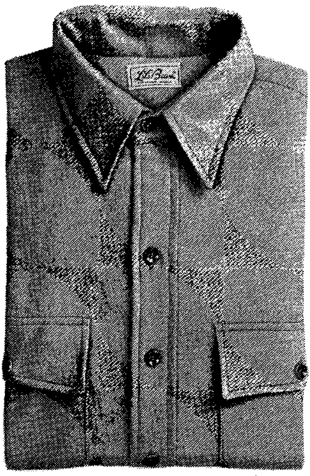
☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Master Card
☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Card Number__________
Exp. Date__________

☐ SEND FREE CATALOG

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State__________ Zip__________

L. L. Bean, Inc., 898 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033



about opera. It was for rich people, and it was sung in a foreign language that I wouldn't understand. And then I went, and it changed my life. It was 'La Traviata,' with Albanese, Peerce, and Warren, and Pietro Cimara conducting. Another opera might have put me off. But I decided then and there to become an opera singer."

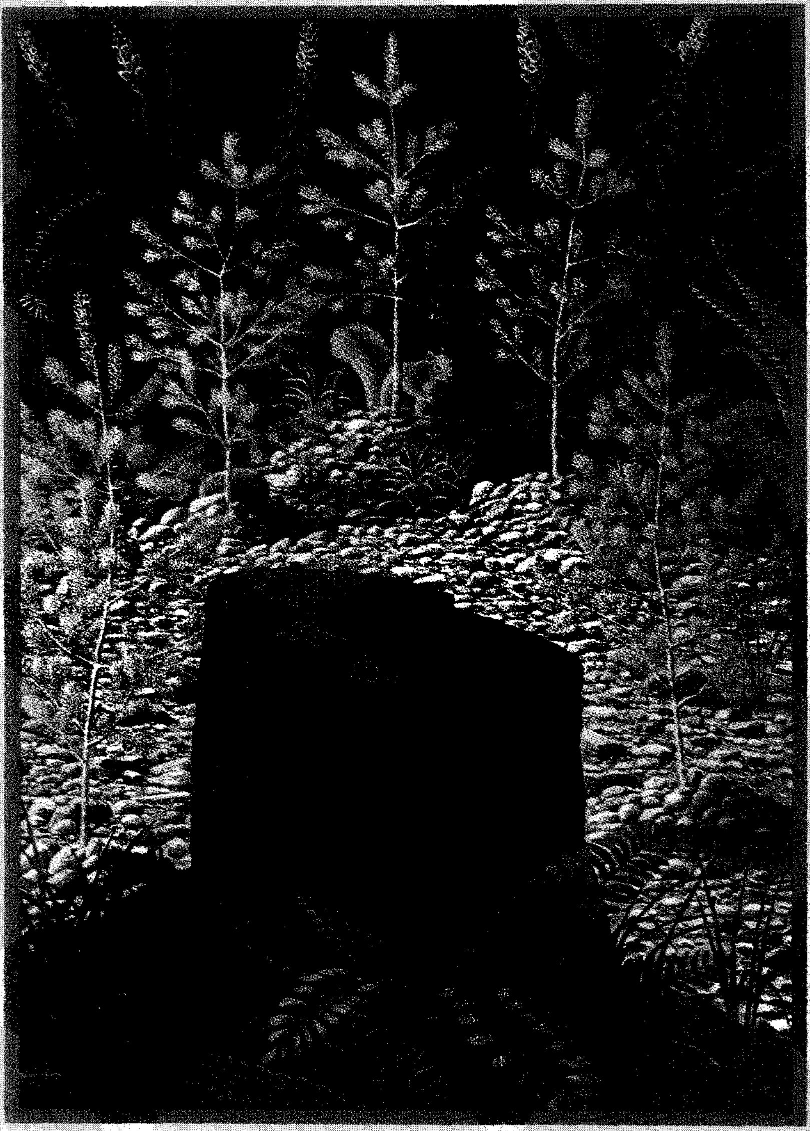
She applied for admission to the Faculty of Music of the University of Toronto. "You were supposed to have an operatic aria, a lied, and something of your own choosing to sing at the audition, and you were supposed to bring along your own accompanist," Stratas recalls. "I didn't know what an operatic aria was, much less a lied. There was a huffy English lady in charge. She said, 'What? No accompanist?' and the rest of the applicants laughed. Finally, one of the students agreed to accompany me. We were ushered into the office of the head of the Faculty of Music, a man named Professor Arnold Walter. The walls of the office were lined with books. I had never seen anything like it. We never had books at home."

"So you want to be a singer," the formidable Professor Walter said.

"Yes," Stratas replied.

The accompanist sat down. The most complicated song Stratas knew was Jerome Kern's "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," and she sang that. Walter was impressed. He told her that she should finish high school, and that afterward she would have a scholarship waiting for her. She came back, and ultimately became very friendly with Walter, who placed her, for vocal instruction, with the former Metropolitan Opera singer Irene Jessner. Walter was always giving her books to read, and she remembers that he was fond of quoting Greek proverbs in Greek—of which, however, she didn't understand a word, though she probably knew Greek better than he did. "It must have been ancient Greek," she says. She took up reading. She remembers reading Nietzsche's "The Birth of Tragedy" in order to get to sleep at night. She was an enthusiastic student, and Jessner was a fine teacher, who never permitted anything overdramatic or false in her pupil's work. Stratas gradually got control of her enormous voice, learned to play the piano, and studied harmony and counterpoint and the languages that opera singers must use. In the spring of 1959, after two and a half years of intensive instruction, she had an audition at the Metropolitan Opera

Why we take care of our trees.



If you were a farmer whose only crop had a 50 year growing cycle, you'd take very good care of it, right? Well, we are that farmer. Our crop takes 50 years, on average, to reach maturity.

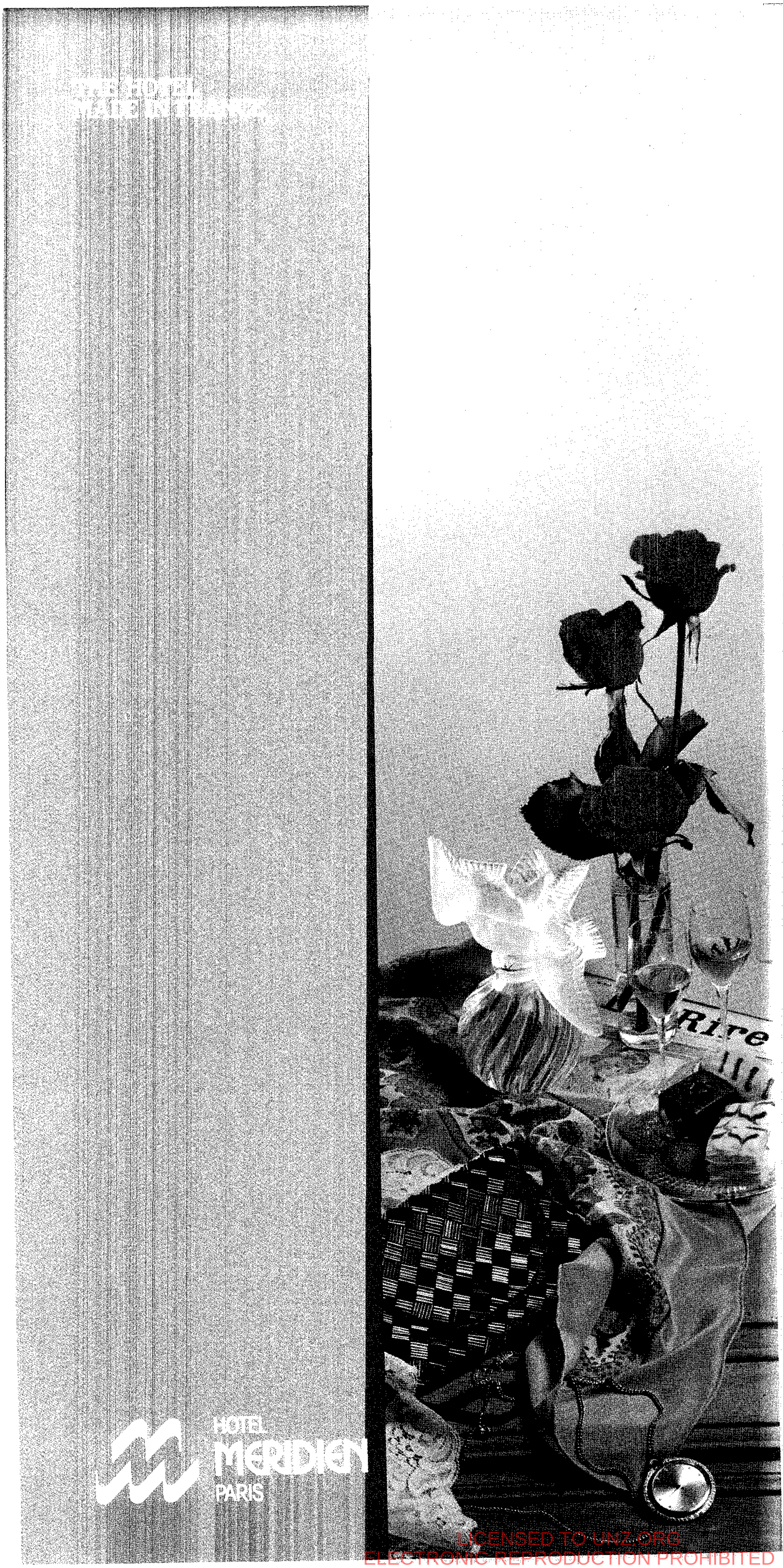
That's why we plant up to six seedlings for every tree we harvest, why we nurture them, prune them, thin them, protect them from insects, disease and fire.

That's why we continually explore new forest management techniques that promise more trees per acre, and new manufacturing processes that promise more wood and paper per tree.

That's why we increasingly use what once was wasted, either to make products like yeast, chunk bark and particleboard, or to generate energy.

It's a matter of self-interest, finally. Only by managing our trees prudently can we provide the jobs, products and profits we all need and the forests we all love.

Boise Cascade Corporation
Wood and paper for today, trees for tomorrow.


THE HOTEL
MADE IN FRANCE.
Rire
HOTEL
MERIDIEN
PARIS

House and won a contract for the fall, to sing small roles. Meanwhile, she went back to the University for a few more months in order to finish her studies.

STRATAS's relationship with her parents has always been a mixture of intense loyalty, resentment, and pity. Even today, she keeps an empty flour sack hanging in her bathroom to remind herself of her humble origins. She also keeps a terra-cotta water jug in which her mother once carried water in Crete. Her mother died at the age of fifty-two—from the cumulative effects of overwork, Stratas thinks. "It's from my mother that I get my ability to stand on my own two feet," she says. "I have guilt feelings about my father. I am what I am because of him. I had chances in life that he didn't have. If I had a lousy childhood, he had a worse one. His whole family had problems. One of his brothers was killed; another shot himself. He came to Canada penniless, with no education or skills. All his children have had the benefit of education." At one point in her life, Stratas visited the village in Crete where her father was born. She had to go into the mountains on the back of a donkey. The village still had no school and no electric light, and was as remote from civilization as one could get. She came to feel during her visit that her father might have remained a normal man by Cretan mountain standards if he had not left home. But Emmanuel Stratas, now in his late seventies, has been in and out of mental hospitals.

In 1959, when Stratas made her début at the Metropolitan, in the minor role of Pousette in Massenet's "Manon," she brought her parents to New York, settling them in an apartment far west on Fifty-seventh Street. She wanted them to witness the beginning of her Metropolitan career. She was not prepared, though, later in that career, for her father's showing up backstage during a rehearsal or a performance and insisting that he had to see her at once. Bing himself regularly headed the old man off, but often she had to cancel a performance because terror made her literally sick. Bing understood, sat with her by the hour, and assured her that other artists had endured similar experiences—examples she cites of his great kindness to her. Such cancellations, Stratas says, are among the forty times that she feels she "ruined" her career. But the career progressed nevertheless. She made her first big impression in 1961, singing Liù in "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson and Franco Corelli. (She was a replacement for Lucine Amara, who was ill.) Both critics and audience were wildly enthusiastic, and a new phase of her career opened.

Not long after that, a friend, Hilde Fischer—a daughter of the famous German publisher Samuel Fischer, of Berlin—who had previously worked for the National Concert and Artists Corporation, decided that Stratas needed wider audiences, and the two of them went to Europe one winter for her to have auditions at various European opera houses. Stratas sang for managers in Berlin, Milan, Stuttgart, Munich, and a few other cities, and wherever she sang she was offered a contract. Fischer remembers Stratas's début in Munich, as Zerlina, in 1964. It was so successful that she continued singing there and became a great favorite. She sang the leading role in Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin" and, later, in "La Traviata," making such a hit as Violetta that she received forty-three minutes of applause at the final curtain. She has continued to sing mainly in Europe. When she appeared at the Metropolitan after her European triumphs, it was as an unmistakable star. In 1965, she sang the leading role in the Met's new production of Tchaikovsky's "The Queen of Spades," and two years later she sang Gretel in the company's new production of Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel." Stratas's problem with nerves has continued up to the present day, and partly for that reason and partly because of her recurring bouts of t.b. or her dissatisfaction with a particular production she has cancelled performances again and again. But the impresarios of the various houses always thought it worthwhile to make allowances for these lapses.

HAVING achieved her present stature, Stratas is in some doubt about the future. "In the past few years, I have had the two biggest plums a soprano can get," she said recently. "The complete 'Lulu' and the filmed 'Salome,' with Karl Böhm conducting. It's very hard to follow that. You know, one doesn't want to go through life just doing another Mimì and another Susanna. I've worked with the greatest conductors and the greatest directors, and I'm getting to the point where there are very few people I can work with and from whom I can still learn something. I

FOR RESERVATIONS AT ANY MERIDIEN HOTEL AROUND THE WORLD CALL (800) 223-9918†

U.S. & CANADA
Boston*
Houston
New York
Montreal

CARIBBEAN
Guadeloupe
Martinique

EUROPE
Athens
Lyon
Nice
Paris
Tours
Warsaw**

LATIN AMERICA
Salvador de Bahia
Mexico City**
Rio

AFRICA
Brazzaville
Bujumbura
Casablanca**
Dakar
Douala**
Gisenyi**
Kigali
La Reunion
Mauritius
Mohammedia
Monastir
Port Gentil
Tunis

MIDDLE EAST
Abu Dhabi
Aleppo**
Al Khobar*
Baghdad**
Cairo
Damascus
Jeddah
Khartoum
Kuwait
Latakia*
Palmyra*
Sharjah

FAR EAST
Singapore**
Tokyo

†In N.Y.C., Nassau and Westchester counties call (212) 265-4494. In the rest of N.Y. State call (800) 442-5917.
*Will be opening soon.
**Presently under construction.

MERIDIEN
LES HOTELS D'AIR FRANCE DANS LE MONDE
A TRAVEL COMPANION OF AIR FRANCE

Maupintour's
Africa

UNEQUALLED ADVENTURE on these high quality escorted tours. In-depth wildlife viewing, best hotels, most desired lodges, most meals, limited size. Scenic wonders, tribal lifeseeing, colonial past. Recommended to wildlife enthusiasts.

EAST AFRICA'S wildlife in 8 famous game reserves of Kenya plus private air safari flightseeing for spectacular views, travel ease. 18 days.

SOUTH AFRICA'S Johannesburg, Kruger National Park, Kimberley diamond mines, Durban, Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, Victoria Falls and 4 days for superb game viewing in Chobe and Okavango Delta of Botswana. 23 days.

AFRICA'S HIGHLIGHTS, the best game reserves of Kenya, Zambia, Tanzania. Victoria Falls. 25 days.

Ask for Maupintour brochures or send this coupon.

☐ Alaska ☐ California ☐ Japan ☐ Fall Foliage
☐ Europe ☐ The USA ☐ Canada ☐ Galapagos
☐ British Isles ☐ Arizona ☐ Africa ☐ France
☐ Hawaii ☐ Alps ☐ Colorado ☐ Egypt/The Nile
☐ Opera Tours ☐ Scandinavia ☐ South Pacific
☐ New Mexico ☐ Trans Canal Cruise ☐ India
☐ Orient ☐ USA Deep South ☐ Spain/Portugal
☐ South America ☐ Middle East ☐ Morocco
☐ USA Historic East ☐ Greece/Aegean Isles
☐ Australia/New Zealand ☐ Mexico ☐ Italy

quality escorted tours since 1951 **Maupintour**

Maupintour, 408 E. 50th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. 212-688-4106.

name __________
address __________
city __________
state/zip __________

nyk-afr-1

don't mean to sound arrogant. But where to go next is a problem." At the Metropolitan, she tends to reserve herself for special roles, and avoid routine performances. She will make a film of "Pagliacci" with Placido Domingo under Franco Zeffirelli's direction in the near future, and she will appear at the Metropolitan in a new production of "La Bohème" next season, also with Zeffirelli as director. She sang the role of Jenny the prostitute in the Met's first production of Kurt Weill's "Mahagonny" last season—a role that she will repeat there this spring—and this season each of her four performances in the Met's first complete "Lulu" received a standing ovation.

Stratas was supposed to have sung "Lulu" at the Met three years ago, but difficulties arose over rehearsal time of the horrendously difficult score, and she refused to sing. The Met claimed she was in breach of contract. Lawyers talked to lawyers, and Stratas had lunch with Anthony Bliss.

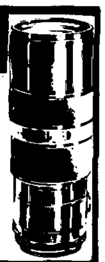
Bliss said, "We love you like family."

Stratas replied, "I love you like family, too, but you know how it is—sometimes families don't get along. Let's have a nice lunch, and I'll see you in court."

Bliss, who had known and admired Stratas for almost twenty years, did not care at all for the idea of going to court. He offered to pay her full fee. "Since I had made them look like two cents, I was satisfied," she says. "I had made my point, so I donated the money to the Metropolitan. People said, 'Teresa, you have ruined your career again.' What the hell's the difference? What's a career, anyhow? It was not a matter of pride. It was a matter of not being properly rehearsed. This was not a production in a high-school auditorium in Oshkosh. It was the Metropolitan Opera, and the audience deserved to see our best efforts. It was all a silly misunderstanding." When Stratas finally sang "Lulu" at the Metropolitan this season, she got all the rehearsals she wanted.

The world première of the completed "Lulu," in Paris, was a triumph, but it was also a very wearing experience. It left Stratas exhausted, but it provided some interesting insights into the character of the woman she played. "Lulu" tells the story of an incredibly attractive woman who is passed from one male to another. One of her husbands commits suicide. She shoots

TAMRON



Precision Optics You Can Afford

For all popular SLR's

Full range of precision, new advanced optical design lenses that add versatility to your SLR.

KEN HANSEN
For The Tools Of The Trade

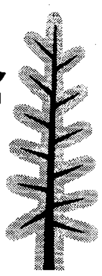
Canon

A-1

Six-mode exposure control.
System versatility.
Newer electronics for wider applications.

Ken Hansen Photo
The Professional Photo Store on the 11th Floor
19 W. 34 St., between 5th & 6th Avenues
(212) 279-8690

The call of the Tetons



A unique lodge under the towering crags of Wyoming's Grand Tetons offers you true luxury, great food, fine service and all the creature comforts while you enjoy wildlife, nature and great outdoor adventures in the Grand Teton National Park.

JENNY LAKE LODGE
OPEN JUNE 7 TO SEPT. 10
Grand Teton Lodge Co., Dept. T. Reservations Office
P.O. Box 240, Moran, Wyoming 83013. **A Rockresort.**

Classic Cotton
Flannel Dress

Tiny standup collar, front button placket, narrow shoulder yoke, deep armholes, smart bias cummerbund. Softly brushed, woven plaid flannel is 100% cotton: choose camel or cadet blue plaid. Below knee length. Gently machine wash.
Sizes S-M-L . $44.95 ppd.
Size XL...... $47.95 ppd.

Our Own Exclusive Designs

Write for new color catalog

J. JILL LTD.

Dept. N126 Stockbridge Rd., Great Barrington, MA 01230

Where would a wise investor seek sound advice, attentive service, unbeatable information, and unmatched financial strength?

Merrill Lynch says, close to home.

Don't misunderstand. There's nothing wrong with searching far and wide for investment ideas. It's not easy to get rich these days.

But to search on your own is a full-time job-and-a-half. You have to read everything, digest it all, analyze the information, act on it...and do it fast, because opportunities become ancient history in precious little time.

Meanwhile, some of the best investment ideas are sitting practically on your doorstep, at a nearby office of Merrill Lynch.

We have the resources and the people to know, really *know*, investment opportunities as diverse as oil drilling partnerships and Treasury Bill futures, options and retirement plans.

Our research team is the best on Wall Street—in Wall Street's own opinion. And we make it easy to use that unrivaled resource: computer terminals at every Merrill Lynch office can instantly print out up-to-the-minute opinions on more than 1200 stocks.

A breed apart

Best of all is the way we tailor our advice to your requirements. Before offering a single suggestion, your Merrill Lynch Account Executive will spend a long while listening. Finding out what you really need. Because the smartest investment plans—the plans most likely to succeed—start with a clear definition of where they want to go. Are you looking for security or the opportunity to speculate? For current income or capital growth? What you tell us determines in large part what we tell you.

So we make a point of developing, for each customer, a sound long-term investment strategy, and we encourage you to stick with it and not be sidetracked by investment fads or temporary market aberrations. And we give you the security of knowing that we're going to stick with you and see you through to your goals. Merrill Lynch has more than $800 million in capital resources working for you, and we plan to be advising you long after all those fad investments have been written off.

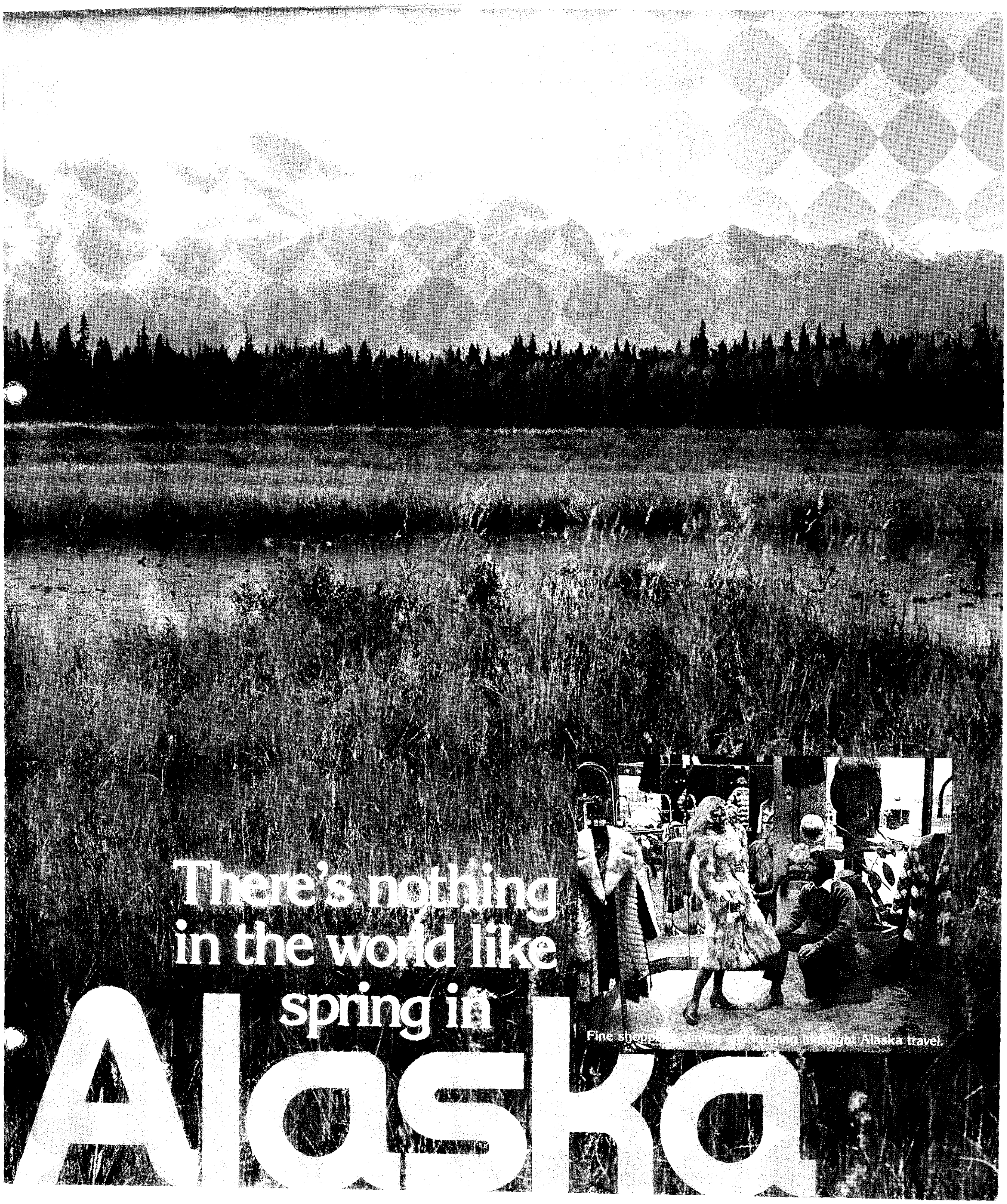
So drop in at a nearby Merrill Lynch office and look over some of the brochures that explain our philosophy and way of doing things. Don't worry...we won't ask you to buy anything. In fact, we probably won't even let you, until we get to know you better.

Merrill Lynch

© 1980 Merrill Lynch Pierce Fenner & Smith Incorporated. Member, SIPC.

Beneath a vast blue sky and snow-covered Mt. McKinley, a bush pilot lands among the spring's new grasses.

It's a fine time wherever you happen to be, but nowhere is the arrival of spring more emphatic than in Alaska. The phenomena of seasonal change are manifest in every face of nature, in every town and city, and in the bouyant spirits of every Alaskan. Almost any springtime occurrence is cause for hearty celebration. There's the annual Ice Classic – a lottery competition to see who can predict most accurately the time of the first ice breakup on the thawing Tanana River. There's a Walrus Carnival in Savoonga and a Whaling Festival at Barrow. There's the King Salmon Derby in Ketchikan and the King Crab Festival in Kodiak. The Fairbanks "Yukon 800" riverboat race and the Kotzebue cross-country snowmobile race. The Anchorage Festivals of Music and Native Arts. The Petersburg Little Norway Festival and the Canwell Glacier



There's nothing in the world like spring in Alaska

Fine shopping, dining and lodging highlight Alaska travel.

Stampede. All of these festivities, celebrations and official commemorations make Alaska a specially exciting place to visit in springtime. And because most visitors come to Alaska in summer, spring rates are low and accommodations are plentiful–from wilderness lodges to modern city hotels. Find out all about Alaska's dramatic springtime–how to get there and how to get around, where to stay and what to do.

Send your name and address to the Alaska State Division of Tourism, Pouch E-506, Juneau, Alaska 99811. We'll send you a free copy of our 132-page, full-color book filled with vacation planning ideas, visitor attractions, maps and photography: Worlds of Alaska!

Worlds of Alaska
and Canada's Yukon

MONDAY, MARCH 16
coffee w/Ed
lunch w/Lee
TUESDAY, MARCH 17
Lisa
WEDNESDAY, MA
met w/Dalton
Preferred Hotel
Assured Reservations
800-323-7500
AMERICAN EXPRESS
3712 345678 95006
C F FROST

When Preferred is assured.

A reservation at a Preferred Hotel is something to feel good about.

An American Express Card Assured Reservation℠ at a Preferred Hotel is something to feel *assured* about. Preferred realizes that when you travel, things like planes and trains don't wait.

But when you're an American Express Cardmember, a room will wait for you at any Preferred Hotel in the U.S. or Canada—just by making an American Express Card Assured Reservation.

And Preferred will assure you more than just a room. After all, Preferred is a worldwide association of privately owned luxury hotels.

They'll also assure you of a gracious stay. First-class service. And all the superb little amenities that make Preferred possibly the last of the great private collections of exquisite hotels.

And should a room not be available when you arrive, Preferred will arrange for a room at a comparable hotel, pay for your transportation there, and even for a 3-minute telephone call.

If your plans should change, call Preferred before 6 p.m. (their time) to get a cancellation number so you won't be billed.

To make an Assured Reservation at a Preferred Hotel, just call toll-free: 800-323-7500.

And make sure that your reservation at Preferred is assured.

The American Express® Card. Don't leave home without it.℠

Preferred Hotels
ASSOCIATION

©American Express Company, 1987

A worldwide association of privately owned luxury hotels with this telephone number in common:

800-323-7500

In Illinois call 800-942-7400
In Canada call 800-661-1262
In Hawaii and Alaska call 800-323-1707

UNITED STATES:

Anchorage
HOTEL CAPTAIN COOK

Atlanta
COLONY SQUARE HOTEL

Beverly Hills
BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL

Chicago
THE DRAKE

Denver
THE BROWN PALACE HOTEL

Detroit
HOTEL PONTCHARTRAIN

Houston
THE WARWICK

Kansas City
ALAMEDA PLAZA HOTEL

Las Vegas
DESERT INN & COUNTRY CLUB

Milwaukee
THE PFISTER HOTEL & TOWER

Milwaukee
THE MARC PLAZA HOTEL

Minneapolis
MARQUETTE HOTEL

Minneapolis
THE NORTHSTAR INN

New Orleans
THE PONTCHARTRAIN HOTEL

Roanoke
THE HOTEL ROANOKE

Salt Lake City
HOTEL UTAH

San Antonio
LA MANSIÓN DEL RIO

San Francisco
THE STANFORD COURT HOTEL

St. Louis
THE CLAYTON INN

Washington, D.C.
THE EMBASSY ROW HOTEL

Washington, D.C.
THE WATERGATE HOTEL

Wilmington
HOTEL duPONT

CANADA:

Calgary
THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL OF CALGARY

Toronto (Don Mills)
THE PRINCE HOTEL

Toronto
HOTEL PLAZA II

Toronto
PARK PLAZA HOTEL

EUROPE:

Baden-Baden
BRENNER'S PARK-HOTEL

Cologne
EXCELSIOR HOTEL ERNST

Geneva
LE RICHEMOND HOTEL

London
THE DORCHESTER

Lucerne
GRAND HOTEL NATIONAL

Munich
HOTEL BAYERISCHER HOF

Paris
HOTEL LE BRISTOL

Rome
HOTEL HASSLER VILLA MEDICI

Vienna
HOTEL BRISTOL

Wiesbaden
HOTEL NASSAUER HOF

Zurich
DOLDER GRAND HOTEL

Zurich
HOTEL BAUR AU LAC

ASIA:

Hong Kong
THE PENINSULA

Manila
THE MANILA PENINSULA

Tokyo
IMPERIAL HOTEL

Preferred Hotels
PH ASSOCIATION
Possibly the last of the great private collections.

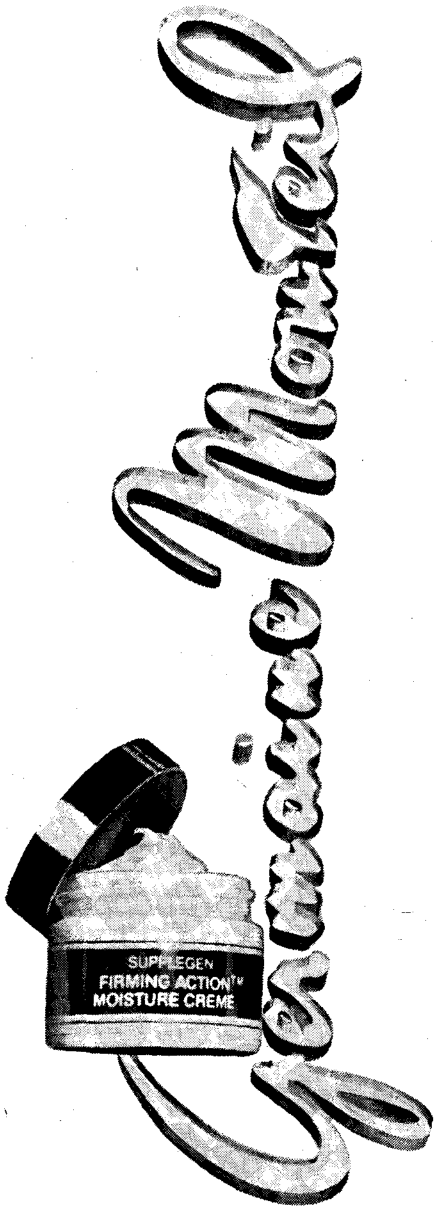
another and goes to jail, escaping with the help of a devoted lesbian who eventually follows her to London, where Lulu becomes a prostitute and is killed by Jack the Ripper. Berg died in 1935, when he had orchestrated only the first two acts and part of the third. The third, completed from Berg's short score by Friedrich Cerha, was withheld from publication by Berg's widow until her death, in 1976. The completed opera has received at least eight productions in less than two years.

Lulu's character gave rise to a great deal of thought on Stratas's part. "The whole production in Paris was badly handled," she recalled recently. "The sets were abstract, and very difficult to work in. We rehearsed ten hours a day, and I had such a feeling of alienation and depression and fright! There was no furniture on the stage. There were some big staircases and little else—just these, a sort of neoclassic, Albert Speer idea. I complained to the director, Patrice Chéreau, and he said, 'That's exactly the way I want it.' If you don't have a set—nothing but those bleak, stark staircases, nothing else onstage—you're constantly giving so much emotionally. I was dead after every performance. And the other thing he insisted on was that he didn't want me to quote act unquote. I'm a very good actress. He didn't want me to *do*. He wanted me to *be*. So he insisted that I, Teresa Stratas, *be*. We don't go on the stage for that sort of thing. Why are we finally driven to the stage? To get out of ourselves. I put on a costume and I put on someone else's skin, and I go on the stage and escape myself for those three or four hours. And here was someone who made me stand naked on the stage—literally naked at a few points. But I mean spiritually naked, baring my soul and saying, 'This is me, Teresa Stratas,' and that is very difficult."

She continued, "I love 'Lulu.' The score is almost like good background music for a play. At least, that's what I thought at first. But the more I studied it the more I realized that there are great musical moments in it. There's a phrase in it that is one of the most beautiful melodies ever written for the stage—you realize I do not say 'operatic stage.' Opera has such negative connotations. I think that 'Lulu' is a story about all the facets of a person—I don't want to say 'a woman.' Of course, it is a woman for the moment, but it's really people. We are mirrors of each other. I don't think it's right to say that she is a femme fatale or a vamp. That's an outdated idea. It's not that easy. That's one-sided. I mean, if she destroys people it's inadvertently. Let's talk about men and women. If we are mirrors of each other, we want to see only what we choose to see in the mirror. And I know that it has certainly been one of my problems in life—that men want to see only one of my facets. And once they are confronted with those other facets, which they don't want to accept, it usually ends up almost destroying them, because they've lived in the illusion that 'she's that thing.' 'Lulu' has been frequently produced in an exaggerated, ridiculous form—which is not what it is about. And, thank God, that was not Patrice Chéreau's idea of it. My director at the Met, John Dexter, has restaged it around my personality. I mean, you don't hire a Lulu. If you don't have a Lulu, you don't do 'Lulu.' If you have one, you obviously work around the personality of that person."

After the Paris première, both a recording of the opera, for Deutsche Grammophon, and a film of it were made. Stratas had learned her difficult role all by herself, without an accompanist. "Later, I wanted to find out how the accompaniment sounded," she says. "But nobody would play it. Most of them hated the music. 'Noise,' they would say. And, really, nobody *could* play it. When we recorded it after the performance, Pierre Boulez, the conductor, was still finding wrong notes in the third act. During the recording sessions, I kept singing a certain note, and he insisted on repeating the section where the note occurred. He said, 'Teresa, you are singing a wrong note.' We tried it again. I said, 'Pierre, what are you talking about?' He came down to look at my part, and, sure enough, there was a copyist's mistake in the score. He had forty rehearsals, and he spent much of the time correcting mistakes in the parts. I learn all my roles by myself. I can play the accompaniments for most of them, but not for Lulu."

Describing another of her recent accomplishments, the film of "Salome," Stratas remembers Karl Böhm and an assistant initially coming to her apartment to hear her sing the part while the assistant played the score on the piano. "When it was over," she said, "Böhm had tears streaming down his



Germaine Monteil thinks
you should look
as youthful as you feel.
Supplegen Firming Action™
Moisture Creme has active
ingredients that hold
moisturizing and firming
benefits deep in your skin.
As you use it, skin
seems to lift from within...
to become more supple
and resilient again.
Firming Action.
For results you can
see and feel.

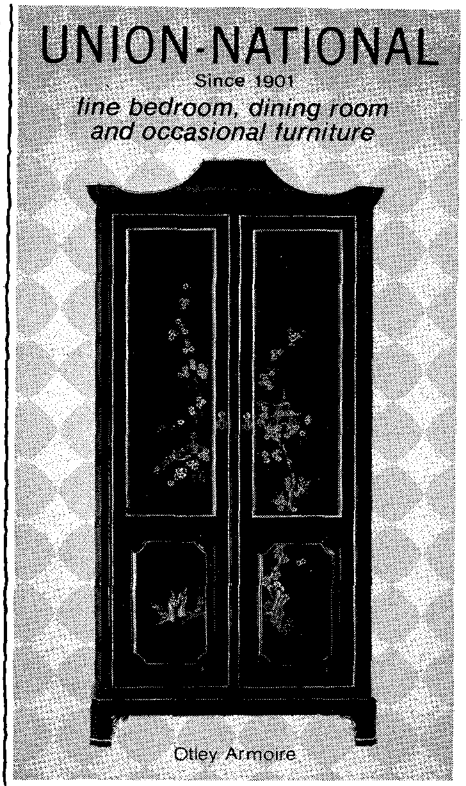
At the finest department store you know.

face, and he took my hands and said, 'My child, this is what Strauss'—and he had worked with Strauss—'had dreamed of but never lived to hear. Thank you that I have lived to hear it. You must sing it on the stage.' I've never sung it on the stage. I've made the film, but that is all. I've had offers to sing it in every part of the world. I have to be very careful where I sing my first Salome. It has to be the right set, the right conductor, and the right circumstances. I heard Nilsson sing it, and she was my ideal."

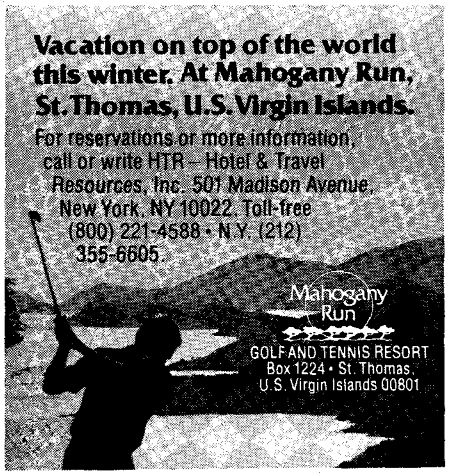
STRATAS is an omnivorous reader in several languages. A reporter, visiting her apartment recently, found a copy of Martin Buber's "Das Dialogische Prinzip" on her coffee table. In recent months, she has gone through the works of Goethe, Schiller, Thomas Mann, and Kafka—in the original German. She is largely self-educated but is a woman of very sophisticated tastes. She picks up languages easily. She has sung Dvořák's "Rusalka" and later this year she will sing Janáček's "The Cunning Little Vixen," both in Czech, and has also been offered roles in several nonmusical Czech movies.

"The good thing about being single and living alone—and I guess I was what they call a liberated woman long before it was fashionable—is that I can be alone when I want to be alone," she explained recently. "And if I want somebody to talk with I will pick up the phone and call the appropriate person for that moment. I have a whole list of people who fit various moods, and I can consult it for just the right person. On the other hand, my solitary habits have been a problem for some people. Because of wanting to be alone, I really caused a lot of jealousy. People never really believed that I wanted to be alone. Living alone, I forget to eat. I have my coffee in the morning, half an English muffin, and a glass of juice, and that gets me through the day. That's probably why I am so thin. Really, I need very little food. I'm a very cheap date! Can you imagine?"

Stratas has always had a dream of owning a hundred acres of land and living in the middle of it, secure from outside intrusions. Recently, she came across an advertisement for a farm in northern Florida, and she and her sister Mary went down to investigate. The farmer had had a stroke, and his wife was incapable of carrying on the farm duties by herself. But it was a



From our Otley group
of bedroom furniture.
Send $3.00 to Department N for brochure
"Furniture for Gracious Living"
UNION-NATIONAL, INC
JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK 14701


Vacation on top of the world this winter. At Mahogany Run, St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands.

For reservations or more information, call or write HTR—Hotel & Travel Resources, Inc. 501 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Toll-free (800) 221-4588 • N.Y. (212) 355-6605.

GOLF AND TENNIS RESORT
Box 1224 • St. Thomas,
U.S. Virgin Islands 00801

CUDDLE UP
with our FREE CATALOG of European-style DOWN QUILTS

Cotton or cotton blend fabrics, filled with your choice of duck or goose down. Decorator sheetcase covers and puffy pillows, too. Our quality is guaranteed. And our prices are cozily low. Send us your name and address and we'll rush our catalog.

WARM THINGS
(415) 472-2154
180 Paul Drive, Dept. NY
San Rafael, CA 94903
48 HR. SERVICE—MC & BA ACCEPTED

farm of only six acres or so, and that was not enough for Stratas. Her sister, however, decided to buy the place, and is now living there. Such maternal feelings as Stratas has are satisfied by her sister's children: Katina, Emmanuel, and Argero. They live much of the time in New York and come to her with their problems. Stratas and her sister are close, and they telephone each other every day.

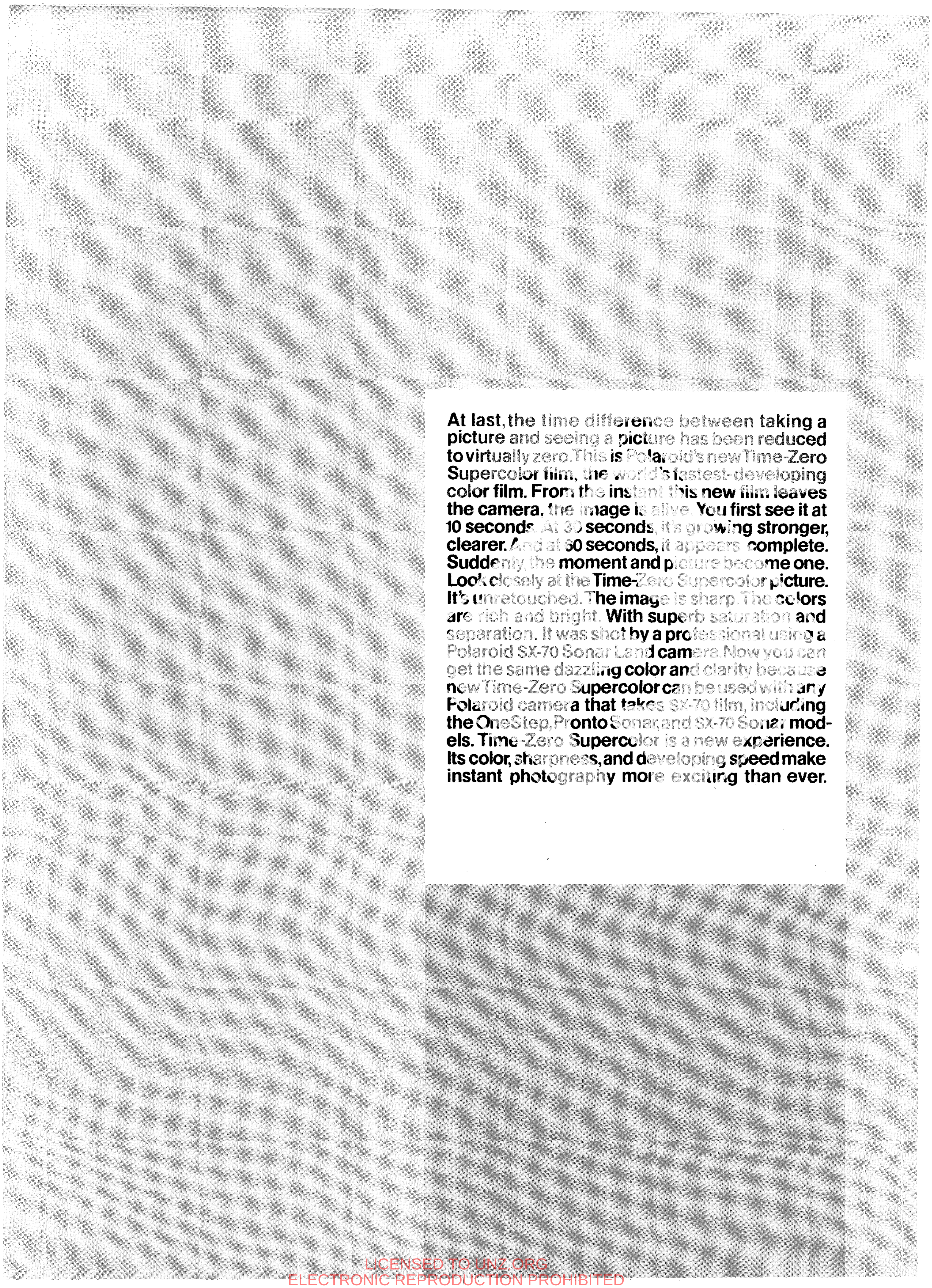
"I dislike looking in a mirror," Stratas says. "I get up in the morning and comb my hair and put makeup on very quickly, and that's the last time I look in the mirror. If I happen to see myself in a mirror in a department store, I feel guilty. And I have never understood that. I believe that everything is in a state of change and one must remain flexible. That's something I always keep in mind. Also, I feel very strongly that we must remember that we're only temporarily here. People forget that it's only temporary, and they lose the proper perspective, and their values go wrong. They're interested in making careers and in having cars and diamonds and television sets. And it's all so unimportant. Self-knowledge and self-development are the important things. I must tell you, if I were doing exactly what I wanted today I'd sit on a mountain somewhere and meditate—not even read. I'd be totally passive. Somewhere, I feel, we, inside ourselves, in the human spirit, know everything. We don't have to read. We read to learn what we already know. We read to re-prove what are truths for us. We have to listen to ourselves. The pull between these two things—my being in a very active, competitive profession and my own contemplative nature—is always there. There are aspects of my profession that I hate. Even living in cities and being a part of our society is so alien to the passive way of living that I often say to myself, 'What am I doing with my life? I'm living very superficially, going from one beautiful hotel room to another, singing in the great opera houses of the world, and jetting from one place to another. So what?' "

Stratas says that her two favorite roles are Lulu and Mélisande, and there is unquestionably something of both characters in her makeup. Lulu embodies her extraordinary appeal to men. Mélisande was a refugee from Bluebeard's castle. And, like both of them, Stratas has a marked death wish. "I hope it's not too long before I die," she said recently. "I enjoy beautiful

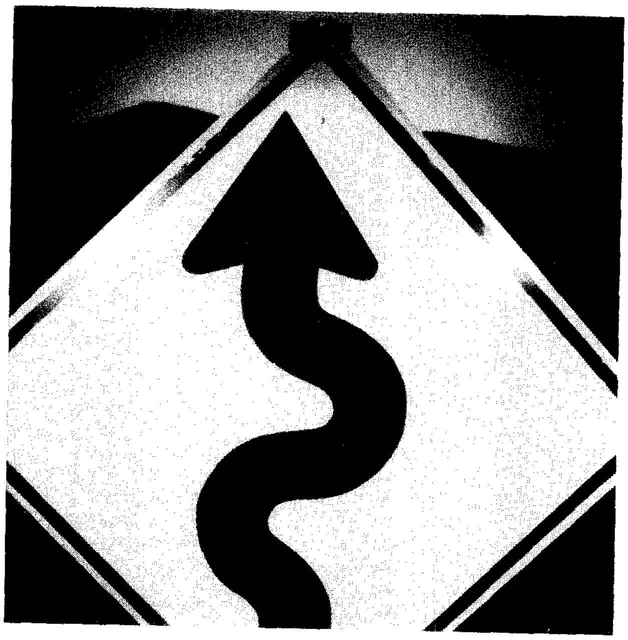
Time-honoured traditions of crisp seersucker, natural India madras, and classic styling . . . quality and appeal that endures. *At fine stores nationwide.*

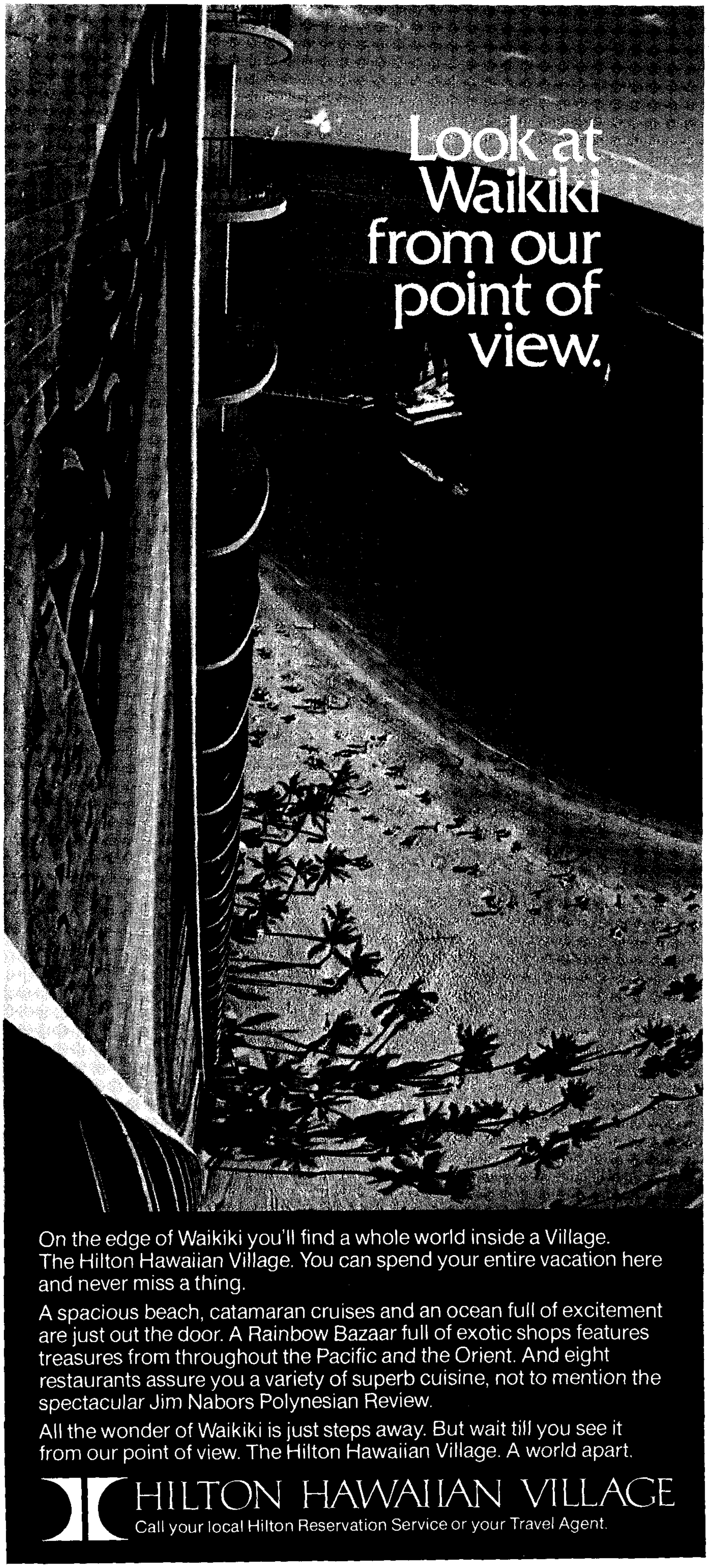
J.G. HOOK

1410 Broadway • New York • 10018



At last, the time difference between taking a picture and seeing a picture has been reduced to virtually zero. This is Polaroid's new Time-Zero Supercolor film, the world's fastest-developing color film. From the instant this new film leaves the camera, the image is alive. You first see it at 10 seconds. At 30 seconds, it's growing stronger, clearer. And at 60 seconds, it appears complete. Suddenly, the moment and picture become one. Look closely at the Time-Zero Supercolor picture. It's unretouched. The image is sharp. The colors are rich and bright. With superb saturation and separation. It was shot by a professional using a Polaroid SX-70 Sonar Land camera. Now you can get the same dazzling color and clarity because new Time-Zero Supercolor can be used with any Polaroid camera that takes SX-70 film, including the OneStep, Pronto Sonar, and SX-70 Sonar models. Time-Zero Supercolor is a new experience. Its color, sharpness, and developing speed make instant photography more exciting than ever.





On the edge of Waikiki you'll find a whole world inside a Village. The Hilton Hawaiian Village. You can spend your entire vacation here and never miss a thing.

A spacious beach, catamaran cruises and an ocean full of excitement are just out the door. A Rainbow Bazaar full of exotic shops features treasures from throughout the Pacific and the Orient. And eight restaurants assure you a variety of superb cuisine, not to mention the spectacular Jim Nabors Polynesian Review.

All the wonder of Waikiki is just steps away. But wait till you see it from our point of view. The Hilton Hawaiian Village. A world apart.

HILTON HAWAIIAN VILLAGE
Call your local Hilton Reservation Service or your Travel Agent.

things. I enjoy the country—trees, plants, hills, and so on. I enjoy my family. I've known many extremely interesting people. I've been blessed in a lot of ways. I just feel that I am ready for death. I'm not pushing. I'm not going to commit suicide. But I think I am ready for it. I think we should have the choice of the time of our own death. I mean, I feel that if we want to die and think that our time has come, and have done everything we have wanted to do in this life, we should be allowed to end it. During the Paris 'Lulu,' I ran up a flight of steps. There was at least a twenty-foot drop from the top. They could never get the scenery and props onstage properly. There was supposed to be a platform behind the stairs, but there wasn't any. As I reached the top of the stairs at a rehearsal, there was, quite by chance, a stagehand standing there. If that stagehand hadn't been there, I would have plunged twenty feet—possibly to my death. My foot was all ready to walk onto the platform. As the stagehand stopped me, I thought, Well, I guess my time is not here yet."

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

●

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*Memorandum distributed by the California Department of Fair Employment and Housing*]

A copy of Memorandum of Understanding between the United States Department of Housing and Urban Development and the California Department of Fair Employment and Housing was mailed to you on November 26, 1980. It has been discovered that the pages are not in order, for example, page 6 is printed on back of page 1. Also you will find there are two each pages 2, 3, 4, and 5.

To help you get this in order, please do the following:

The page with no number that starts "Appendix A, Supplemental Procedural Details, I. Worksharing" number this page #26.

Page 2, that starts "2. Telephone inquiries received by HUD . . .", number this page #27.

Page 3, that starts "a. Normally the investigation will begin . . .", number this page #28.

Page 4, that starts "a. The report will cover the period from the 26th . . .", number this page #29.

Page 5, that starts "d. HUD will then notify DFEH of its decision . . ." number this page #30.

All the other pages are numbered correctly but not in the right order and there are no pages missing.

We are very sorry this happened but this is the way it came to us from our headquarters office, and was not discovered until after it was mailed.

THE THEATRE

The Woods Beyond Hartford

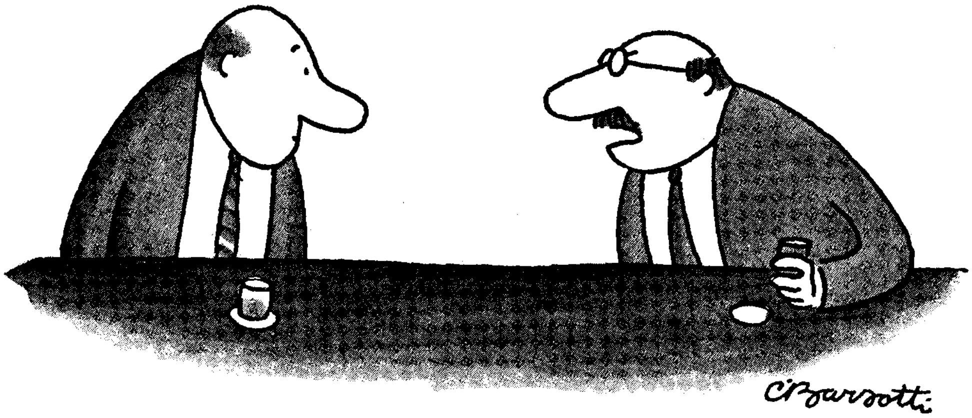
"TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE WE GO," at the Biltmore, is a well-written play, and surely that ought to amount to a compliment, but the fact of the matter is that the degree to which it succeeds in literary terms is the degree to which it fails otherwise. In shape and pace and tone, it is more like a work of fiction encountered between covers than it is like a play upon a stage. Its never very exciting—and yet never uninteresting—story unfolds with the leisureliness of one of those novels that we hear summarized in current slang as "a good read;" its four scenes in two acts might better have been eight or ten short chapters in a book. The author, Joanna M. Glass, having done her work so carefully and with so evident a display of talent, may well grind her teeth at the hateful arbitrariness of reviewers: first, we complain that well-written plays are almost a lost art form, and then, on being presented with such a play, we complain with equal vehemence that it ought to have been something altogether different. I acknowledge the irritating nature of this objection, but I stick to my guns. Reading a novel, we are content with a narrative that prolongs, by a thousand artful ruses, the gratifying of our expectations. (In the case of Proust, I am willing to read a couple of thousand words between the lifting of a teacup and its return to its saucer.) In the theatre, we must be more or less abruptly taken by the throat and given a good shaking.

Miss Glass's play, which happens to be full of teacups and coffee cups and whiskey glasses, takes us gently and tentatively by the hand instead of by the throat. The setting, in "a small town outside of Hartford," is a big old house occupied by the Braithwaite family, who are people of means and breeding. The head of the family is Grandie, at eighty-two beginning to feel her age. She presides over a household that includes Harriet, her middle-aged daughter, a commercial artist by profession, who paints obsessively in her spare time, hoping to put upon canvas apples as quintessentially applelike as Cézanne's; Grandie's brother Jared, a retired professor of art history; and Clementine, an Irish maid of all work, who has been cooking and dusting and neglecting to pull up her lisle stockings for fifty-seven years in the family's service. It is Thanksgiving Eve, and coming up to Connecticut to spend the holiday ("over the river and through the woods") are Harriet's three grown children. Beatrice is divorced, alcoholic, and miserably separated from her two small sons; Muffy is tearfully contemplating a divorce from her husband because of sexual incompatibility; and Paul is a businessman dissatisfied with his career. To the general surprise, Paul has brought along his girlfriend, Twyla, who is in real estate and is as hard as nails.

As the play proceeds, we observe this conventional family being conventionally torn asunder by those continuous, dangerous shiftings of ground through time and circumstance that render family life Vesuvian. Like choice morsels of pink Meissen mended with Elmer's Glue-All, families seek to preserve themselves by means unworthy of them; they patch and dither and put off, nearly always in vain, the ruptures that are perhaps necessary to them. The Braithwaite grandchildren, bruised by the world, beg Grandie to let them return to a nest that scarcely suffices for its present occupants; whether Grandie will give in to them is the hinge upon which the plot of the play slowly and rather creakily turns.

If, despite a number of clever lines and an accurate setting (by Ben Edwards), I found the play a disappointment, I felt nothing but delight in the cast. Eva Le Gallienne, who happens to share Grandie's age, has beauty, energy, and an incomparable stage presence; half a century younger than Miss Le Gallienne but already sharing many of her attributes is Anne Twomey, who plays Beatrice. Shepperd Strudwick as Jared, Ruth Nelson as Clementine, and Kim Hunter as Harriet—by far the most difficult role in the play—all squeeze the last drop of professional pleasure from their tasks. Pamela Brook is funny and sometimes touching as the sniffly Muffy, and Leslie Denniston and David Snell are skillful enough and charming enough to establish and then outwit the implications of their roles as Twyla and Paul. The costumes are by Jane Greenwood, the lighting is by Marc B. Weiss, and the direction is by Clifford Williams, who has figured out how to keep eight people milling about a cluttered living room for two hours without a single collision.

TWO of the greatest writers of the nineteenth century were also two of the greatest ham actors of that century. Mark Twain and Charles Dickens no sooner caught sight of an empty stage or platform, or even of an unoccupied step, than they leaped upon it and began to show off. They impersonated themselves with such vigor and success that each of them eventually became, in public, the mask and not the person behind the mask, but this is a hazard faced by dentists and truck drivers as well as by writers and actors. Dickens could move a thousand people to tears or laughter by a reading from one or another of his many novels and stories. For thirty years now, Emlyn Williams, pretending to be Dickens and pretending to read from Dickens' works but really enacting them, has given us what I feel sure is an authentic approximation of that formidable genius; he, too, can make us laugh and cry, and, on occasion, make our hair stand on end. (Both Dickens and Twain enjoyed frightening their audiences; the sight of scores of people fainting was like catnip to them.) "Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens" is playing a limited en-



"No. We can't agree to disagree."

Exclusively Gump's

This diminutive charmer
of pale green Venetian opaline
glass from Italy . . . 4½" tall
including rosewood stand . . . may
be used alone, in pairs or in
a group arrangement. **16.50** each
(handling/delivery 2.00)
Toll-Free: 800-227-4512
(In Calif.: 800-652-1662)

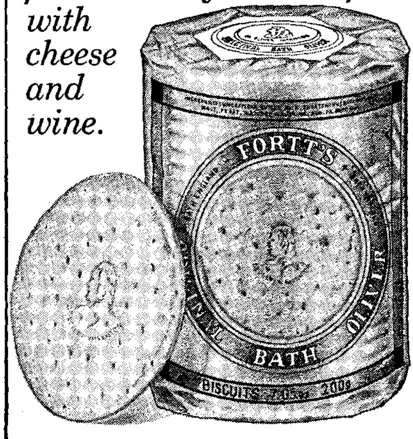
GUMP'S

250 Post, Dept 687
San Francisco, CA 94108
AEX, DC, MC and VISA cards

Send $1 for our next 4 Gift Books.

The Ultimate Biscuit For Cheese.

England's favorite biscuit for over 200 years. Perfect with cheese and wine.



FORTT'S
ORIGINAL BATH OLIVER
Unchanged since 1758.

Associated Biscuits, 950 Third Ave., New York, NY

gagement at the Century Theatre, so don't put off paying him a visit. Take care, moreover, to bring along as many children as possible; to make Dickens' acquaintance in this fashion is a stroke of good fortune. It may be worth noting that Dickens in his fifty-eight years wrote sixteen novels, while Williams, who is seventy-five, has just written his first. I congratulate him upon his imprecipitancy.

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Bleak Week

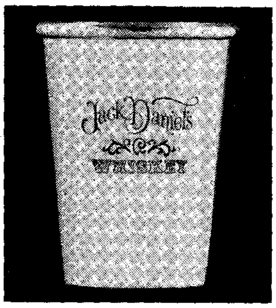
"The Beaver Coat," which is being performed with maximum hokum by the Circle Repertory, is a comedy of low life written in 1893 by Gerhart Hauptmann, whose only other play I know is the stark, tragic "The Weavers." The characters of "The Beaver Coat" are thieves and rogues and pompous, dense city officials, and the plot hinges on the theft of a fur coat (as well as a cord of wood) from a rich, respectable citizen by a sly laundress and her loutish husband, who sell it to the captain of a barge. The laundress (Tanya Berezin) bullies her husband and her daughters (who are her accomplices), and hoodwinks a local judge, an upright doctor bent on giving evidence, and even the highly combustible rich citizen. She is a master puppeteer, who plays on everyone's vanity and stupidity, and who emerges triumphant, her theft suspected by no one. If "The Beaver Coat" were well acted, in German, before a German audience, it might be funny; as it stands, it is not—and surely not when compared to "The Beggar's Opera," say, or any number of plays by Ben Jonson. Nevertheless, it was very adventurous of the Circle Rep to discover it and present it. John Bishop was the director, Michael Feingold was the translator, and Fred Kolouch designed the good settings.

The misbegotten and interminable production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Brooklyn Academy was especially hard on those of us who treasure the BAM Theatre Company and are always aware of what it can mean to this city. Of the actors assembled, only Brian Murray, a fine Oberon (in a peculiar makeup), and Frank Maraden, as Flute, seemed to belong in the play at all, or ever to have made the acquaintance of Shakespeare.

—Edith Oliver

LYNCHBURG
HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE

22 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352



JACK DANIEL TANSY JULEP CUP

Here's a most elegant way to enjoy Mr. Jack's favorite drink. He used to pluck some fresh tansy from his garden, crush a few lumps of sugar, and sweeten it with a dollop or two of his famous whiskey. You can too with this elegant polished pewter cup made exclusively for our friends. It has the famous Jack Daniel signature engraved on the side and holds a manly 12 ounces, (4½" tall). My **$24.50** price includes delivery.

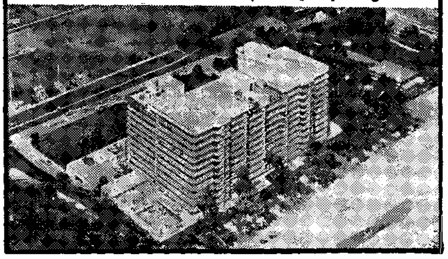
Send check, money order or use American Express, Visa or Master Charge, including all numbers and signature.

(Tennessee residents add 6% sales tax.)

For a catalog full of old Tennessee items and Jack Daniel's memorabilia, send $1.00 to the above address. Telephone: 615-759-7184.

VILLA MAGNA

FLORIDA'S FINEST CONDOMINIUM
Oceanfront in Highland Beach
between Boca Raton and Delray
92 unique apartments
2727 S.Ocean Blvd.,Highland Bch 33431
(305) 272-1576. Occupancy Spring '82.

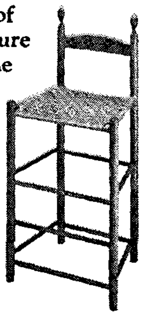


SHAKER CHAIR KITS

An exciting collection of Shaker chair and furniture kits which exemplify the simplicity and versatile beauty of Shaker design. A wide selection of webbing tapes, pegboards, pegs, baskets and Shaker boxes included.

NEW CATALOG
SEND TODAY
Catalog and 8 tape samples 50¢

SHAKER WORKSHOPS
Box 1028-NY11, Concord, MA 01742



©American Stanhope Hotel

From the American Stanhope Hotel Collection—*Temperance* American School, circa 1850

Know America...

AMERICAN STANHOPE

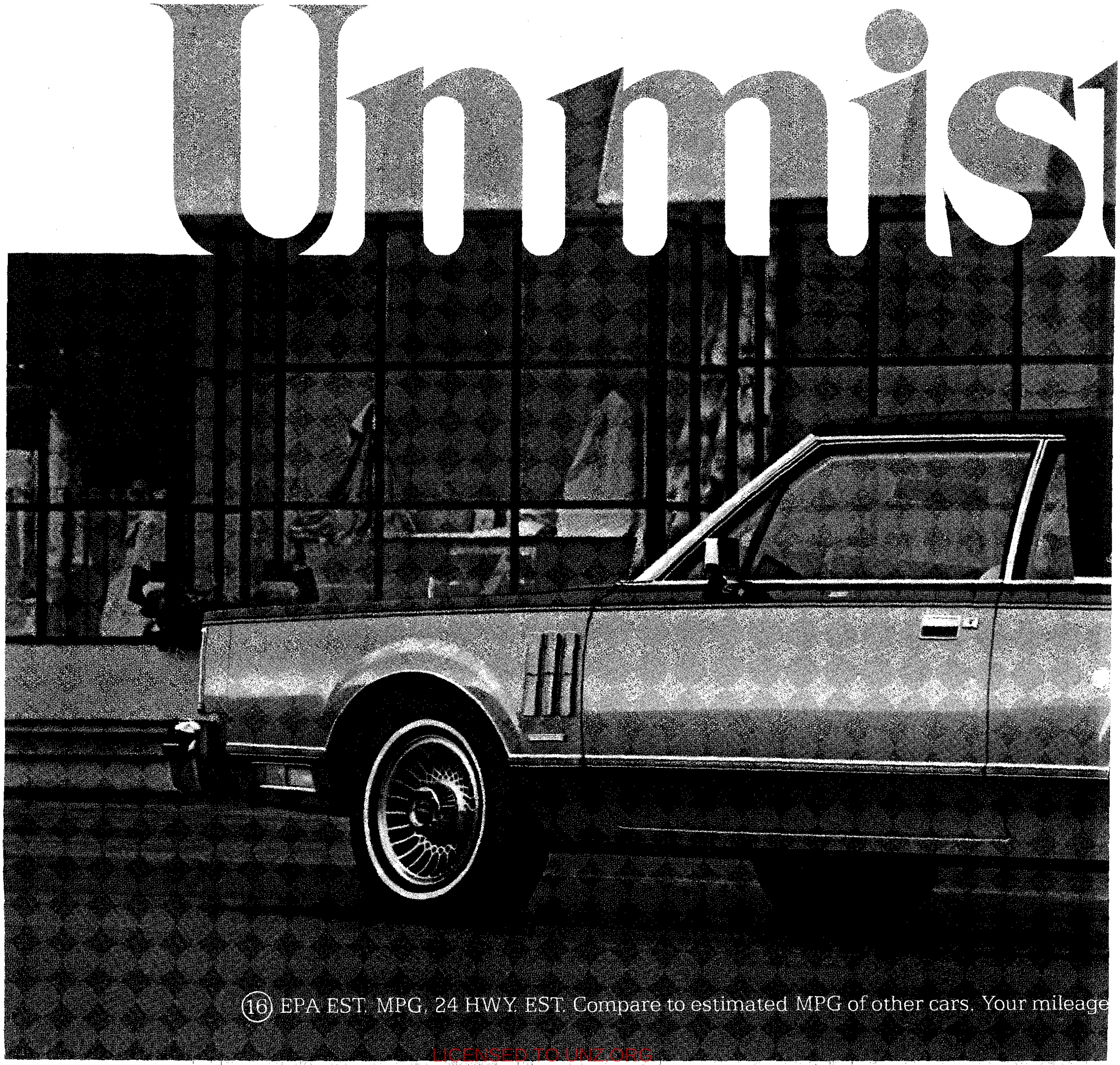
A Small Luxury Hotel

Included are: Saratoga (the restaurant), Red Jacket (the bar), The Furnished Room (for tea).

995 Fifth Avenue, across from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, N.Y. 10028—212-288-5800 Cable Address : Hopestan

a Judson hotel

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Unmis
⑯ EPA EST. MPG, 24 HWY. EST. Compare to estimated MPG of other cars. Your mileage

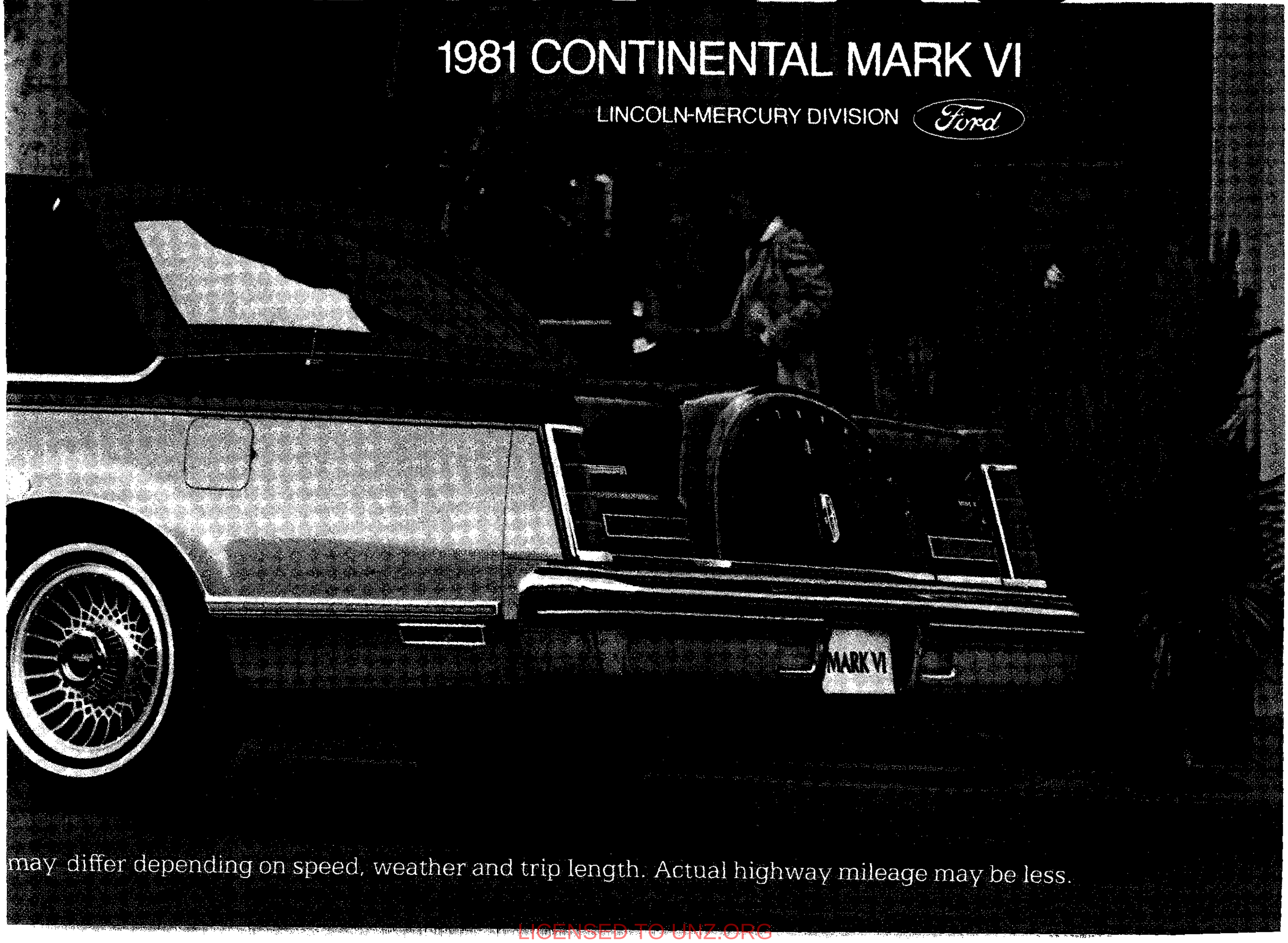
Introducing Continental Mark VI, 1981.

Here is an automobile of unmistakable qualities, created for those few who constantly strive to fill their lives with the very best. Among its many qualities:

- Computer message display center answers twenty different inquiries on an alphanumeric display. Pushing a key retrieves such information as estimated time of arrival, distance to fuel tank empty, and instantaneous mileage read-out.
- Fuel monitoring screen shows fuel levels on an illuminated bar graph.
- Optional keyless entry system unlocks doors and/or decklid electronically. Simply depress illuminated buttons in numerical sequence.
- Electronic AM/FM Stereo Search radio. An optional Premium Sound System offers a supplementary amplifier that increases both power and frequency range to six matched speakers.
- Electronic engine controls, like electronic fuel injection, for fuel efficiency and performance.
- Automatic Overdrive Transmission contributes to excellent highway mileage.

Continental Mark VI for 1981. You are invited to lease or buy from your Lincoln-Mercury Dealer.

akable



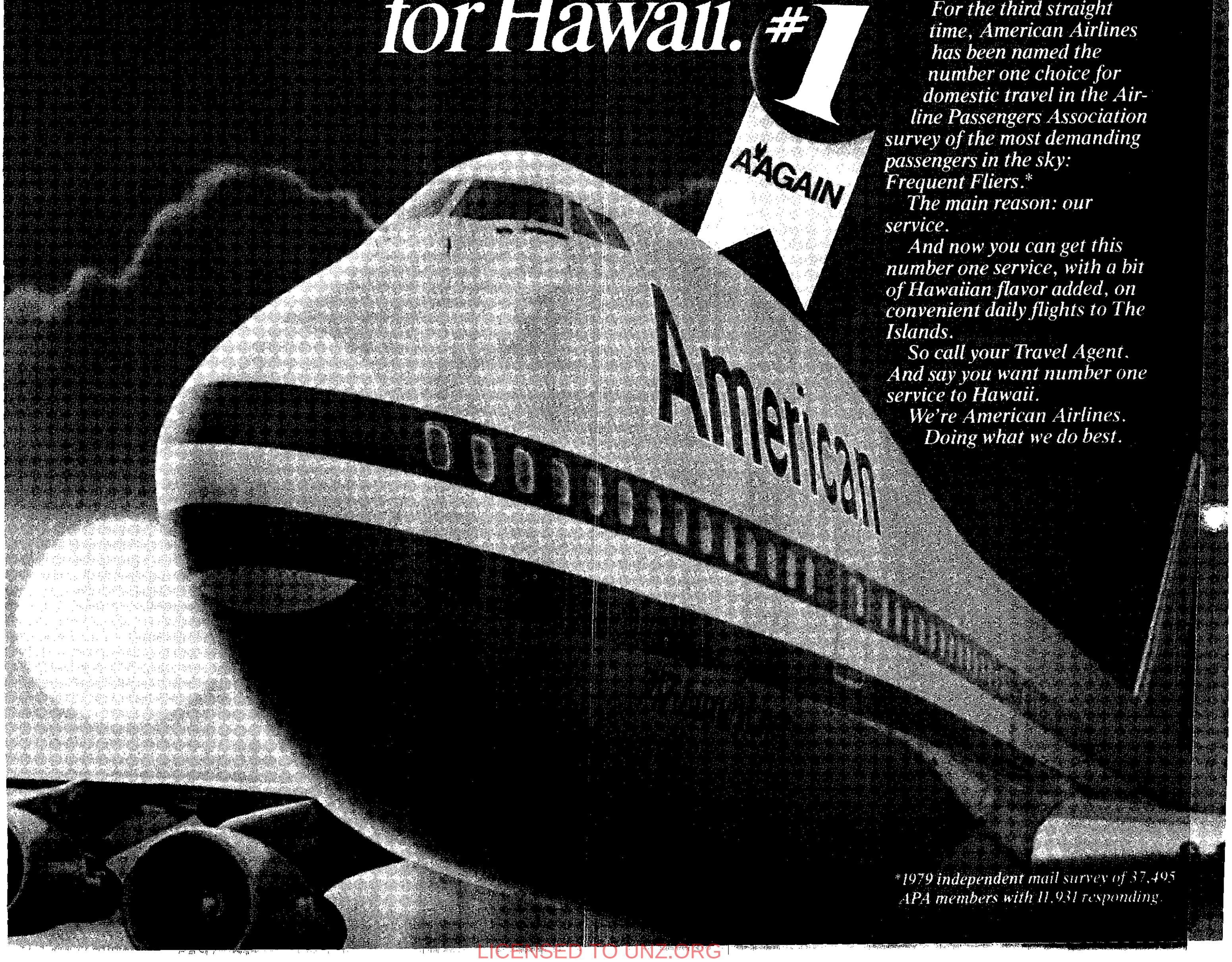
1981 CONTINENTAL MARK VI

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford

may differ depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage may be less.

AALOHA

Now, The No.1 Choice takes off for Hawaii.



*For the third straight time, American Airlines has been named the number one choice for domestic travel in the Airline Passengers Association survey of the most demanding passengers in the sky: Frequent Fliers.**

The main reason: our service.

And now you can get this number one service, with a bit of Hawaiian flavor added, on convenient daily flights to The Islands.

So call your Travel Agent. And say you want number one service to Hawaii.

We're American Airlines. Doing what we do best.

**1979 independent mail survey of 37,495 APA members with 11,931 responding.*

A WARTIME CHILDHOOD

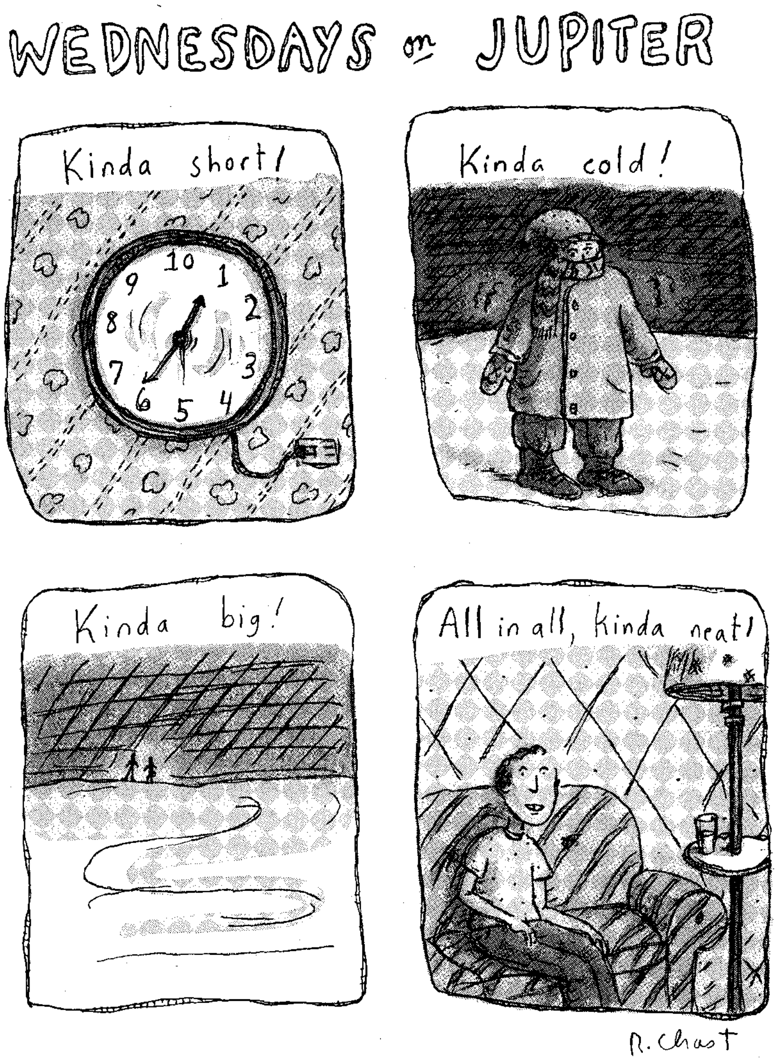
630 RUNNYMEDE DRIVE—II

Otto Spaeth, the head of the household in Oakwood, a suburb of Dayton, Ohio, in which I spent four years during the Second World War, was an intensely God-fearing man. He got across to us his respect for the Almighty and his skepticism of some of those who were His ministers on earth. Otto was at once a progressive Catholic layman and a conservative Catholic believer: where the Church made contact with society, he was prepared to fight it hard, if need be, but where it told him what to believe, he abandoned himself to faith. Later, he was to battle the Catholic Legion of Decency in regard to film censorship. Yet if the Pope issued an edict on a matter of doctrine Otto would fall into line. He would talk about it, thrash about with it, but eventually convince himself of its truth—or of his duty to accept it as truth. During the war, he often said that the Pope should be asked to play a part in the final peace settlement. "The word 'God' did not appear in the documents of the Versailles treaties," Otto declared. "Maybe we can expect a bit more if this peace is written by men who acknowledge His existence."

At Mass, at the Holy Angels Church in Dayton, Otto would kneel at the aisle end of the pew, with one elbow resting on the top of the pew and his hand cupped under his chin, the fingers covering his cheek, eyes either closed or staring at the altar above the priest's head, as if he were one of those donor figures in a medieval triptych, representing, say, the laity in the presence of a saint. Just before the offertory, Otto would bring out of his trouser pocket a neatly folded, silver-clipped stack of bills, from which he would peel one as the collection plate came by, and, with the casual gesture of a cardplayer raising the stakes, drop it—generally a five or a ten—on the mound of coins and white envelopes with their unknown contributions. After the service, he and his wife, Eloise (whose Catholicism, like his, was family-rooted; her maiden name was O'Mara), would talk about the sermon, quite often in tones of weariness or exasperation, but this critical attitude toward the intelligence of the parish priest didn't affect their diligence in attending Mass or in making sure that their children, including me, performed their religious duties.

My mother (née Molony), on marrying a non-Catholic (a negative term that fairly accurately described my father's religious status; he was baptized in the Church of England but was genially agnostic), promised to insure the Catholic upbringing of any children the marriage produced. My father didn't mind. In England, the first proper school I went to, after kindergarten, was St. Benedict's, in Fareham, run by nuns, and if it hadn't been for the war—when, along with some sixteen thousand other English children, I was sent overseas—I would have gone on from there to St. John's College, in Portsmouth, where most of the teachers were monks. My mother, I, and my sister, Bridget, as she got older, used to attend Mass in Fareham, in a sooty stone church on a street behind the bus station. When we got back to Edenholme, the cottage we were living in, on the Hampshire coastal strip between Portsmouth and Southampton, my father sometimes greeted us with wisecracks about Father So-and-So and the Communion wine, and what the Pope or the Bishop had told us to do this week—remarks that my mother accepted good-humoredly. In Dayton, my religion was a reason that I was acceptable to the Spaeths as a foster child; and on the same ground the Spaeths were judged suitable as foster parents by the local Catholic welfare organization, to which had been delegated—by the American Committee for the Evacuation of Children (originally the United States Committee for the Care of European Children), which had arranged for my passage overseas—the responsibility

"Number One, step forward and ask for more melted butter."



for keeping an eye on me. At Notre Dame Country Day School, which I attended for the middle two of my four years in Dayton, religious instruction was part of the package. There, along with the Spaeths' son, also a Tony, who was a year younger, I was taught how to serve at Mass as an altar boy, how to ring the bells at the right moment, and when to bring the cruets of wine and water to the priest. After returning to Harman Avenue Grade School—I attended it during my first and fourth years in Oakwood—Tony and I had special once-a-week lessons from Father Bernard, a monk at Chaminade High School, in downtown Dayton, to keep us on the theological straight-and-narrow.

Like many of the things that are forced on children, religious activities seemed to me mostly boring and banal—manifestations of the inscrutable power of adults rather than of the omnipotence of the Almighty. But there were moments when I felt swept away, either on a cloud of unreasoning tranquillity or to the edge of a cliff from which I could look over into the abyss. I could sit in church listening to the sonorous Latin phrases—"*Introibo ad altare Dei*" and similar incantations—while pleasantly daydreaming, my eyes continuing to scan the interestingly printed missal, with its silk page markers, its red-ink and black-ink sections, keeping just conscious of the moments at which I was supposed to sit or stand or kneel or make the sign of the Cross. That was one side of it. On the other, darker side, there were Sundays when Mass had a different effect. Then the missal was something one lost one's way in. The church suddenly felt too small. The air was thick and heavy, laden with incense, sweet, and damp with heat. The bells jangled nervously. My ears were filled with the rattling voice of the priest, running the words together in a vehement jumble. One Sunday morning in the church at Chatham, on Cape Cod, where we spent the summer of 1941, these things came together in an oppressive rush. My throat was dry. There was abruptly no room, no space around me. I felt hot, cold. The air clouded as all my senses went muzzy and then blank. I tumbled over.

When I came to, I was sitting on the grass at the edge of the church parking lot, the Spaeths' red Buick, somewhere behind me, shining with the total strength of the noon sun. For a few hours, I was treated gently, tentatively, as someone who was different might be treated. Was this a form of religious experience or simply another example of my failure to cope with certain enclosed situations, as on long car journeys? (I had thrown up in the back of the Spaeths' Cadillac when we were driving to Decatur to visit Spaeth and O'Mara relatives. For this reason, I had travelled from Dayton to the Cape by train with Marta Sjolin, the Spaeths' Swedish governess, and their year-old daughter, Mimi.) Perhaps, I decided, it was to do with being "highly strung;" I had overheard Miss Charlotte Seitner—my third-grade teacher at Harman Avenue—and Eloise talking about me one day and, for a while, had a vision of myself as some sort of musical prodigy, despite the contrary testimony of Fräulein Lisbeth von Doderer, Miss Sjolin's predecessor, who had once attempted to teach me to play the piano. Perhaps (I thought later) it was the Protestant half of me making itself felt. Perhaps (I thought later still) it was because I had fasted for Communion and had not yet had my daily quota of Wheaties.

Brother Bernard went through the catechism with me during my sixth-grade year. At these sessions, I became aware of a layer of unease beneath the assurance with which the good Brother dealt out sections of Christian doctrine to be memorized for the following week. It was as if he detected the beginnings of doubt in some of my difficulty in remembering words that for me had no breath of reality in them. In fact, I found it difficult to frame questions that adequately fitted the bafflement resulting from the collision of my burgeoning reason and the rigmarole we were going through. Brother Bernard's attempts to sort out puzzles that existed for me—for example, how one could be granted, in return for making a sign of the Cross, an "indulgence" of a hundred days off one's stay in Purgatory (or, with the addition of holy water, three hundred days) when Eternity, in which Purgatory existed, was essentially a timeless state—generally consisted in repeating the relevant paragraph and associated sections leading up to it.

" 'What do we mean when we say in the Apostles' Creed that Christ descended into Hell?' " Brother Bernard read out, in his role as successor to St. Thomas Aquinas and numerous Church authorities who had wrestled with these knotty problems.

" 'When we say that Christ descended into Hell,' " I said, with a bit of help from the right page of the Catechism, " 'we mean that, after He died, the soul of Christ descended into a place or state of rest, called Limbo, where the souls of the just were waiting for Him.' But what had they been doing there all that time, Brother?"

"Ah, Tony, what is the next question in the Catechism?"

"It says, 'Why did Christ go to Limbo?' "

"And the answer?"

" 'Christ went to Limbo to announce to the souls waiting there the joyful news that He had reopened Heaven to mankind.' "

"Good," said Brother Bernard, as if this settled everything.

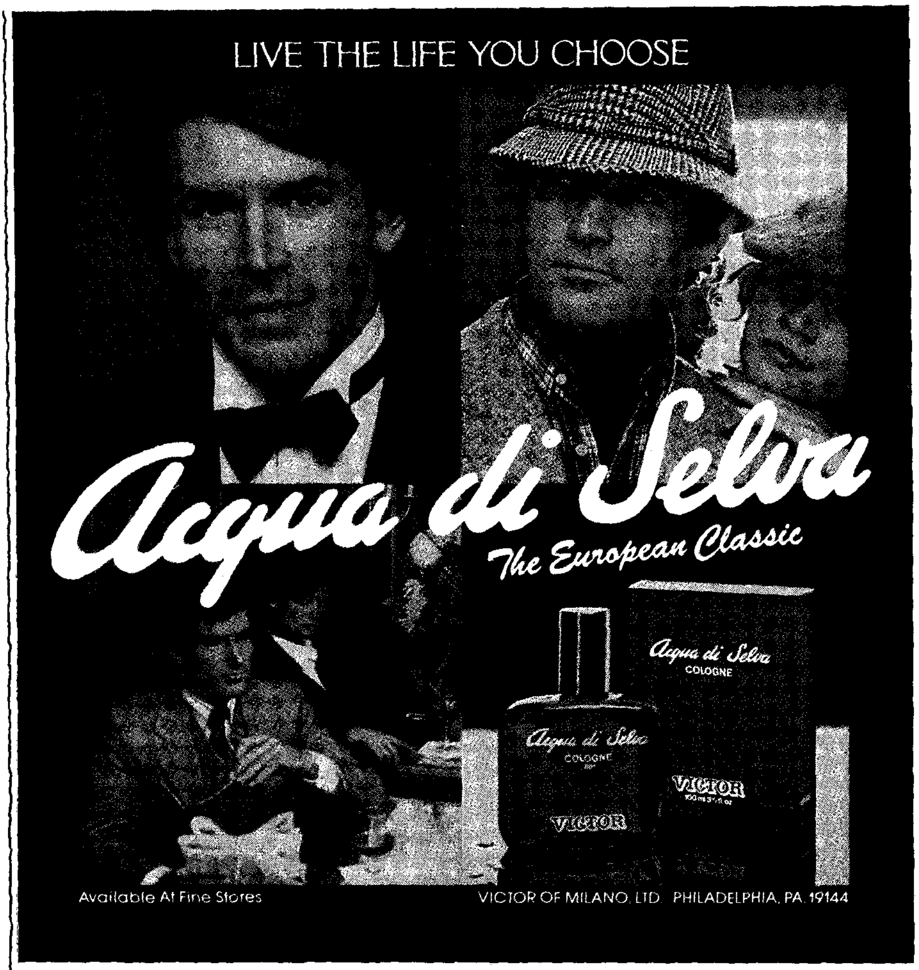
Clearly, a drama was involved, with dramatic characters, and a universe with interesting levels, such as Heaven and Hell. We had for fellow God-made creatures the angels—"created spirits, without bodies, having understanding and free will," the guidebook told me. One of these spirits apparently kept an eye on me, protected me from harm, and inspired me to do good and possibly to bedevil Brother Bernard with another question—"How do we know they have free will?"—which made him bring forth, with a wry smile, his ultimate answer: "That is a supernatural mystery."

"But—"

"And, Tony, as you no doubt remember, 'A supernatural mystery is a truth which we cannot fully understand, but which we firmly believe because we have God's word for it.' "

Later, back in England, when shame and doubt superseded this innocent bravado, it was embarrassment that often swept over me in church, especially if I was up onstage as one of the servers, sitting where I could feel the eyes of the congregation shift on to me as Father Frawley, in Fareham, rolled his broguish tongue around expressions like "carnal knowledge" and "the Virgin's womb." Even the word "flesh," which seemed to occur a good deal in both Testaments, brought on a blush, a deep red suffusing my skin from neck to scalp, that was perceptible—I felt sure—to the entire congregation as they viewed me against the familiar altarscape. I would have liked somewhere to hide.

I know now that one of the consolations of religion (if not of being in church) is its ability to furnish a hiding place for man, a spot where he can



Not all our guests sport polo shirts.

Not only are we the hotel for travelers who like to be at the center of things to see and do in Tokyo, but we are also "the hotel" for shoppers who like the stores along the Ginza, businessmen who know they're just minutes away from the financial/business district, and steps away from the best jogging course in the city, and gastronomes who like to savor sumptuous meals prepared by our European-trained chefs... They, too, are *our* guests.

Serving the needs of international travelers and the community for 90 years.

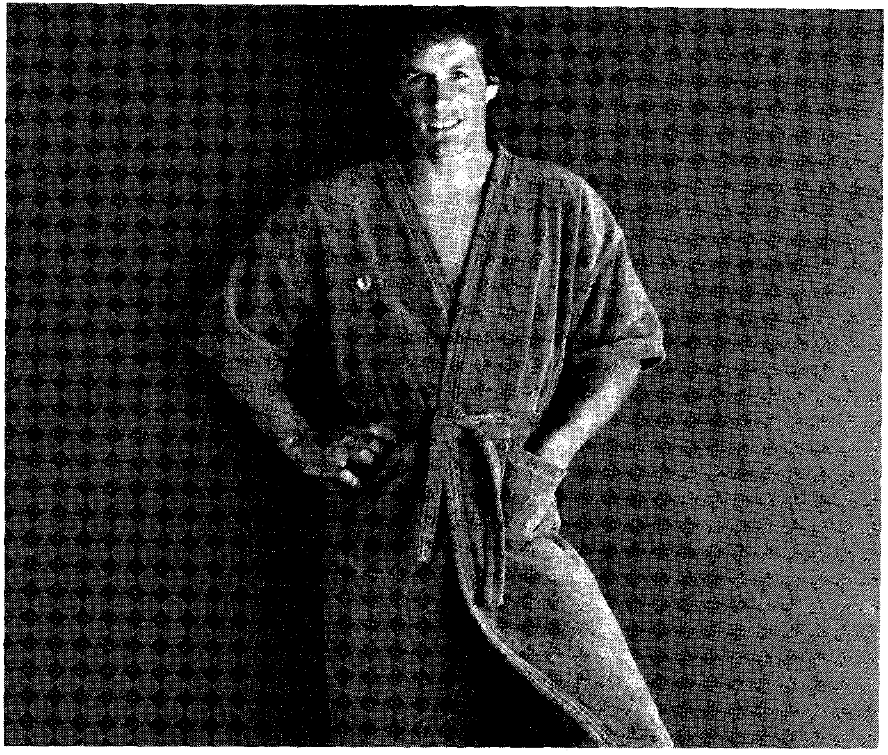
IMPERIAL HOTEL

At the heart of things in Tokyo.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, TOKYO

Now a member of the Preferred Hotels Association.
For reservations, contact your travel agent, or the Japan Air Lines office in your locale.

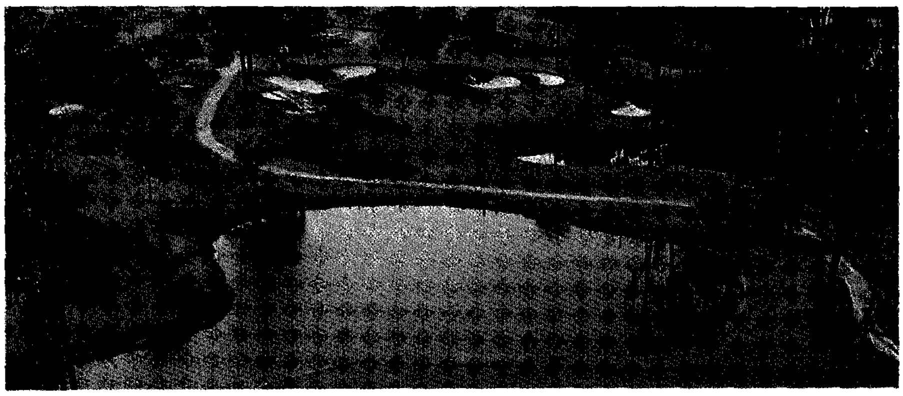
You can rest on our laurels



FRED PERRY SPORTSWEAR

At fine stores everywhere or write Fred Perry, 48 West 38th St., New York, N.Y. 10018

Innisbrook,



The best of Florida golf. The best of Florida tennis. The best of everything. Play 63 holes of golf on 3 championship courses. Sharpen your tennis game at Terry Addison's famed Australian Tennis Institute Clinic, now at Innisbrook. Or play on 17 super courts and 6 indoor racquetball courts (Spring '81). That's Innisbrook, Florida's premier sports resort. With bicycling, fishing, swimming in five pools and at nearby Gulf beaches, kids' recreation center, more. Gracious suites, dining, nightly entertainment, too. Ask your travel agent about our Preferred Vacation Plans or call **800-237-0157**. In Florida, 800-282-9813. Or mail our coupon today.

In Colorado, there's Tamarron.

The Champion.

Innisbrook, P.O. Drawer 1088, Tarpon Springs, Florida 33589
Please send me details on Innisbrook's Preferred Plans. NY/1

Name ______________ Address ______________

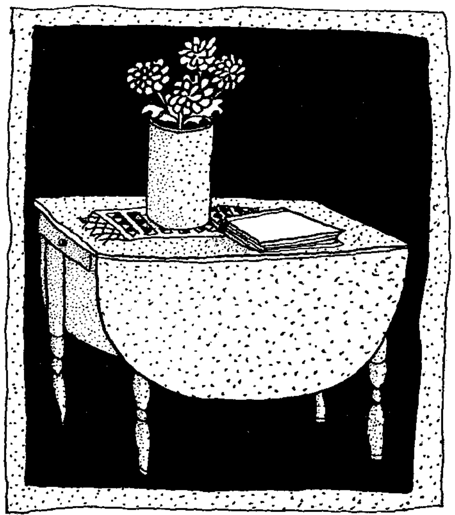
City ______________ State ______________ Zip ______________

shelter, feeling a little protected against the crushing immensity of the stars, the weight of the galaxies, the mass of the unknown and unknowable. And I came to feel that when Catholicism offered a strangeness commensurate with the original mystery of life it more nearly matched my own demands, such as they were—incoherent, imprecise, and unappeased by such mechanisms as confession. Latin, immanent with its own mystery and history, seems to me the better language for this purpose, and I can see why the Catholic traditionalists wish to retain the Latin Mass.

In the early nineteen-fifties, when I returned to America to visit, Otto and I once or twice tacked conversationally into this area of things. I courteously tried to oppose to his faith my disbelief in the Church, and he tried to treat my attitude as undergraduate and temporary. He was confident that once a Catholic, *always* a Catholic; I would come round. Now Otto is gone. Possibly he would find me a little less intractable today. Not that "organized religion" holds much of a spell for me. But I like singing hymns—a comradely habit picked up in nondenominational American camps or British, mostly Protestant, schools. I like the chance to sit and let my thoughts wander, which a church and the sound of a parson's voice afford. And I have reached the point, perhaps physiological as much as metaphysical, at which I feel the unknown (which was still close to me as a child) once again begin to loom around me. I am aware that I have probably passed halfway round the board; there is no second trip. It is a quick push off the edge and a presumably unconscious plummet into the gulf of the dark. *Introibo* . . . into what? But Otto would be glad that I have come this far, and I can see his assured look, as if he were saying, "You will get there yet."

WITHIN Dayton, we had our own territories and tracks through them, mostly in Oakwood, which was on the city's leafy outskirts, and had its own municipal organization—city hall, police and fire departments, and school system. There were the well-known blocks through which Tony S. and I zigzagged to school from the Spaeth house, at 630 Runnymede Drive; the newspaper route we shared; and the trolley-bus line out to the Far Hills movie theatre, where on Saturday mornings we watched such films as "Viva Cisco Kid," with Cesar Romero, and "Shooting High," with Jane Withers and Gene Autry. Dayton's streetcars were being phased out as the war began, leaving electric trolleys and regular buses, but many of the main streets still had streetcar tracks, which were perilous for inattentive bike riders. For a year or so, T.S. and I delivered the Dayton *Herald*, the afternoon sister paper of the Dayton *Journal*. We were outfitted with canvas newspaper bag and chromed change dispenser. We took turns at picking up papers from Bob Parks, the Oakwood distributor, in the back room of his drugstore, near Oakwood City Hall (just round the corner from Harman Avenue School). We quickly learned the art of rolling a paper into as tight a cylinder as its size allowed, and tucking in one edge so that the paper stayed (with luck) rolled up as it was flung from the sidewalk across the front lawn onto (with more luck) the porch or the doorstep. Those projectiles that went too far astray we generally retrieved and dispatched again; those that fell only slightly short stayed put. We got to know as we cycled in and out along the driveways, sidewalks, and road edges the dogs that were friendly and the ones that were not. I have to this day an antipathy to Alsatians, the original cause being a wolflike beast on Schantz Avenue that had apparently been trained to chase newspaper boys on big-balloon-tired Schwinn bikes with coaster brakes, gaining on them fast over several hundred yards, fangs bared, finally to sink its teeth into their thighs. I dropped that house, and street, from my route. Another confidence-sapping aspect of the job—which was advertised as training youngsters in the American virtues of self-reliance and business management—was that week in and week out I was unable to keep my accounts straight. Even when the number of customers remained stable, as it did most of the time outside vacations, the amount of money that T.S. and I collected on Saturday afternoons fluctuated considerably. After I had paid Bob Parks out of the total ejected from the quarters, dimes, and nickels compartments of my change dispenser, the amount left over as deliverer's profit in any given week was never the same as in any other week. Perhaps it had something to do with tips, which people may have given us without mentioning it. Maybe I sometimes asked them for the wrong amount—the multiplication tables were a basic need for this job, and a weak point of mine. For a while, I also sold subscriptions to *Collier's*. The straightforward reward for that task was a set of camping equipment: water canteen, mess tin, and Sterno stove, useful on our commando expeditions into Old River Park, past the Jewish cemetery and a sales-training camp run by the National Cash Register Company, Dayton's leading industry, or while we were planning counter-espionage missions from our base on Talbott Hill.

The hill was across the street from the Spaeth house. At its summit were the foundations of a mansion, demolished some years earlier, that had been the home of the Talbott family; one Talbott was later to serve as Secretary of the Air Force. Where the house had stood were lawns and hedges, maintained and clipped as if the house were still there. To one side were an empty swimming pool and deserted changing rooms. Across a private drive, at the back, sat a large building called the Playhouse, with indoor squash courts and a small stage, that was used for local community activities. Here took place Bundles for Britain bridge benefits, blood-donation drives, and carol concerts. From the top of the hill, there was a fine northward view toward Dayton, over the sugar maples of the N.C.R. camp, and westward to the river and the Deeds Carillon. This was the local landmark—a concrete bell tower built by N.C.R.'s chairman, Colonel Edward A. Deeds, and his wife. The carillon was inaugurated in December of 1941, and thereafter, when the wind was in the right direction, we heard, ringing over the woods, the sounds of the evening concerts—"with Robert E. Kline at the console," as the weekly Oakwood *Press* told its readers, playing such melodies, arranged for the bells, as "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding," "Just A-Wearying for You," "Ave Maria," "A Song of India," and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."



The front lawn of the old mansion was the long north slope of Talbott Hill—a semiprivate greensward flanked on one side by a hedge along Runnymede Drive and at its foot by a copse of trees. Later, it was developed for housing, but for a time it was our estate and playground. At the summit, a large slab of upended rock formed the focus of various games we played there, like prisoner's base, kick the can, and capture the flag, which involved such activities as hiding in the undergrowth while one of us, as "it," counted to a hundred, with eyes covered, and then tried to touch the base, kick the can, or tag the other players before they could run in and free everyone or beat "it" to it. We used one of the changing rooms by the pool as our clubhouse, plotting attacks on rival gangs and working out codes and passwords. We were on the lookout for spies. (Germans had been set ashore on Long Island, near Montauk, from a U-boat.) Toward the end of the war, part of our domain was fenced off when the Playhouse was taken over by the Monsanto Corporation, for what was afterward announced to be research on nuclear fission, and there may well have been reason for spies to be in the neighborhood of Talbott Hill.

In winter, when snow covered the hill and lay in thick drifts in the copse at the bottom, we skied and sledded, made jumps and ramps out of packed snow, and loaded our sleds and toboggans with snowballs and whizzed downhill to bombard the defenders of a snow fort built under the trees. Sometimes the snowballs had been compressed and put aside, so that they had become iceballs by the time they were thrown. The air seemed to sizzle as we sledded down and, as often as not, fell off. The snow got in our boots, past the tight elastic cuffs of our one-piece snowsuits, inside our gloves, and past the edges of our wool-lined brown leather helmets onto our ears. (Headphone-type earmuffs were sought after as being more grownup.) Dragging our Speedster sleds uphill, we constantly slipped and fell back. When we were almost numb with cold, we would stagger across the street and down into the furnace room, part of the domain of James, the butler-chauffeur, to thaw out, red-nosed and blue-cheeked, dripping, skin prickling and stinging, as we painfully pulled off boots with frozen fingers and unzipped the snow-encrusted bottom six inches of each leg of our snowsuits while watching the flames leap inside the furnace doors. Hospitable heat!

Behind the Spaeths' house was a surprisingly mingy yard, considering the size of the house. It was shaded by several big trees, and little grew there. Through a tangle of shrubbery, the yard merged with the back yard of the Burke family, whose large shingled house fronted on Oakwood Avenue, the street running more or less parallel to Runnymede. My contemporary among the Burke children was Mary, who had red hair and freckles and generally lived up to her reputation as a tomboy. Mary took part in pseudo-military activities that Tony S. and I and our friends Bill Bettcher, Harry Ebeling, and the Young cousins, Tad and Fred, conducted in a heavily wooded building site on the other side of Oakwood Avenue. A track, eventually to be a road, ran through the trees to a large concrete incinerator, which looked like an Army pillbox and made it easier to get volunteers for the defending side. Sitting on top of the incinerator, with its big metal lid open, you felt like Humphrey Bogart as a tank commander. We shared raisins that had come in some real K rations that T.S. had got from his cousin Bernard, who was in the Army.

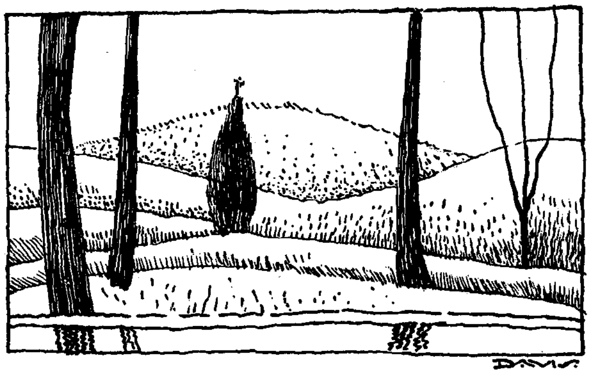
Perhaps children are less cut off from the instincts man has from his early days as full-time hunter and warrior; falling into bands of attackers and defenders—"choosing up sides"—comes naturally to them. As for me, with several years spent in the shadow of Portchester Castle's Roman walls and Norman keep back home in England, I felt an almost elemental attachment to such defensible structures. It was as if I had not only memories of afternoons of playing on the grass—also a cricket pitch—inside the castle walls but, further back, in my own helping of race memory, experiences under siege behind palisades and ramparts. I felt little surprise when I discovered much later that my surname, Bailey, was that of the outer wall of a castle and of the courtyards enclosed within it, and, consequently, the title Bailey had been given the man in charge of that enclosed space. And now, armed with a little history, I can see Mary Burke as one of those Viking women who created havoc in the early Middle Ages, laying waste the feudal settlements and terrifying the monks who wrote the contemporary chronicles—or possibly she would have done well as an Irish queen for whose favors the local kings squabbled and went mad. When sides were chosen, Mary was in demand. For one thing, she had a BB gun—a low-powered air rifle of the kind that Tony S. and I dearly wanted but had not yet been allowed to have. From twenty paces, Mary could zap a root-beer bottle resting on top of the incinerator.

At Halloween, dressed as ghosts and goblins, we roamed the neighborhood, trick-or-treating people whether we knew them or not, our hands outstretched for candy and cookies—our trickery confined to ambushing a black-and-white Oakwood police car one year with a fusillade of eggs and running off across Talbott Hill before the patrolmen could organize a pursuit. One October, Fred Young and I got up the nerve to ascend the steep drive to the house of Orville Wright, the aviation pioneer, who was born in Dayton and had come to be known as a recluse, and knock on the front door under the great columned portico. No one answered, so we knocked again. Should we wait or go? Fred and I looked at each other, our timidity increasing. But a light went on in the hall; footsteps could be heard. Then the door opened slowly, and an elderly man with a gray mustache stood there. Fred and I pulled ourselves together and got out the words "Trick or treat, Mr. Wright?"

There was a pause. How long was it since anyone had come to the recluse's house at Halloween? At last, he said, "Just a minute, boys." Fred and I waited on the porch, tempted to nibble some of our candy but feeling that somehow it wasn't polite to do so when we might be on the point of getting a couple of cookies or a Hershey bar to share. Then Wright returned and said, with a smile, to the two small goblins in the doorway, "Here you are, boys." He put in Fred's hand and in mine a silver dollar apiece.

To reach the city, downtown, we went by trolley, bus, or car, crossing through the land of the National Cash Register Company, where small steam locomotives called "stubbies" shunted freight cars from one factory building to another. Downtown was a regular gridiron, made interesting by small alleys subdividing the blocks and by certain buildings among the rest that had a surreal prominence for me—many of them with columned fronts, like the courthouse and the post office. Because of Dayton's central geographical position and its numerous printing plants, the Dayton post office was given credit in many magazines, which were registered with the Dayton postmaster as "second-class matter." We knew the whereabouts of WING, the radio station that brought us the adventures of Jack Armstrong; the two main hotels, the Van Cleve and the Biltmore, both of which had barbershops where we had our hair cut; and the Rike-Kumler Company, the main department store, where we went on shopping expeditions and once, in May of 1944, to see a real P-40 fighter plane, which was being exhibited on Rike's ground floor, together with a collection of captured enemy equipment. We sometimes came back home by way of Brown Avenue, through an area that had a German bakery with excellent pumpernickel, and past a ramshackle theatre that advertised "Live Burlesk." Across the river from the downtown section stood the Art Institute—"two-thirds art, one-third zoo," as Eloise described it—where we were generally more interested in the bird and monkey cages that stood among Twelfth Dynasty pieces. The river itself, the Miami, curving through Dayton, was constrained by levees, concrete embankments, and—out in the country—a series of dams, built after great floods devastated southwestern Ohio in 1913.

As for the country roundabout, with such quaintly named towns as Xenia and Yellow Springs, Antioch and



Chillicothe, it seemed an adult preserve, into which we would sometimes be taken on Sunday-afternoon drives to buy farm vegetables or look at things like covered wooden bridges. I associated "out of town," though it wasn't very far out, with the Moraine Country Club. There Otto played golf and Tony Spaeth and I now and then caddied for him, to be rewarded by a small fee and a juicy sandwich and a sundae in the club dining room. Beyond the Moraine, ten miles out of town, was Eloise's private retreat: a tiny, whitewashed one-room brick cottage, with a piece of pasture, a wooded glen, and a stream running through a gully; here, we gathered, she meditated and read poetry. Hollyhocks grew round the cottage, and an artist had painted hollyhocks on either side of the door; they looked like decorations on peasant pottery cups. T.S. and I liked running through the field and paddling in the creek, looking for minnows and tadpoles. But we didn't go there often—it was Eloise's place.

LONG afterward, I told Eloise that what I remembered particularly about Otto and her in Dayton was their assurance. To me, between seven and eleven, they seemed so certain in their way of handling the world, so positive in their approach to life. It wasn't possible to imagine them being wrong, I said. Eloise smiled at this recollection. "Well," she said, in her most forthright manner, "we often were."

When Tony Spaeth and I were taken on a walk by Eloise, we were stretched. She saw no point in walking unless you kept up a cracking pace. She was in pursuit of an ideal, and it meant not dawdling. (She wore walking shoes.) Moreover, manners were the foundation of discipline, as far as she was concerned—and possibly there was less reason for admonishing small boys who stood when adults came into the room; who held ladies' chairs for them when they sat down to dinner; who called older men "sir" (as for a while we were ordered to call Otto, as if we were being trained for the way we should address the rest of senior mankind); who used people's names in referring to them, instead of saying "you;" and who bowed as they shook hands, saying "How do you do?" clearly, not mumbling it. It was a code of conduct, early imprinted. And though all this may make Eloise sound severe (and we wouldn't have dared question her authority), she was

Cruise Alaska with a friend.
The Princess Patricia.

Cruise up the Inside Passage with Canadian Pacific and spend 7 wonderful days with a friend. The Princess Patricia.

You'll find the Princess Pat a warm, be-yourself ship that really knows how to show a friend a good time.

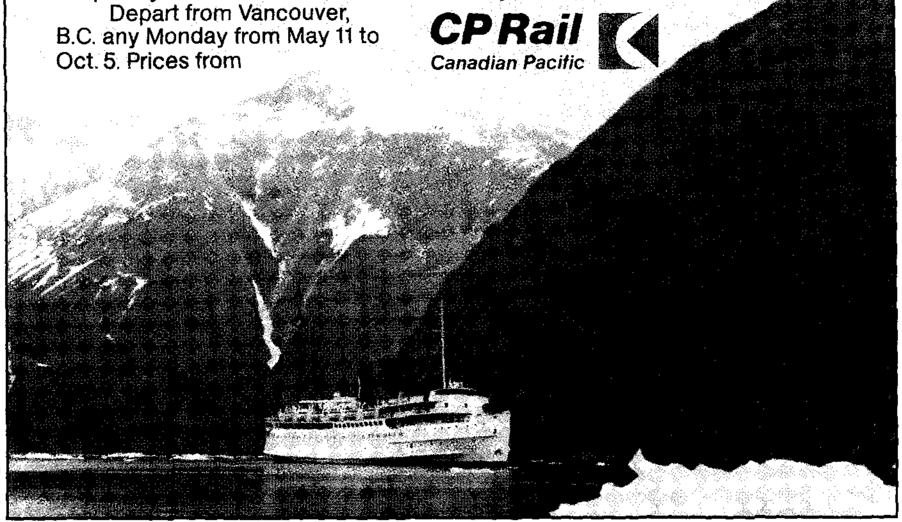
You'll enjoy an outside stateroom, superb dining and the warm hospitality of an all-Canadian crew.

Depart from Vancouver, B.C. any Monday from May 11 to Oct. 5. Prices from only $995 (Canadian) each, double occupancy. Even less for early and late season sailings.

For bookings or a free brochure call us collect or write:
CP Rail – Alaska Cruises, Suite 1100,
700 West Pender St., Vancouver,
B.C. V6C 1G8. (604) 665-2507/8.

Reservations can also be made through your travel agent or any CP Air office.

CP Rail
Canadian Pacific



Princess Patricia is registered in Canada.

DAKS®
WOMEN'S WEAR
NEW YORK

The DAKS Charisma
with the unmistakable
signature of their own

1. Imported shantung double-breasted blazer, rayon/poly/silk 210.00
2. 100% cotton jacquard DD shirt ... 70.00
3. Imported shantung front pleat skirt, rayon/poly/silk 128.00
4. Reversible navy/red leather belt SML 40.00

All garments available in red, white or navy in sizes 4-16

ITEM	SIZE	COLOR	PRICE

Add sales tax where applicable, plus 2.00 for postage and handling

Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______
Charge Account No. ______
☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa
☐ Send free spring color brochure
Call toll free 800-223-9823

CRESTWICK
P.O. Box 637, New York, N.Y. 10018

The most vibrant resort on Barbados has its quiet corners, too.

Find yours, at Marriott's Sam Lord's Castle.

Aye, a castle. A self-contained resort with 259 terraced guest rooms. The 72-acre estate includes a mile of beach for sunning, 7 lighted tennis courts, 3 pools, 3 restaurants, a beach cafe, and live entertainment nightly. For reservations, call your travel agent or 800-228-9290.

Marriott's® Sam Lord's Castle
St. Philip Parish, Barbados, West Indies

NATURAL COLOR & CLASS

PURE SILK

PONGEE

Smooth and crisp, perfect for blouses, dresses, the chic-est safari suit ever. 38" wide. A special buy from BRITEX-BY-MAIL, $6.99 yard. Minimum order 3 yards.

Order from Dept. NY1-26. Please include $3 handling and postage; CA residents add sales tax. VISA, Master Card, or American Express (give acct. # and exp. date). Offer good through February 28, 1981. Ask about our BRITEX-BY-MAIL personalized swatch service.

BRITEX FABRICS / 146 GEARY ST. / 147 MAIDEN LANE, SAN FRANCISCO / 94108

BRITEX FABRICS

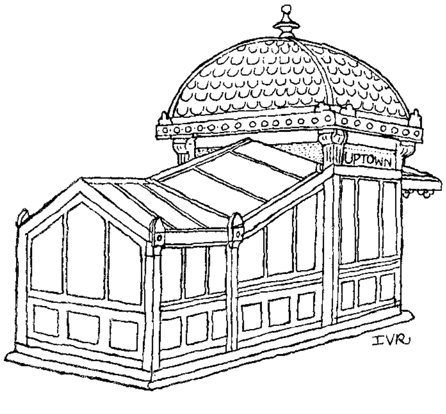
also a figure of great glamour; perhaps some of her authority resided in that.

T.S. and I would knock on the door and go into her bedroom each morning to say goodbye before we went to school. Hanging over the elegant headboard of her bed would be the black silk eyeshade she wore so as not to be awakened by early-morning light. She would have on a long robe of soft, velvety stuff. On the wall over the fireplace was a painting of a woman, seen from behind, seated in an armchair and showing her nude back, arms, and shoulders. Her hair was piled up on top of her head, drawing one's gaze to the long nape of her neck. Hair and head from the rear looked like Eloise's, and Otto had bought the picture (which was by Eugene Speicher) for that reason. I would look at this picture as I chatted with Eloise, buttoned my jacket or finished tying my shoes, told her what I'd had for breakfast, and promised that, yes, I would remember to write to my parents that afternoon after school, before I went out to play. In one corner of the room was a prie-dieu, with an embroidered armrest and knee rest, at which Eloise presumably knelt to pray before she went to bed at night. As in Otto's room, there were two doors besides the one we had come in by: one led to a dressing room, with two rows of mirror-fronted closets facing each other, and thence to the bathroom, with a sliding glass door over the bath to keep shower water in; the other door led to the upper screened porch, over the living room, and thence to Otto's room.

Eloise was (and still is) an organizer. Having organized the household and arrangements for the children (Marna, the Spaeths' adolescent daughter, was at school in Cincinnati, and Debbie, who was two years older than I, in Tucson, Arizona), she had time for good works. (She told me later, "My mother said that if I never learned to cook I'd never have to.") She organized Dayton's reception of me and my fellow-evacuees. She organized entertainment for wounded servicemen recuperating in Dayton hospitals, and read books to blinded airmen; my mother had sent her Alice Duer Miller's verse story "The White Cliffs," which proved useful as reading matter. (It told of a Rhode Island girl who marries a young English landowner. He is killed in the First World War, leaving his wife and son—who grows up to go off and fight in the Second World War. At one point the heroine returns to Rhode Island but feels bound to go back to England.) Eloise organized exhibitions of modern and religious art at the Dayton Art Institute, where she was in charge of the contemporary gallery, and she arranged a show of servicemen's paintings at the local airbase. She carried on an extensive correspondence with museums and galleries and with artists like Walt Kuhn, who sent her drawings with notes written on them. On the phone, she had a determined way: she would answer with a terse "Yes?" and then, if the caller announced himself or herself as someone she knew, she would say warmly, "*Oh*, yes." Later, she told me that she had found Dayton dull and confining, and had reached the end of whatever she felt she could do there by the time Otto and she decided to move to New York, in 1948. In New York, she involved herself more deeply in the art world, writing a guidebook to American museums, becoming a trustee of the American Federation of Arts and a founding member of the Friends of the Whitney Museum, directing foreign tours to benefit the funds of the Archives of American Art, of which she is the chairman, and organizing exhibitions at the Guild Hall, in East Hampton, where she has a summer house. She sends postcards from Easter Island or from the far reaches of China or from Marrakesh, where she is photographed relaxing in the elegant salon of a grand collector. But I think of Eloise as unrelaxed—energetic and confident, rather as she appeared in a photograph in the Dayton Sunday *Journal-Herald* in September of 1940, sitting at a desk and looking like Myrna Loy, with a map of the British Isles on the wall behind her. The caption under the photo said, "What You Can Do for Great Britain in Its Hour of Greatest Need."

ARRIVING at the Spaeths' in later years, holding my suitcase in one hand and a raincoat in the other, I would stand a good chance of being met by Otto, with hammer, picture wire, and eye screws all ready, and the painting he was intending to hang (as soon as I got there to help him) resting against the wall. In Dayton, Tony Spaeth and I usually held up a picture together, one of us on each side of the Gauguin "Still-Life with Profile" or the Braque "Nature Morte." Certainly the big "Green Apples," by Walt Kuhn, which Eloise still owns (the Gauguin and the Braque are gone), would have needed the pair of us to lift it up while Otto stood back and decided whether it should be higher or lower, a little to the left or to the right, taking into account the position of other pictures, the placing of furniture, the effect of table lights. Being asked to help hang a painting after suitcase was lowered and raincoat dropped over the back of a chair was a way of being immediately made a part of the Spaeth life again. I felt I had resumed where I had left off—that perhaps I hadn't left off at all. Otto, leaning over the top of the frame as we held it up, would make a little mark on the wall. When we removed the picture, he measured the distance from the wire, stretched upward, to the top of the frame. This distance was measured again on the wall below the mark he had made, and at this new point Otto stuck some Scotch Tape on the plaster. Through this he hammered the nail of the picture hook. The final touch—before his enthusiasm for double-ended thumbtacks, his own invention, waned and the supply ran out—would be to press two of these into the lower corners of the frame and then, with a spirit level insuring that the picture was absolutely horizontal, press the bottom of it against the wall.

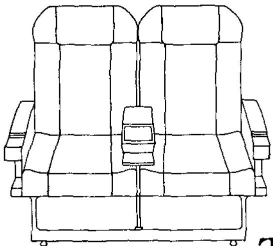
In Dayton, all the paintings seemed to me just a part of the new world of 630 Runnymede—like the three cars and the servants. I didn't realize for some time how much the paintings meant to Otto and Eloise: that paintings and sculpture were their way of extending themselves out of the constraints of Oakwood society or Dayton industry into a more creative and cosmopolitan world. They had started collecting early in their married life, beginning with drawings and going on to bigger things. During one of their pre-war trips to Europe on the Bremen or the Berengaria, Otto won a great deal of money in the ship's pool—the lottery held on estimates of the ship's daily run. He won three times in six voyages. His winnings on the first occasion paid for their first-class passage, with money left over for pictures they saw in Paris galleries. On this and later occasions, they bought with shared pleasure, and soon there was a Spaeth collection, from which museums wanted to borrow; it included a Corot, a Courbet, two Gauguins, a Pissarro and two Picassos, a Cézanne, and a Mary Cassatt. Eventually, the Cézanne was sold to pay for a new house they built just behind the dunes in East Hampton. The Gauguin was sold during a period when the Pabst Brewing Company, in which Otto was a major stockholder, failed to pay any dividends. Jack Taylor, one of Otto's best friends in Dayton, later said admiringly, "Otto's investment income went from two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year to nothing overnight, and it didn't change his life one jot. He simply sold a painting and carried on as before." However, Eloise recalls that the sale was not as painless as that. Throughout the night before the Gauguin was shipped off for sale, they left on the picture light over the painting, and Otto twice went down in the night to look at it.

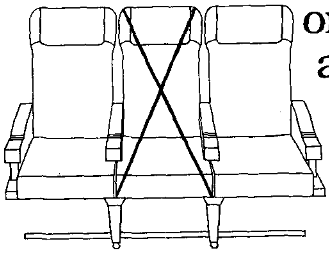


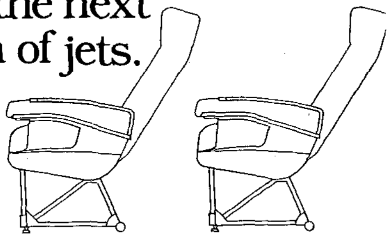
Hanging over the mantelpiece in the living room at Dayton was a large modern-dress Crucifixion scene by the British artist Mark Symons; its predominant colors were brown and red, and the Roman centurions were in the uniform of British soldiers circa 1930. The painting gave the impression that everything happening in it was contemporary and inevitable: Christ needed to be crucified; He needed the people on hand to behave the way they did. Equally sombre and memorable was a painting by Edward Hopper called "Dawn in Pennsylvania." The passenger coaches waiting at the platform seemed to have just got there, in the early morning; it was a city where one was a stranger and few were awake. There were also paintings by Beckmann and Chagall, Rouault and Léger; Matisse's cheerful Cirque series; and a burst of flowers by Nicolas de Staël. American artists came to form an increasing part of the collection—not only Walt Kuhn and Hopper but Charles Sheeler, Max Weber, John Marin, Karl Knaths, Reginald Marsh, Abraham Rattner, Jack Levine, Marsden Hartley, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Lyonel Feininger, among others. As time went on, Otto and Eloise moved away from the established reputations and big names (al-

Two-on
New Clipper

No more middle seat in our







We've redesigned Clipper Class completely. So you'll never get stuck in the middle seat. Or by an elbow.

You'll never be more than one seat from an aisle, either. Even if there's a full house.

What's more, our Clipper Class seats are wider and more comfortable than ever before. In fact, they're the same seats selected for first class on the next generation of jets. The ones due for delivery around 1985.

You see, Pan Am's new Clipper Class isn't just an upgraded economy section. It's a totally separate part of the plane

the aisle.
Class style.
PAN AM

brand new business section.

especially for business travelers. With all the extras you'd expect and a lot you wouldn't.

New Clipper Class is now offered on selected Pan Am 747 routes. And by mid-year, we'll have it on our entire 747 fleet worldwide.

Ask your Travel Agent, Corporate Travel Department or us about Pan Am's new Clipper Class.

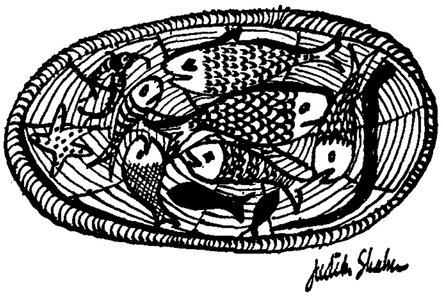
Say hello to Pan Am.

though some of the names hadn't been so big when Otto and Eloise first bought them, and they stayed loyal to artists like Kuhn, Sheeler, and Alexander Calder and Alexander Brook, whom they had bought early and become friends with). They bought the work of young artists, for whom it must have been a thrill not only to sell a picture but to learn that one of their own works would now be in a collection that included Picasso and Cézanne. Otto made a point of spending two-thirds of the sale price of a picture on new acquisitions; he rarely sold at a loss. Artists came to draw portraits of us children. Eloise had her portrait painted, in a red evening dress, by James Chapin; Jacques Lipschitz sculpted a fine head of Otto. Otto and Eloise visited artists in their studios, not so much to bypass galleries—they were well acquainted with several reputable New York dealers—or to see work hot off the easel as to get closer to the artist's method of work and way of life. They were truly interested in the act of artistic creation and the individual who was capable of it. They had good eyes. They were patrons.

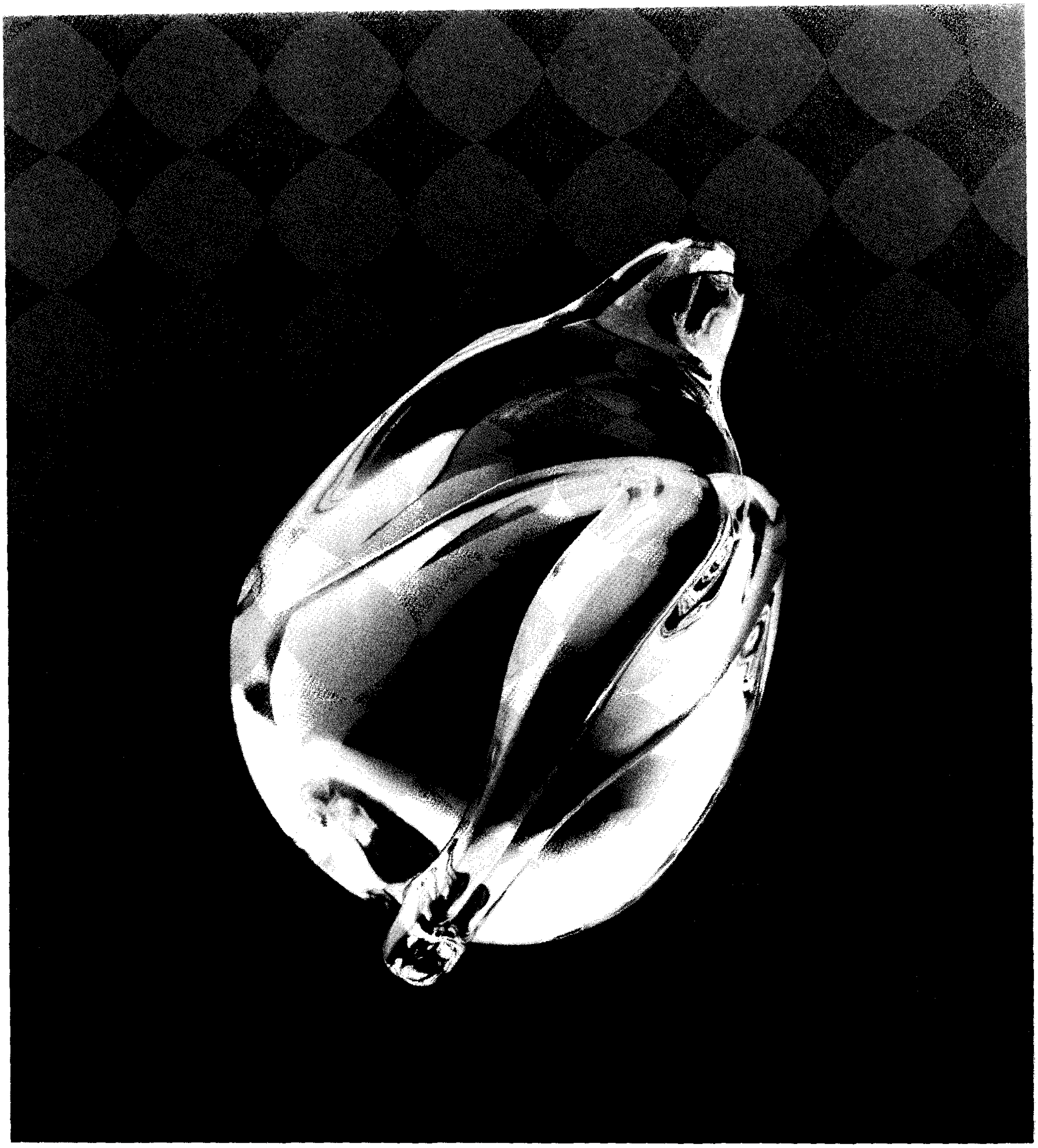
One of Otto's ambitions was to involve churches and businesses with contemporary art. He was a staunch supporter of the Liturgical Arts Society, which promoted the use of genuine art rather than pseudo-religious artifacts in ecclesiastical institutions. In 1950, he went to Italy, had an audience with the Pope, and in Venice looked into the possibility of establishing there a School of Liturgical Art. Otto persuaded churches and monasteries to commission artists to make original sculpture, paintings, tapestry, and stained glass, and did his best to dissuade them from ordering pastel-colored plaster statuettes from religious-supply stores. He set up the Spaeth Foundation for Religious Art to promote these aims and to give awards for excellent religious art. He felt, too, that art should be where people came into contact with it much of the time—at their places of work. He organized conferences on the subject of business and art. He tried to fire fellow-industrialists with the idea that art wasn't just decoration or prestige but an essential part of life. He had prints and paintings hung in the corridors and offices of the Dayton Tool and Engineering Company, which he owned; and in the plant itself all the exposed pipes were painted bright colors, as in a Léger. When he became chairman of Meta-Mold Aluminum, a foundry in the small town of Cedarburg, Wisconsin, he arranged an art exhibition to celebrate the opening of the company's new office building. The tall, silolike entrance hall had a specially commissioned Calder mobile hanging in it. Paintings were hung throughout the building, which was thrown open at weekends for anyone to look in, to view the pictures, and even to buy one. Several Cedarburg residents did so. One of them, a mechanic, bought a semi-abstract painting by Kenneth Evett called "Death of Agamemnon," paying for it out of his weekly wages in interest-free installments. Then, because he was living in lodgings, had no room to hang it, and felt that it ought to be seen, he lent it to Marquette University, in Milwaukee, where the Evett was hung in the school's Memorial Library.

I can see Otto as he stood in Meta-Mold's entrance and watched the red vanes of the Calder mobile turn gently in the rising currents of air. I see his fingers running down the long bronze back of a statue of a girl dancer by Marino Marini; tipping a little Henry Moore bronze rocking chair containing a mother and child so that they rocked back and forth; brushing the outlines of a group of linked acrobats by Mary Callery; tracing the mild smile on the face of a fourteenth-century limestone Madonna from France. His eyes sparkled as, looking at a work of art and then at me, he asked what I felt about it and got me to tell him.

THE war—the reason I was where I was—went on. I followed its progress on the maps that appeared in the newspapers, with arrows showing pincer movements and wavy black lines indicating battlefronts. Foggy newspaper photographs conveyed in monochrome a less than two-dimensional summary of wartime incidents: a bombardment; a ship sinking; a flag being raised; prisoners marching; a leader making a speech. All far less real than what happened daily in "Joe Palooka" or "Terry and the Pirates." And yet, just as I remembered sitting in the kitchen in Portchester with my parents, listening to the radio—the wireless, as it was called then, despite the wires that went to the mains, the ground, and the aerial—when it was announced that the Germans had invaded Czechoslovakia and my father said that war, despite Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain's efforts to avert it, was now definitely going to come, so in Dayton I was conscious of moments in which knowledge of critical events came through with sudden impact: the sinking of the battleships Prince of Wales and Repulse by Japanese aircraft; the loss of Singapore; the fall of Bataan—which Americans reacted to the way the British had to Dunkirk. Defeats were possibly more invigorating than victories. However, it had been with a mixture of indignation and excitement that, on December 7, 1941, we heard about Pearl Harbor. In a flash, everything that President Roosevelt and Otto had been saying for the past year came true, and America was forced to join the fight, openly, alongside Great Britain. The German attack on Russia had been greeted similarly: there was a general feeling that in the end it would help. The odds were changing.



Yet the war was a long way from me, and my patriotism could be only fitfully expressed. Not that I tried to disguise my Englishness, or to modify my English accent—even though there were rumors that members of the Bund (an association of people with German ancestry and, we believed, pro-Nazi inclinations) were kidnapping small British children, whether for ransom, or murder, or to turn them into zombies or werewolves T.S. and I could only guess. (The nightmares or fears of children had an unsuspected accuracy—at least in relation to what one later found out that the Nazis had been doing to millions in the concentration camps at this time.) As for my accent, time and Dayton worked on it together. By the time the two pairs of gray flannel shorts I had brought from England had worn out or become too small, I was beginning to talk like a regular Oakwood third grader. Within a year, I was speaking in a nasal Midwestern drawl, and using words like "neat" and "snappy," and phrases such as "extra fine" and "just right," which replaced the English childhood slang of "wizard" and "topping." Otto said he was worried about the coarsening effect of America on what he called my fine manners,



Odalisque: A solid crystal sculpture representing sculptor Susan Smyly's personal interpretation of a voluptuous female form. Refractive and reflective qualities of the crystal medium are used to accentuate the form's ample contours. Length, 4¼". $235. Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. (212) 752-1441. Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works and has been since 1918.

STEUBEN GLASS

and anxious about what my parents would think when they heard my voice again. But my Englishness, he rightly suspected, was only temporarily in abeyance. It existed not far below the surface that was camouflaged with American clothes—T-shirts, lumber jacket, athletic socks, and football uniform with shoulder pads—and with a liking for root beer and Dentyne, the strongest-tasting chewing gum.

Once in a while, my birthright was brought up for air. Any sort of critical remark about Britain would do the trick. Tony S. and I had several fights about the weight our countries were pulling in the struggle against the Axis powers, foreshadowing arguments that later took place in a wider sphere about, say, Errol Flynn's part in the movie "Objective, Burma!," where his role was symbolic of what the British thought to be exaggerated American claims of participation in the recapture of that part of the Far East from the Japanese. T.S. and I found ourselves in disagreement on such issues as the right way to swing your arms when marching; he favored the snappy, across-the-body American swing, while I preferred the straight-back-and-forth, fist-raised-as-high-as-the-shoulder British method. Moreover, when we were talking one day of ships—perhaps just after the Normandie caught fire, in 1942, and the great debonair liner, with its rakish funnels, was left a burned-out hulk alongside a Manhattan pier—I mentioned to Tony S. the Queen Elizabeth, the world's largest ship.

"Yeah, that's an American ship," he said proudly.

Annoyed by his misapplied pride as much as by his incorrect fact, I told him that this wasn't so.

Tony Spaeth said conclusively, "The Queen Mary's American, too."

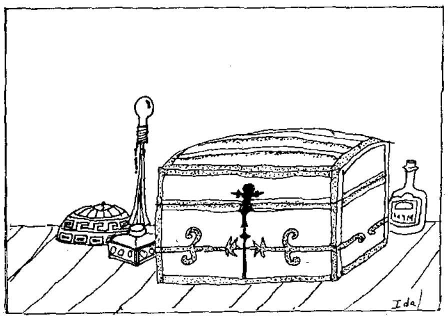
"That's not true!" I shouted.

"Yes, it is," he said.

And then, since the cogent argument that should have been suggested by the names themselves didn't occur to me (and might not have convinced T.S. anyway), we came to blows.

Otto dressed expensively. Many of his suits, shirts, and ties came from Sulka (New York, London, Paris, Palm Beach). Jackets were silk-lined, and his towels and handkerchiefs had the monogram "OLS." For waiters, doormen, bartenders, taxi-drivers, caddies, and porters, tips appeared magically in his hand. "Thank you, Mr. Spaeth." "This way, Mr. Spaeth." He enjoyed making money, and he also enjoyed disposing of it—though he didn't believe that the government should get more than its due, and he had a long-running fight with Internal Revenue about how much that was. In 1953, when I was in New York on a Spaeth-sponsored trip during a university summer vacation, I sat in Otto's office suite, in the Sulgrave Hotel—where a connecting door had been created for him through the wall to the Spaeth apartment in the building next door, at 640 Park Avenue—and chatted with him while he bounced a new grandchild on his knee, played rummy with the child's mother (his daughter Marna), discussed my plans to work for the summer in Wisconsin, went over a speech he was to make that evening to the American Federation of Arts, and talked on the phone to the officials of several organizations he was currently helping, one of the officials being Walter White, the executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Otto wrote out a check for a thousand dollars at the end of that conversation.

When credit cards were introduced, Otto had one of the first: the bill in restaurants would come to him, and he would add on a tip and sign his name without interruption of whatever he was saying. "Thank *you*, Mr. Spaeth," the waiter would say, handing the card back to him. Otto was known by name in several good New York restaurants, like Pierre's, and, of course, several German-American eating places, where he got many of his favorite dishes. That 1953 summer, when I worked in Wisconsin—weekends at Meta-Mold, trying to sell pictures; weekdays assembling garden furniture and picking apples—Otto's assistant, Frank Getlein, and I had the occasional use of the company's Chevrolet station wagon and the company credit card, and once every couple of weeks we drove to a big German restaurant called Wolf's Island in the suburbs of Milwaukee for a dinner in Otto's style, at Otto's expense, and, indeed, in Otto's honor: we often talked while eating T-bone steaks or sauerbraten about Otto's schemes and achievements (Otto being in New York or East Hampton at the time). Frank not long ago told me that Otto had once confided to him that he thought he had wasted his life: he had made a lot of money early, and much of what he did after that was just a game; he thought he should have gone into politics.



In a way, he did. He was a founding member of Americans for Democratic Action, a pressure group for the enactment of liberal legislation and the prevention of reactionary excesses. Art politics and religious politics also absorbed him. In Dayton, museum directors were constantly coming to see him and Eloise. Influential churchmen paid similar calls. "Monsignor Nabuco is coming to dinner," we would be told, in the same way that, later, we would hear the names of such guests as Father Ford, Catholic chaplain at Columbia University, and young Father Ivan Illich, then priest in charge of a largely Puerto Rican parish in East Harlem. In 1951, when the Legion of Decency was bullying movie producers into nervous self-censorship, Otto attacked the Legion in an article for the Federation's *Magazine of Art*. Cardinal Spellman—from the pulpit of St. Patrick's Cathedral—had just denounced Rossellini's film "The Miracle," about a peasant girl who becomes pregnant and imagines that her child will be a new Christ. The Cardinal encouraged the Knights of Columbus to picket the movie theatre where it was playing, and Otto's article, which had been written several months before, looked like a defiant reaction to the Cardinal's remarks. This worried Otto, though he knew he was right. The conflict between pickets and long lines of moviegoers at times became physical, and the city closed the show. In the subsequent court case, brought against the city by Joseph Burstyn, the movie distributor, Otto's article was cited in testimony by Burstyn's lawyers, as representative of the outrage of intelligent Catholic laymen. The case went all the way to the Supreme Court, which found for Rossellini, Burstyn, and Otto. "Otto was a scrapper," said Frank.

It was through the "Miracle" affair that Frank went to work for Otto. At the time, Frank was teaching En-

A special message for those of you who may be having difficulty finding Coach® products in the stores:

Because they are made in small, carefully supervised batches, Coach® Bags and Belts do not readily lend themselves to mass production.

This is why they always seem to be in short supply.

As a matter of fact, it has for some time now been impossible for us to produce enough bags and belts to sell to all the stores that would like to carry them, and even the stores we do sell to are often out of stock.

In the event, therefore, that you cannot find the exact Coach® Bag you want in the color you prefer, or if your favorite shop does not have a Coach® Belt in the size you require, by all means let us know about it.

We try to keep a small reserve inventory of all our models at the Factory for this very purpose, and we will be happy to accommodate you directly if we can.

An illustrated Coach Catalogue complete with colors, sizes, and current prices is yours for the asking.

Whether you make your purchase from one of our selected distributors, or whether you order it directly from the Factory, do not hesitate to write or call our Consumer Service Department if you have any questions regarding our products or our service.

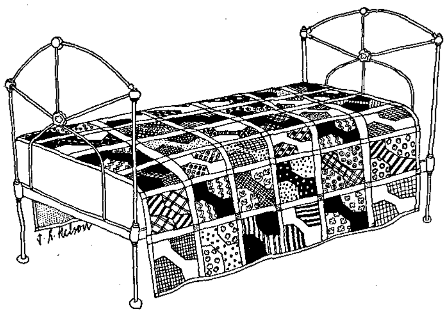
Coach Leatherware, 516 West 34th St., N.Y.C. 10001 Tel: (212) 594-3914 glish at a small Jesuit university in Fairfield, Connecticut, and writing movie reviews for the weekly *Catholic Messenger*, which Otto subscribed to. Frank wrote a piece praising "The Miracle." Otto wrote to Frank saying, "Drop by sometime." Frank wrote back and said, "How about next week?" The Jesuits, also *Messenger* readers, had just fired him. Otto thereupon hired Frank to help him run the Federation (of which he was then president) and the Spaeth Foundation, and help with various schemes Otto had at the time for promoting business involvement in the arts. For several years, Frank served as Otto's cultural henchman and had an interesting, if busy, time. Otto frequently called him up at home late at night with ideas for speeches he had suddenly decided to make.

Otto's energy was combined with luck, Frank and I agreed. But luck, we should perhaps have admitted, is in some ways a by-product of energy: if you bustle around, you put yourself in more situations where fortune may favor you. Calling on Iowa farmers out of Davenport, he sold tractors. Travelling out of St. Louis, he found a new market for malt extract. And taking the Spaeth poodle, Alex, for a morning walk on Park Avenue after the family had moved to New York, Otto encountered a beautiful woman also walking a poodle. They met at a lamppost. The woman was Grace Kelly, then a young film star. (No one else in the family met Grace Kelly while taking Alex for a walk.)

Otto liked making bets, and he liked making people realize that their firmly held assumptions were wrong. Most Americans think they have a comprehensive knowledge of their own country. Otto had a jigsaw puzzle of the United States made of red plastic, the pieces cut out along the state borders but the states having no other identification. Otto would ask visitors to Oakwood how long they thought it would take them to fit the puzzle together. Most would say confidently, "Oh, five minutes at the outside." Otto, delighted by this estimate, would reply, "I bet you fifty dollars you can't do it in ten minutes." He made money on it. Of the very few who managed to complete the puzzle under the time limit, the first was Jerry Adams, the teen-age son of Philip Adams, who was then director of the Cincinnati Art Museum. After that, Otto changed the odds, and set the stakes at five dollars for five minutes for Midwestern high-school students (Jerry was one), who, Otto reckoned, had a better-than-average knowledge of the outlines of the states.

Of course, when the puzzle was completed, there was little suggestion of those borders in the solid-red mass of the United States. And this puzzle, which Tony Spaeth and I got quite good at, suddenly came to mind when, nine years after I had last seen it, and a day or so after that meeting in Otto's Sulgrave office, I found myself in a four-seater Beechcraft Bonanza plane with Otto and a pilot, flying to Otto's Meta-Mold factory, in Wisconsin, across mountains, fields, forests, lakes, and towns, at a less remote height than an airliner would have maintained, and with one state rolling into another the way the states had in Otto's puzzle when one finally got it put together.

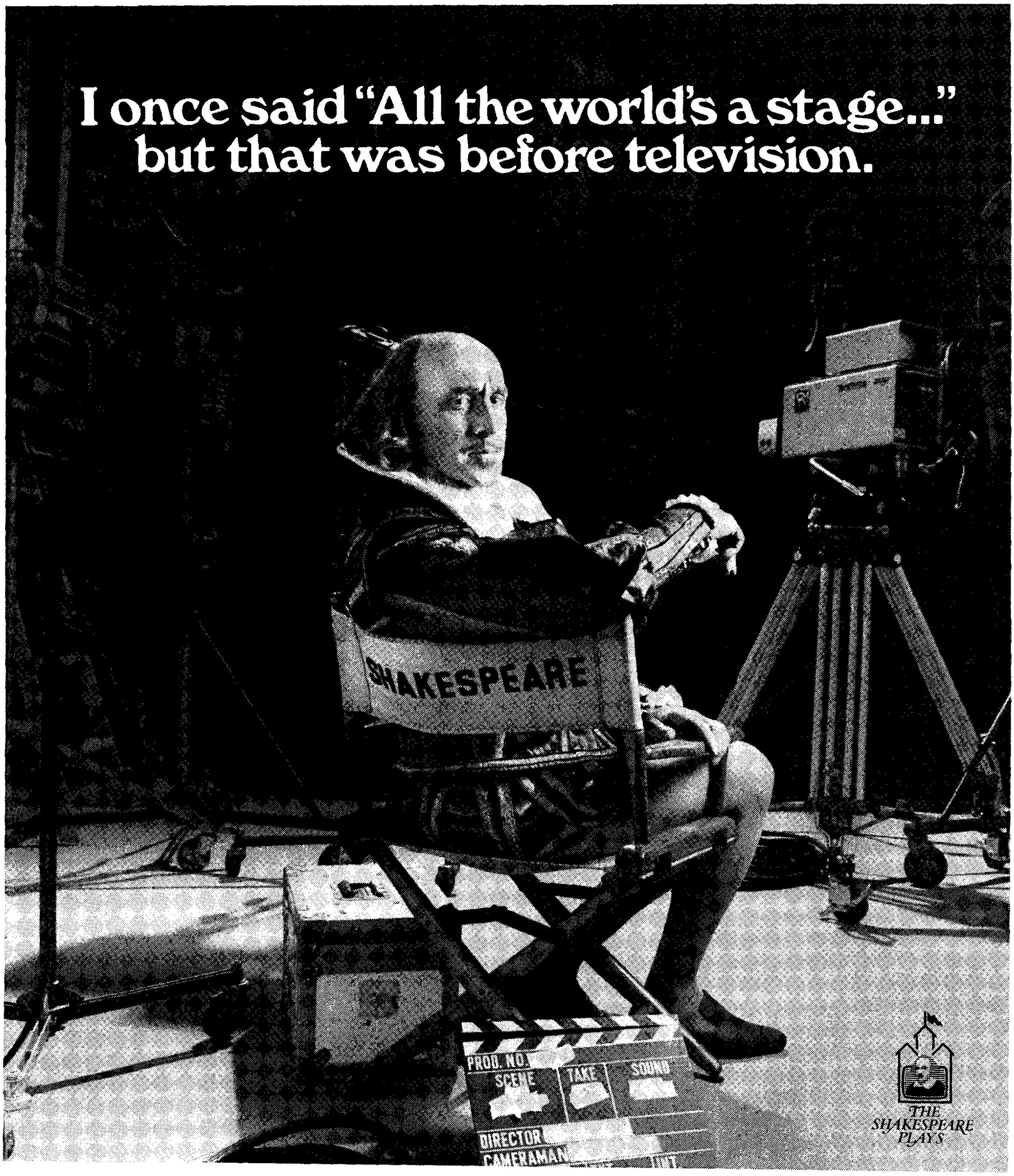
Otto subscribed to—among other publications—*Fortune*, *America* (Jesuit-edited), and *U. S. Photo*. The last of these often featured, in those pre-*Playboy* days, artistic photographs of nude women, posed, say, interestingly but not very informatively, in strong effects of sun and shadow. Once a year, he would have a stag session with two or three friends—a short vacation in which they would simply move into one or another of their homes (generally 630 Runnymede) for two or three days, play golf by day and cards by night, and get through an iceboxful of Pabst. Although, according to his friend Jack Taylor, Otto fitted into the top rank of Dayton industrialists like a rattlesnake, and some of them considered him a traitor to his group, he was accepted in certain onerous honorary posts—as a trustee and member of the finance committee of the Dayton Philharmonic Orchestra Association and as head of the committee at the Moraine Country Club which arranged a tournament one year for the Professional Golf Association, thereby earning him some kudos from those who generally thought of him as a dangerous Democrat. For me, the most important day of the year, apart from Christmas, was one I shared with Otto—January 6th, the day between my birthday, on the fifth, and his, on the seventh, when we celebrated with a cake decorated with the initials "OLS" and "TB." The number of candles was worked out by methods that varied from year to year, on one occasion being computed from my age divided into his and doubled. We blew the candles out together.



IN Dayton, as in other places to which English children were sent during the war, America had its effect. Many evacuees did not want to go home. English girls with English-rose complexions and names like Valerie and Heather gradually became bobby-soxers. Their feet beat time to songs crooned by Frank Sinatra and the Mills Brothers—such songs from America's heartland as "I'm Going to Buy a Paper Doll" and "Mairzy Doats and Dozy Doats and Liddle Lamzy Divey." Their world was the world of Hollywood and Tin Pan Alley; Detroit and the World Series; making the team or cheerleading; dating; eating ice-cream sodas at a drugstore soda fountain; smoking . . .

One day, in the butler's pantry, Debbie showed Tony S. and me how to smoke. It was James' day off. Beside the sink was a drawer in which were kept cartons of cigarettes: Kools—which Otto smoked—Chesterfields, and Lucky Strikes. We took a dark-green pack of Luckies, whose snappy name was backed up by the insidious slogan "L.S./M.F.T."—"Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco"—which some advertising genius had sent forth to work itself into the brain cells of the nation. Debbie showed us how to hold the cigarette in a poised manner between two fingers, and how, having breathed in a mouthful of smoke, to get it to emerge smoothly through the nostrils. I felt slightly dizzy at this dusky foretaste of countless Old Golds, Gold Flakes, and Gauloises that I was to consume between the ages of eighteen, when I started smoking regularly, and thirty-two, when I stopped.

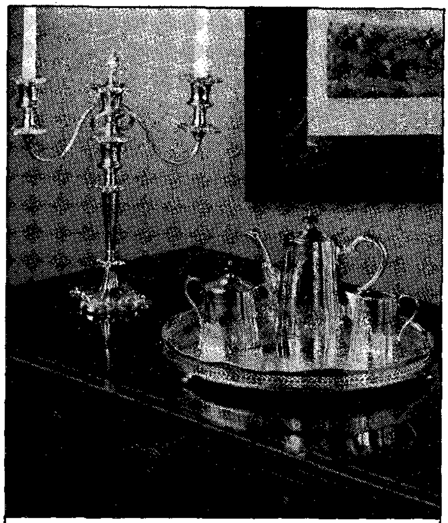
Debbie had her own radio. She seemed to me at one point, perhaps when she was twelve and a half, to be very grownup, even though she was all of two years older than I, and though she wore her lovely long brown hair in braids tied at the ends with ribbons. She had a way of putting a finger against one side of her mouth and pouting slightly—her mouth


I once said "All the world's a stage..." but that was before television.
SHAKESPEARE
PROD. NO.
SCENE
TAKE
SOUND
DIRECTOR
CAMERAMAN
THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS

Ah, television! What a marvelous and remarkable invention it is. And how infinitely wider in audience than my own humble Globe. I find it supremely satisfying that some of my friends and faithful supporters—Exxon, Metropolitan Life, and Morgan Guaranty—have joined again to bring you some more of my works in Season III of "The Shakespeare Plays" on public television. Produced by Jonathan Miller. Check your local listings for time and PBS station.

The Taming of the Shrew—January 26 *The Merchant of Venice—February 23* *Antony and Cleopatra—April 20*
All's Well That Ends Well—May 18 *The Winter's Tale—June 8*

Made possible by
Exxon, Metropolitan Life, and Morgan Guaranty



Barker Ellis, makers of fine collectible silver-plated holloware since 1801, once again brings to America the charm and elegant tradition of the English manor house. For those of discriminating taste, this beautiful silver may now be purchased at finer stores across the United States.

Barker Ellis
LEGENDARY ENGLISH SILVERSMITHS

P.O. Box 8096 / Fort Worth, Texas 76112

L.L.Bean
Spring 1981

L.L.Bean®
Outdoor Sporting Specialties

FREE Spring Catalog

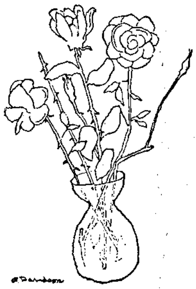
Fully illustrated. Features quality apparel and footwear for men, women and children; fishing, hiking, camping and canoeing gear. For 69 years L. L. Bean has offered practical and functional merchandise at reasonable prices. Many items of our own manufacture. All fully guaranteed.

☐ **SEND FREE CATALOG**

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ________ Zip ________

L. L. Bean, Inc.
893 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

twisting to one side and her cheeks hollowing into dimples—which made her look thoughtful. To me it was a pity she was away so much of the time at school in Arizona. Comparable to this admiration was the envy I felt for a boy I met at summer camp called Winterbotham—English, needless to say, his accent unmodified (at least to my ears) by his stay in America. He was seven years older than I was, and he was going back in the autumn of 1943, via Canada, to join up and help finish off the Jerries. I didn't know when I would be going back. But perhaps I envied him less for his returning to fight than because he seemed to be all of a piece—English Winterbotham, probably soon to be Flight Officer Winterbotham, as English as Stilton cheese, Bovril, and Hovis. I was already not of a piece. I was two things at least—English on occasion and also a regular Oakwood kid. I was double—like my doubled name, Tonybailey, needed to distinguish me from Tonyspaeth. I had two sets of parents, and sisters in Dayton and a sister in England. I had a past that was hardly known to my American family and a rapidly accumulating experience in Ohio that would never be totally conveyable to my parents in England. Otto, for example, had no idea of what it was like to ride a Southdown green double-decker bus to Fareham in the morning and walk up High Street to St. Benedict's School. Similarly, my father would have no conception of how it felt to sit on the fold-down seat in the back of the Cadillac or to be forced to eat asparagus—though he might, given the basic male interest in sports and cars, have been able to put himself in my shoes sufficiently to understand what it was like to root for the St. Louis Cardinals (as I did) or drool over designs for cars like the postwar Studebakers.



Of course, there were many things my mother and father were learning about that I would never find out, or would, at best, have only a glimmer of—for a start, what it was like to send a son, one of two children, three thousand miles or so into the somewhat unknown and certainly the unforeseen. Later, my mother used to say, with a wistful smile, "When you've got children of your own, you may understand." But I'm not sure that I have ever really grasped what it was like for her; to do so even now I would have to magnify the scarcely earthshaking effects of sending one of my teen-age daughters away for a week, and forfeit the familiarity with the transatlantic distance that for my mother must have been so daunting. She had, moreover, no way of knowing how the war would turn out. Hitler might successfully invade Britain. I might be stuck in a diminished democratic enclave of a world dominated by the Third Reich. It must have seemed quite possible, as she stood on the steps of Edenholme waving goodbye to me, that she would never see me again.

I didn't worry much about the dangers of war to my parents and my sister, Bridget. I assumed that they would be fine, be well, be fit, in accordance with the dutiful expressions of hope to that effect which ended my weekly letters. I could draw pictures of air raids and dogfights over England, even visualize the gunfire and bomb blasts, and not associate them with anyone in my family. Yet the bombs were hitting Southampton, five miles from Park Gate—were exploding and burning not only in the dock yards but in residential streets like Rose Road, where my mother's family, the Molonys, lived at No. 5. One night, during a German air raid, the house next door to theirs was directly hit. Although windows were smashed and walls were cracked at No. 5, the Molonys were safe under their Morrison steel table, a home bomb shelter, which protected them from large pieces of ceiling plaster; but the next day my grandfather came out from the city on the train to visit my mother, and as he walked up the unpaved lane from the station, uphill past the fighter-plane repair works, his legs began to disobey his brain. When he reached the gate of Edenholme, he could only shuffle, and he was unable to speak clearly. My mother put him to bed. We had no phone, and she had to cycle a mile to the doctor's. Granddad had had a stroke. My grandmother was summoned by telegram and came out from Southampton; together with my mother, she nursed Granddad for the five remaining days of his life.

My father fretted because he was too old for immediate call-up. The bank he worked for wouldn't let him volunteer, and so he had to wait for the war to go on long enough for his age group to be conscripted. Meanwhile, he served in a Park Gate unit of the Home Guard—the middle-aged volunteer force, whose formation Churchill had proposed in October of 1939. It was formed in May of 1940, under the name Local Defence Volunteers, but soon reverted to being the Home Guard—Churchill's original suggestion; by the end of June, nearly a million and a half men had joined. In Park Gate, as all over Britain, the local men of property, old soldiers, farm workers, poachers, mechanics, and professional men turned out to train, go on route marches, and practice with whatever arms they could lay their hands on. In some places, it was shotguns and walking sticks, revolvers and knuckle-dusters. In Park Gate, by some quirk, the local Home Guard unit received an early shipment of Sten guns; the Sten was a simple, short-barrelled automatic weapon, which looked as if a plumber had made it but which—my father felt—could have done a lot of damage to any invaders. The Home Guard was prepared to block roads and lay hazards across fields and golf courses to deter enemy forces arriving by parachute and glider. Cricket pitches—sacred turf—were dug up and obstructed. Signposts and street names were removed; church bells ceased to ring, for they were to be sounded now as warning of invasion. The Home Guard kept watch on the sky and the sea, and checked vehicles at roadblocks. My father's unit was enlivened by the presence of a local strawberry grower called Billy Cleves, who liked to see that he and his colleagues were comfortable on duty. On one occasion, he brought along a primus stove for boiling the teakettle, and was miffed when he was ordered to remove the blazing object from the packing case on which it stood—the case being full of hand grenades.

The Home Guard was fortunately never put to the test; its members retained their confidence that they would have come out of the real thing well. The Luftwaffe didn't win air control over the Channel, and Hitler diverted his interest to the East. My father, when he was at last called up, did his basic training in the Army, climbed Mount Snowdon in midwinter as part of a workout for becoming an officer, and was commissioned in the Pioneer Corps, which performed all sorts of dogsbody duties. He reached the rank of captain, took part in the bloodless invasion of the Channel Islands, and helped run a prisoner-of-war camp. He

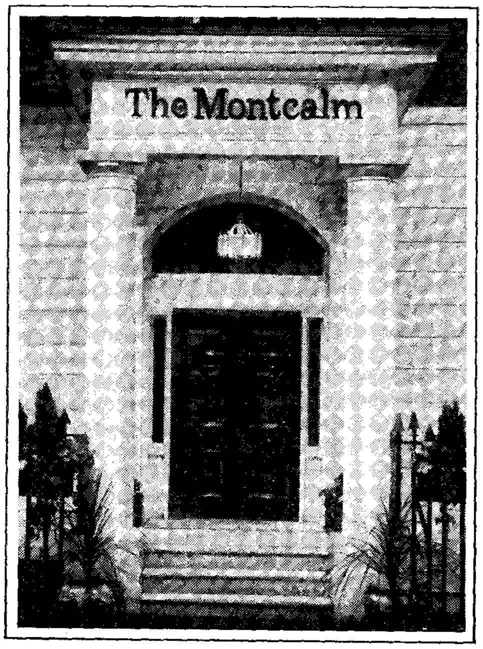
DRY DON
SANDEMAN

DISTINCTIVE. NUT-LIKE. INTRIGUING.

The flavorful change from your usual white wine: Dry Don Amontillado. The nut-like sherry with the distinctive flavor. Wake up your taste. Soon.

SANDEMAN JEREZ SPAIN
IMPORTED BY CHATEAU & ESTATE WINES COMPANY, N.Y.

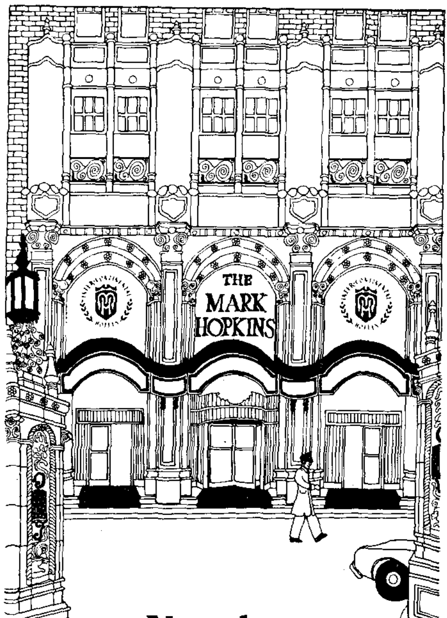
DRY DON SHERRY
"What a pleasant change!"



There's a small hotel in London where the tradition of gracious living is as flawlessly maintained as its original Georgian entrance.

Its setting, a quiet West End enclave. Inside, a hundred-twenty richly accoutered guest rooms and duplex suites; an elegant bar and restaurant; a chic discotheque; and upstairs and down, service which may even surpass the requirements of our clientele.

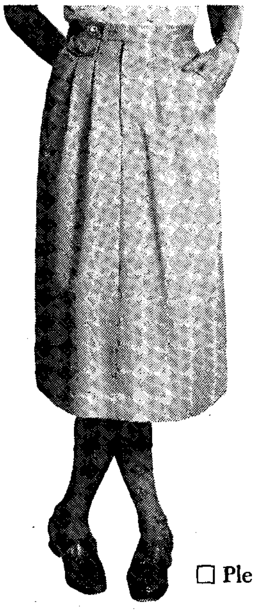
The Montcalm
Great Cumberland Place • London W1A 2LF • England • Tel.: (01) 402-4288. Telex: 28710
For reservations, see your travel agent or call LRI, Inc. in your area toll-free.



Number One Nob Hill... another fine Inter-Continental address.

THE Mark Hopkins
AN INTER•CONTINENTAL HOTEL
San Francisco
Reservations 800 327-0200
(in Florida 800 432-2673)

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939



Classic Cotton Blend Chino Pleated Skirt $36

Our pleated skirt of cotton blend chino combines traditional good looks with wash-and-wear convenience. This versatile skirt welcomes a wide variety of blouse and sweater patterns and styles. Zipper front, button flap tab. In British tan. Sizes 6 to 16.

☐ Please send catalogue.

A1A261

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robert Kirk, Ltd.
No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108 (415) 397-7733
Skirt(05501A): Size ________ Colour________
☐ Check ☐ Master Card ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card #________ Expir.______
Add $2 ship., hdlg.; Cal. delivery add sales tax
Name________
Address________
________ Zip______

had the usual amount of military hurry-up-and-wait, with a good deal of time in which to worry about his wife and daughter at home and to wonder about me overseas.

But for my mother the worry was even worse. Those events that occurred in the backwater of Park Gate tended to be of the worrying kind: my grandfather's collapse and death; my sister's getting whooping cough and then appendicitis and only just reaching the hospital in time; several years of nights spent intermittently with Bridget in the air-raid shelter; and letters from or to me getting lost or delayed. What had happened to the parcel of clothes that Eloise had mentioned sending three months before? What could my mother do for distressed Mrs. Deal, whose son Rupert had been declared *missing in action?* My mother had the power to imagine how other people felt—and in most cases this meant that she spent a lot of time worrying for them. Those swift (for me) wartime years were for her a lifetime of anxieties about all the lives that even slightly impinged on hers. Her worries included past events that had been successfully resolved or bypassed as far as we were concerned—like my voyage to America and the London blitz. Her memory re-created my journey and her worries then, and although she tried to close those thoughts off with such remarks as "Wasn't Tony lucky?," they came back again and again.

My mother stood in lines at grocery shops. She kept a ledger showing tins of food put by—vegetables, jam, condensed milk, Golden Syrup, gravy salt, corned beef, lambs' tongues—and ticked them off in the margin as she used them. In the ledger, she also kept her accounts: rent of four pounds a month; local property rates of nine pounds twelve shillings a year, plus twenty-four shillings for water; an Edenholme electricity bill just over three pounds for the quarter ending in June of 1942. Three pounds (roughly twelve dollars) was sent every month to the Spaeths to help feed and clothe me—a token amount to the Spaeths but significant to her. For several months in the summer of 1942, two Canadian commandos were billeted in the house, and each paid a weekly rent of one pound five shillings, which surely helped. The garden at Park Gate produced a fine crop of fruit, and my mother bottled gooseberries, plums, and loganberries, and made jam—seventy pounds of it in 1942, along with ten pounds of lemon marmalade. All this was noted in the ledger. She kept a list of the people she sent Christmas cards to, putting first those who were abroad and to whom cards would have to be mailed early. She gave Christmas tips to the baker, who delivered; the dustmen, who collected garbage; the grocer's boy; the milkman; the window cleaner; the postman. It was as if these things had to be recorded to help her impose an order on existence, which otherwise might not be there.

Just before D Day, the roads and lanes in all that part of Hampshire were crammed with military vehicles—in Park Gate, a Canadian armored squadron, whose tank crews were lodged in local houses, two at Edenholme. One afternoon that May, my mother and Bridget were in the garden when a pair of twin-engined Messerschmitts came over low, and my mother saw the bullets or cannon shells thudding into the ground around her as she threw Bridget down and herself on top of her. The planes' fire hit the first in a line of tanks. Ammunition exploded. The Canadians ran out and got their machines going and drove them to a safe distance as the burning tank blew up, shattering back windows in Duncan Road. Mother kept in touch with one of her Canadians; the other was killed in the Normandy landings.

The worry that sat in the back of her mind was about me: Was I growing away from them? When and how would I come home?

AS the war went on, the parents of some children shipped abroad became restless. They—or, at any rate, the optimists among them—had thought that the evacuation was to be merely for a while, until the Germans were given a quick comeuppance and life carried on as before. Those who had put down their children's names for public schools saw the age of entry approaching and passing and their progeny's chances disappearing of getting on what still seemed then the indispensable ladder of British education and success. Now they wanted to know what was being done to bring their children home. Questions were asked in Parliament. As a result of this, several hundred children were shipped from North America to neutral Portugal by a Portuguese ship, and were then stranded in Lisbon, unable to get any farther. In the House of Commons, Quintin Hogg (Conservative), now Lord Hailsham, asked if the

Secretary of State for Air would provide air transport to Britain for these children, and wasn't much assisted by the answer he got from the Minister concerned, Sir Archibald Sinclair: "Resources . . . strained . . . urgent requirements of the war . . . Operations going on in the Mediterranean now . . . Christmas mail to the troops . . . Weather is very bad. . . . With the best will in the world I am afraid there will be a long delay."

Since my parents were anxious to know how the matter stood, letters were exchanged with the evacuation committee. The committee's secretary, Miss Noël Hunnybun, told my parents in August of 1943 of the difficulties of the Lisbon route and its expense—the fare being two hundred and twenty pounds for an adult, with an unspecified reduction for children under twelve, as I was by two years in 1943. The chances of getting a berth on the North Atlantic route, the only other way, were negligible, said Miss Hunnybun, since these berths were reserved for military and government people or boys and girls reaching the age when they could join one of the services. In February of 1944, however, Miss Hunnybun wrote again, to say that, although the previous conditions still applied, there was "just a possibility that Anthony might be able to return by what we call a special sailing." This, she explained, was by naval transport. "A few boys have had this opportunity, and I might be able to arrange it." The cost was a nominal ten pounds, which covered passage and food. No binding commitments were made about the voyage. Waivers saying that the British government or the Admiralty would not be held responsible in the event of calamity or injury would have to be signed by my parents. No details could be given beforehand, and the port of arrival would be kept secret—though once the children had landed "opportunities are given to telegraph or telephone their relatives." In mid-September, after my parents had signed and sent back the waivers and their separate agreements, Miss Hunnybun replied with bad news. "I regret to tell you that special sailing facilities may not be available," she wrote. Would my parents therefore like me to sail by ordinary North Atlantic steamer, on which an occasional passage could be had for thirty-five pounds? Yes, they said. But the next letter from Miss Hunnybun, on October 25th, was a surprise. She wrote to my father at his

The Nile to Jerusalem
17 Days from $1465 to $1620
All Prices Include Air (N.Y. & Return) & Land.

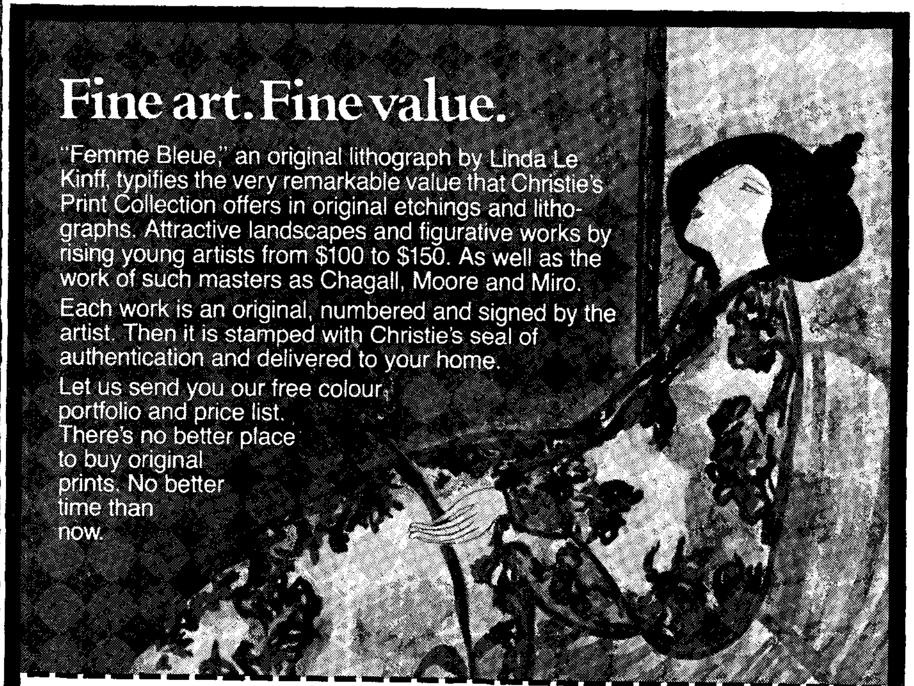
NILE CRUISES
22 Days with
5 Day Hilton Cruise
24 Days with
5 Day Sheraton Cruise
from $2145 to $2370

EGYPT...on its own
11 Days with Sheraton Nile Cruise
$1599 to $1699
12 Days with Hilton Nile Cruise
$1629

ISRAEL...on its own
15 Days $1150 to $1375.
13 Days $1115 to $1310.
12 Days Hilton
$1245 to $1260.

See your Travel Agent or call or write Unitours for our illustrated brochure.

UNITOURS
UNITOURS, inc., new york
60 East 42nd Street, New York, NY 10165
(212) 949-9500
Toll free out of NY State • (800) 223-1780



Fine art. Fine value.

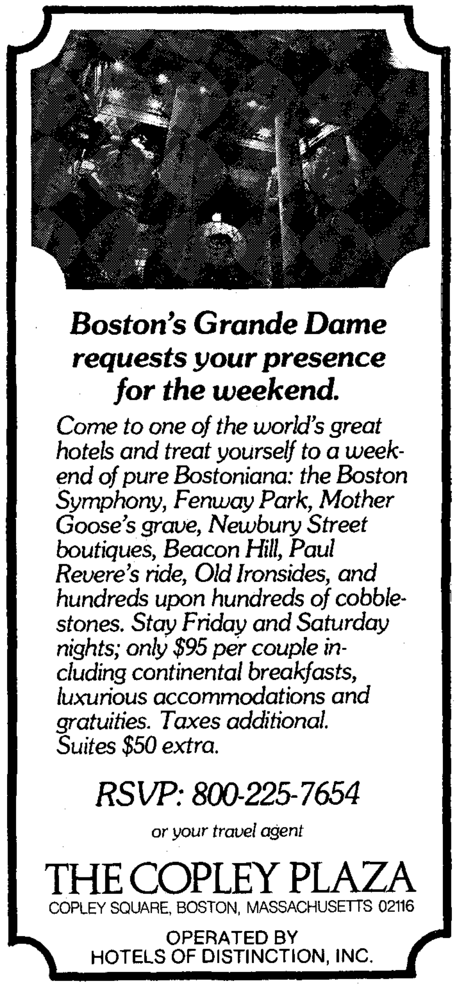
"Femme Bleue," an original lithograph by Linda Le Kinff, typifies the very remarkable value that Christie's Print Collection offers in original etchings and lithographs. Attractive landscapes and figurative works by rising young artists from $100 to $150. As well as the work of such masters as Chagall, Moore and Miro.

Each work is an original, numbered and signed by the artist. Then it is stamped with Christie's seal of authentication and delivered to your home.

Let us send you our free colour portfolio and price list. There's no better place to buy original prints. No better time than now.

Christie's Print Collection
For free colour catalogue and price list mail to:
Christie's Print Collection
Expediters, 527 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Name ____________________
(Please Print)
Address ____________________
City __________ State ______ Zip ______
NY 1-26-81K



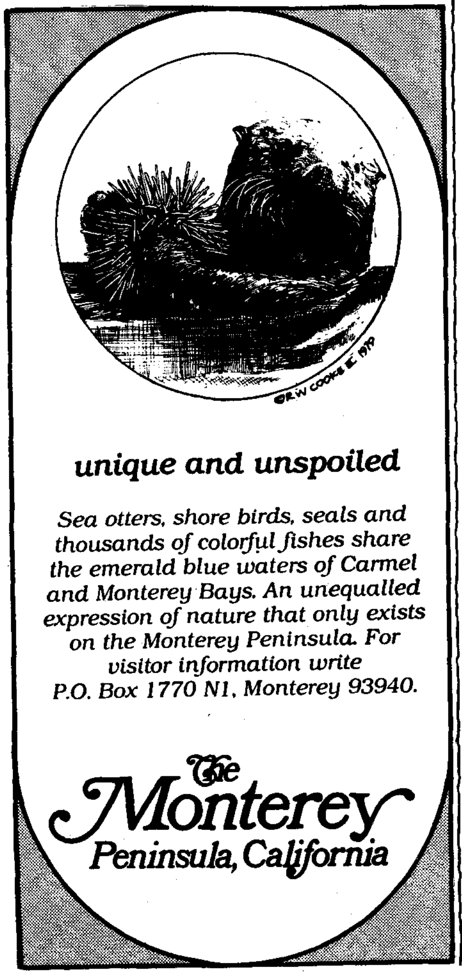
Boston's Grande Dame requests your presence for the weekend.

Come to one of the world's great hotels and treat yourself to a weekend of pure Bostoniana: the Boston Symphony, Fenway Park, Mother Goose's grave, Newbury Street boutiques, Beacon Hill, Paul Revere's ride, Old Ironsides, and hundreds upon hundreds of cobblestones. Stay Friday and Saturday nights; only $95 per couple including continental breakfasts, luxurious accommodations and gratuities. Taxes additional. Suites $50 extra.

RSVP: 800-225-7654

or your travel agent

THE COPLEY PLAZA
COPLEY SQUARE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02116
OPERATED BY
HOTELS OF DISTINCTION, INC.



unique and unspoiled

Sea otters, shore birds, seals and thousands of colorful fishes share the emerald blue waters of Carmel and Monterey Bays. An unequalled expression of nature that only exists on the Monterey Peninsula. For visitor information write P.O. Box 1770 N1, Monterey 93940.

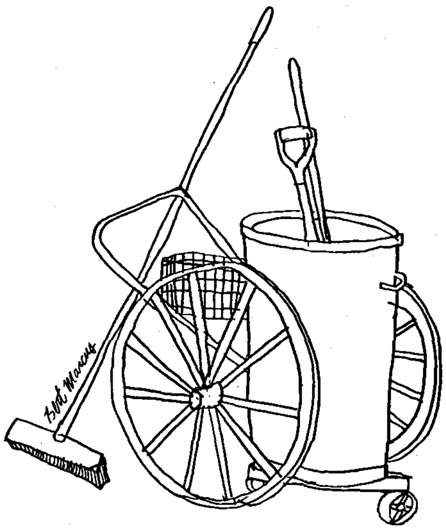
The Monterey
Peninsula, California

Army post to tell him that she had just received a cable: I was on my way—by special sailing, she believed. "This is very exciting news, is it not, and I am sure that you and your wife must be very pleased at the prospect of seeing Anthony again. He may turn up at any time within the next ten days or a fortnight, maybe sooner, but we cannot give you any exact date of arrival." For security reasons, the committee was not told of the arrival of ships, so she counted on hearing from my parents when I got home, in order that the New York headquarters of the committee could be notified of the happy return. Another letter came to Edenholme—this one from the committee in New York. This was "to point out again the need for secrecy in connection with the return of children to England," and said, "Even after Anthony's safe arrival home, it is requested that the arrangements whereby he travelled not be discussed with anyone not directly concerned with them."

In the best wartime fashion, my return to England had a code name—Operation Theodore. Why Theodore, I never discovered. I had graduated (an ornate word for so ordinary an event) from Harman Avenue Grade School in June and was just getting used to walking through the long corridors of Oakwood Junior High, carrying my books from class to class, and turning up for football practice. And suddenly it was goodbye. I said farewell to my teachers and classmates. I gave Fred Young—who used to trade war posters with me—my poster collection. Harry Ebeling and I exchanged address cards that we had printed on a toy rotary press, with rubber type, which I'd been given the previous Christmas. Bill Bettcher and I wished each other luck in future track-and-field events, now that we would no longer be running against each other. Mr. Zook, the Oakwood principal, wrote a "To Whom It May Concern" note, to smooth my reëntry into the British school system, saying that in the six weeks of junior high I had averaged ninety out of a hundred, and that "Tony has a fine attitude toward his work and we think highly of him." I ceded all rights in the newspaper route to Tony Spaeth, and left him many of the things that I could not take with me: half-finished model planes; books; the little printing press; and—what it really hurt to leave behind—a weighty microscope that Otto had given me. It was matte black and stainless steel, beautifully engineered by Bausch & Lomb, with tiny geared wheels that enabled one to make intricate adjustments to angle and focus, and a heavy base that held it rock solid on a table. Through this wonderful device I looked at leaves and snowflakes—the latter placed on a slide that, at Otto's suggestion, had been cooled in the icebox before being rushed out to the snow and then in again with its fragile cargo. T.S. and I also examined less immediately perishable matter, like pieces of fingernail and lumps of bubble gum.

When it was time to go, Tony Spaeth and I gave each other manly handshakes and promised to write frequently, and Otto gave me a hug strong enough to be remembered for a lifetime. "We will see you again," he said—and the "we" seemed not just plural, encompassing him and his family, but regal: a command that would have to be obeyed. Then Eloise and I boarded the 5 P.M. train for New York, and it was once again the excitement of a Pullman berth, the never-diminished thrill of being drawn by a steam locomotive, and, in the morning, as I went to the washroom, with its spring-loaded taps, the faintly sooty, gritty feel of things; outside, the river with flocks of barges; and then, at 8 A.M., the great station, vaulted with stars.

We stayed at the Madison Hotel, on East Fifty-eighth Street, and waited for further orders. After only a day or so of visits to Automats and the tops of skyscrapers again, we received word to report to the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel, on Central Park South. This hotel served as a shore base for British Navy personnel during the war. There I was told I was part of Operation Theodore. And there Eloise handed me over to a young woman who was to



put me aboard the special sailing. As Eloise fondly said goodbye, she asked me if there was anything I particularly needed before I sailed. I thought. I gave the offer serious consideration. At last, I said, Well yes, I would like a watch—perhaps as a practical matter, understanding that I would need to know the time on a ship (though not realizing yet that timekeeping would be complicated by the fact that as we sailed east we would lose part of an hour every day), and perhaps also out of straightforward eleven-year-old acquisitiveness. Eloise was dismayed by my answer. Where could she get a watch at that moment? However, fortune smiles on those who speak up on such occasions, for my young lady escort was wearing a chunky Bulova, which she was prepared to relinquish. It was slipped off her wrist and onto mine. (Eloise took her name and address, and, in return, sent her several pairs of almost-impossible-to-get nylon stockings.)

The ship that I boarded, with a dozen other youths, in Brooklyn, on October 21, 1944, was H.M.S. Ranee—high-sided, flat on top, coal gray in color. It was several moments before I recognized the Ranee as a ship rather than a shipyard warehouse. The Ranee had begun life a year and a half earlier as the merchant vessel Niantic, but before she left her builders, at the Seattle-Tacoma shipyard, destiny, in the form of the lend-lease authorities, intervened. She was to become an escort carrier and be transferred to the Royal Navy. Part of the ship's interior was converted into hangars, elevators, and aircraft-maintenance areas. A flight deck covered the entire hull, and from it on one side amidships rose a small superstructure. This was the "island," which contained the captain's castle and the aircraft-control station, which, in turn, contained the wheelhouse, the bridge, the chart room, the signal platform, and a trelliswork tower of radar and radio equipment sticking up from it. Just below the walkways along either side of the flight deck, small balconies called sponsons jutted out, carrying the Ranee's armament—two four-inch guns and sixteen 40-mm. cannons, which were Bofors or Oerlikon high-angle guns, meant for repelling enemy planes. Smoke from the engines discharged through vents on either side of the flight deck instead of through funnels. When the Ranee was operating as an escort carrier, she carried twenty-four aircraft, but on this voyage

BROWNSTONE STUDIO

SEE FOR YOURSELF—
how practical our magnifying glass on a golden chain is for reading theater programs, menus, phone books—for checking out hallmarks, for reading those all-important footnotes. And—see for yourself what a handsome necklace and pendant it is too. 30" golden snake chain with barrel clasp; optically ground glass with a sleek, easy-to-grasp gilt bamboo handle. Wonderful to have—wonderful to give. By Accessocraft. $12.50

Add $1.20 shipping.
In N.Y. State add sales tax. Check, M.O., American Express Visa/BankAmericard, Master Charge.

"UPSTAIRS"
the Brownstone Boutique
on the 22nd floor at
342 Madison Ave., Dept. N3
New York, N.Y. 10173

Write or call for our
FREE RESORT/SPRING BROCHURE
Call 'Round-the-Clock Toll-Free
800-221-2468
In N. Y. State call Toll-Free
1-800-442-8422
In New York City call
953-1170

The English Butler's Table
On Sale.

$68

We've taken a bit off our classic Butler's Table for a limited period. Mahogany with solid brass hinges. 16" high, the top is 25" x 35"—$68 plus $8 shpg/hdlg. Minor assembly is required. To expedite your order telephone us or send check or money order or charge MC, VISA, AE or DC. Please include your expiration date Send $2 for our color catalogue.

The Bombay Company

P. O. Box 53323—Dept. 68
New Orleans, Louisiana 70153
CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-535-6876
(In Louisiana call 504/891-4415)
Stores: New Orleans • Dallas • Houston

No Load's Too Heavy
No Chore's Too Tough
for the rugged, amazingly versatile Garden Way Cart!

NOW "WHEEL AWAY" HEART & MUSCLE STRAIN WHILE YOU "FREE-UP" MORE TIME FOR FUN!

The Incredible Garden Way Cart!

Yes, handle HUNDREDS of tough, time-consuming chores with ease! Our perfectly-balanced, all-purpose Cart lets you wheel BIG, HEAVY loads up to 400 pounds – over rocks, thru mud and even UP hills...with JUST ONE HAND!

That's not all! From hauling away huge loads of leaves, to wheeling trash cans to the curb, this honest-to-goodness WORKSAVER will serve you day in and day out, ALL 4 SEASONS OF THE YEAR!

FREE DETAILS. We'll send you complete details about all 3 Cart Models and show you in actual photos JUST SOME of the amazing things this incredible Cart can do! So mail coupon NOW!

GARDEN WAY RESEARCH, Charlotte, Vermont 05445

Garden Way Research, Dept. A884
Charlotte, VT 05445

☐ YES! Please rush me full, illustrated details about the incredible Garden Carts and include info on low-cost Build-It-Yourself Cart Kits!

Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______

© 1981 Garden Way, Inc.

Armstrong House™
decorative accessories catalog

Armstrong

Page after page of decorator selected accents, from fun and practical items to exquisitely hand-crafted artwork can be found in our catalog. Beautify your home . . . or find unforgettable gifts. Send $2.00 for the next 3 issues.

Armstrong

Direct Response, Inc.*
Dept. 12SNY, 313 W. Liberty St.
Lancaster, Pa. 17604

Enclosed is $2.00 for the next three issues of *Armstrong House.*

Name ______
Address ______
City State Zip

*A subsidiary of Armstrong World Industries.

she was to be a freighter, carrying planes only as cargo. Thus, the hangars—huge garages—were filled and much of the flight deck was covered with planes, their wings folded up—seventy in all, crammed together like poultry trussed for shipment.

We were signed on board. I was handed my copy of my entry certificate as a Boy, third class. The certificate was marked "unofficial" but recorded my height as five feet three, my chest measurement as twenty-nine inches, my hair as fair, my eyes as hazel, my complexion as fresh, and my identifying features as "scar behind the right ear"—a memento of a mastoid-draining operation when I was five. Lieutenant Commander Wynne Jones, a New Zealander and First Lieutenant of the Ranee (that is, the second in command, popularly known as No. 1, Jimmy the One, or the Jimmy), welcomed us in the officers' wardroom. There we were briefed on shipboard routine. We were then shown around those parts of the ship where we were allowed to be, and were assigned our cabins, in each of which two of us were bunked. Even to someone of my unimperious height of five feet three, everything in the cabin seemed low and confined. There were no portholes, for the cabin was on an interior corridor running across the ship. Lagged pipes and conduits were fastened below the cabin ceiling. In the top bunk, my berth, I had to be very careful when I sat up, so that the mark of a pipe or a steel beam wasn't left on my scalp. A gray steel wardrobe included a hanging locker, drawers, a desk, and a small safe, for which no one gave us the combination. In the corridors that ran within the ship, frequent bulkheads had to be negotiated by means of doorways that could be sealed with watertight doors. When you went through such a doorway, you had to step over the high sill and duck your head at the same time.

We were informed about signals we would hear from the loudspeakers in the passageways—bells for getting up, falling in on parade, standing easy, presenting ourselves for meals, and piping down, which meant lights-out and bed. Reveille was at 06:30. Cocoa and biscuits were served in the wardroom to get us under way. At 06:50, we were to fall in alongside the forward elevator for physical training, then have a bath and change. At 07:35, it was time for breakfast. At 08:30, we were to report to our posts to act as messengers and do any jobs

A WISE DOLLAR INVESTMENT

White Sand Dollars woven on a navy polyester tie and D-Ring web belt.
01 TIE $12.75 p.pd.
02 BELT (even sizes 24–40) $10.75 p.pd.
Send check or charge to Visa, Am. Express, Master Card or Carroll Reed Ski Shops.
Ask For Our New Catalog
The LANDFALL Collection
Dept. 766, North Conway, N.H. 03860

A new expression of elegance in Los Angeles

The Bel Air Sands Hotel
on Sunset Blvd at the San Diego Freeway
11461 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90049
Call (213) 476-6571
Outside California: 800-421-6649
In California: 800-352-6680

PRIME WHITE European Style VEAL
Tender, Juicy, Delightful
ALL VEAL SPECIAL TASTER-SAMPLER BOX:
Contains one 8 oz. pkg. each of our six best-selling Gourmet cuts — Prime Veal Scallops, Cutlet, Loin Chop, Rib Chop, Sirloin Steak and Filet Mignon.
$59 delivered*
*Zip Codes starting with 8 or 9 add 10% for Air Shipment.
2 each $109 3 each $169
GREAT GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS
Not sold in stores. Home deliveries nationwide.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
CALL TOLL-FREE 800 446-1749
In Va. call collect 804 985-3481
CREDIT CARDS
VIRGINIA VEAL FARMS
Box 1 Stanardsville, Virginia 22973

that the officers could dream up for us. At 09:00, we were to parade with the ship's company for daily divisions and prayers. At 09:30, lecture or instructions. At 10:30, stand easy. At 10:40, carry on—a comprehensive term apparently covering the activity that followed a tea break, meaning more instructions, lectures, or chores. At 11:30, lunch. At 12:30, messengers to their posts once more, and a routine for the afternoon that was similar to that for the mornings. At 16:00, afternoon tea. At 16:30, games. At 18:30, dinner. At 20:45, supper. At 21:00, rounds. At 21:30, pipe down. On the routine sheet that each of us was given, it said firmly, "All Boys are to be turned-in in their bunks immediately after this Pipe. Duty C.O. will inspect cabins to see that this is done."

The first night, as I was getting "turned-in," my surroundings and my anticipation of all this naval routine gave me the feeling that I was part of the war effort at last. My enthusiasm had not been dampened by the bluff petty officer who showed us how to find our way round the ship, instructed us in proper shipboard behavior, and described the Ranee's behavior in a seaway as "something fierce." "One hand for yourself and one for the ship" was the traditional advice he gave. When "action stations" were sounded, all Boys were to muster in the wardroom. The Ranee, we gathered from our guide, was considered by her crew to be a Woolworth carrier, or banana boat, and he advised us not to dawdle if we heard the sharply clanging bells announcing action or an emergency. "These are real coffin ships," he said cheerfully. "If they're hit by a torpedo, they go down like a stone."

BUT for the time being the Ranee floated—and also rocked, pitched, and rolled. I woke to the dim lights that were always on, and—hearing the ship rattling and vibrating—remembered where I was. As I stumbled to join my fellow-passengers at the first item on the schedule, I hung on to the rails and lifelines rigged along the passageways, and I took the first opportunity to find a porthole through which I could look out at the heaving Atlantic swell, gray in the gray dawn light. The convoy, heading northeast, seemed more purposeful than that in which I had crossed in the Antonia, four years before. There was a greater number of freighters and tankers, and there were more warships with them. Several frigates and corvettes were within view, bucking along in company with us—collies among the sheep, ready to dash off snapping and barking at any intruders. The white-flecked sea stretched away into haze, rain squalls, and—as the day cleared—the seemingly infinite horizon formed by the curved rim of the world.

Just what the Ranee's captain had said when he was informed that he was to carry thirteen boys back to the mother country I can now imagine. But since we were by nature enthusiasts of planes and ships, our delight in being where we were possibly made our presence less irksome among men who were trying to get on with running a ship and winning the war. The Ranee's officers and men seemed, at any rate, pleased to show off to us their occupations—whether it was the radar officer with his electronic equipment or an able-bodied seaman with waste cotton and oil cleaning the barrel of a Bofors gun. The prescribed message-carrying was clearly a job invented to keep us busy, and for a while it kept the officers busier inventing messages to be carried. The prayers and announcements that started the day reminded me of the summer camps I had gone to back in the Midwest, but the physical training that followed took the form of gym alongside the forward elevator and then, if the sea was sufficiently calm, running round the open part of the pine-planked flight deck. Several of the officers told us, under the heading "Lecture," of their experiences in various parts of the world; there were films and slide shows. If we'd been briefed on life in Britain, it might have been sensible to remind us of what we were coming back to: V-1 buzz bombs, or doodlebugs, and V-2 rockets, Hitler's last chance; powdered eggs, and books printed on dirty oatmeal paper; austerity; gray flannel shirts that felt scratchy and socks that needed elastic garters to hold them up at knee height; season tickets; single-element electric heaters that warmed you only if you stood directly in front of them. All in all, a life of such difference that it would seem brand-new and yet not as hard to adjust to as might have been expected.

The Ranee's radio operator told us about Morse code, and a signaller showed us how to send messages to nearby ships with an Aldis lamp. We watched gunnery practice, and afterward were allowed to sit in the gunners' dished-steel seats, turning the handles and looking through the gun

You can walk from our beach to the finest shops in the world.

In our backyard we have a white sandy Florida beach as big and wide as three soccer fields.

And outside our front door you'll find Neiman-Marcus, Saks Fifth Avenue, Martha, Gucci, Cartier, Lillie Rubin–40 of the world's most fashionable shops.

What's more, when it comes to dining and entertainment, we feature a spectacular musical revue in our Bal Masque Supper Club. A four-star restaurant. Plus lively music, live entertainment and dancing in our Emerald Lounge every night.

Right now, you can stay with us for as little as $42.50.

So see a travel agent for reservations, or call our toll free number today.

$42 50* per person

*Per night, per person, double occupancy. Children 17 and under in same room as parents, free. Rates subject to change without notice.

Call 800-325-3535

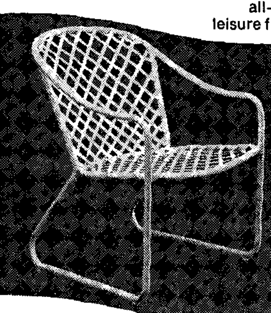
*In Missouri call 800-392-3500.

bal harbour

Sheraton Bal Harbour

SHERATON HOTELS & INNS, WORLDWIDE
9701 COLLINS AVENUE
BAL HARBOUR, FLORIDA 305/865-7511

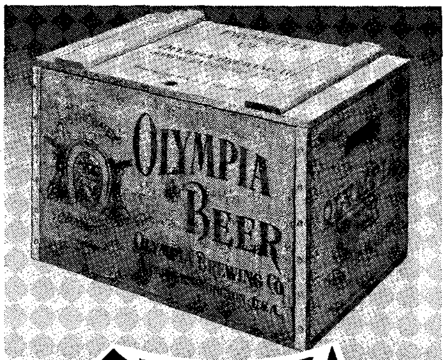
The Elegance Of
BROWN JORDAN
all-weather
leisure furniture



PRE-SEASON SALE!
SAVE 15%
Free Delivery Anywhere Continental U.S.A.
Worldwide Orders Prepaid to
Nearest Continental U.S. Port
Send $3.00 to Dept. N for NEW 1981
72 page Brochure, Price List and Color Chart.
Chair illustrated is from the Roberts SEVILLE Collection

Name
Address
City
State Zip

Roberts
our 61st year
75 Greenwich Avenue / P.O. Box 433
Greenwich, Conn. 06830 203-869-4610
One of America's largest retailers of Brown Jordan furniture.



OLYMPIA BEER®
WOODEN BOX OFFER
You'll find many uses for this genuine Ponderosa Pine wood beer box 18"x12"x11-3/4." Hinged construction for durability. Olympia antique graphics are embossed on replicas of beer boxes used at the turn of the century. Shipped fully set up in a mailer carton. *Your satisfaction guaranteed.* Only $19.95 each including taxes & shipping.

Oly Box Offer
P.O. Box 2008, Dept. 13
Olympia, WA 98507

Please forward
____ box(es) at $19.95

Enclosed is my check or money order for $ ______
Please charge my ☐VISA or ☐MASTERCHARGE card.
Please write your card number in the space below:
Mastercharge Inter Bank No. (above your name)
Expiration Date Required Mo. Yr.
X ______
(Your signature as it appears on credit card.)
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP
Prices include taxes and shipping charges. Offer good while supply lasts or until December 31, 1981. Offer good only in continental United States and void where prohibited or restricted by law.
©1980 Olympia Brewing Co., Olympia, WA

sights, imagining attacking planes coming at us. And it was while sitting in the cockpit of one of the Chance-Vought-Sikorsky Corsairs, lashed down at the aft end of the flight deck, that I suddenly missed Tony Spaeth. It was an eleven year old's sense of loss—mostly a matter of feeling Golly, how T.S. would envy me if he knew what I was doing! But I also wished that he were there, too; he would have loved it. The big naval fighter plane, designed for carrier use, had gull-shaped wings that folded up overhead, so that the planes took up less deck space between flights. I gazed at all the dials and instruments. I sat back in the high-shouldered seat, with all its straps and attachments; held the oxygen mask to my face; and looked overhead for Zeros and Messerschmitts. The aircraft rigger who was showing me the plane pointed out the button for firing the cannon, and the controls that made the plane bank and dive and climb.

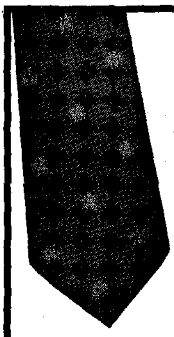
Because no planes were flying off the Ranee on this voyage, several large cabins were not being used. We sat and read in the operations room, where one wall was covered with cork board on which charts could be put up and pins stuck in to show pilots the positions of a convoy, escorts, and U-boats. Next door was the ready room, with a blackboard marked out in spaces for information to be chalked up about weather, wind, sunset, moonrise, enemy intelligence, and the like. This was the place where pilots, observers, and gunners ordinarily sat playing poker while waiting for the call "Hands to flying stations!"—the order to scramble. Here, sitting in the air-crew's fixed red leather chairs, we played game after game of Monopoly while the Ranee swayed and rumbled across the ocean. The game had a British board. Since we were sailing east, it made sense for us to be getting familiar with London topography instead of continuing to rattle round the streets of Atlantic City, as I had done when I played the game in Oakwood with Dricka Haswell and her brother. Now Mayfair and Park Lane were valuable again, and the London Midland Scottish Railway's dark-crimson livery came to mind for the first time in four years as I forked out two hundred pounds—not dollars—for King's Cross Station, near Euston Station, from which I'd gone north to Liverpool.

Although America was disappearing steadily behind us, we celebrated

The twenty-seventh anniversary of the
WINTER antiques SHOW

America's most prestigious show

Saturday, January 24th through Sunday, February 1st
Seventh Regiment Armory
Park Avenue at 67th Street
New York City
HOURS: Weekdays: 11 a.m.-9 p.m.
Sundays: 1-6 p.m.
Admission, $5.00
LOAN EXHIBIT
The four Centuries of Newport.
The Preservation Society of Newport County
DAILY SPECIAL EVENTS
For information, call (212) 292-7392
For the Benefit of East Side House Settlement



WELSH
DRAGON
TIE
Y Ddraig Goch, the Red Dragon of Wales, is shown on the traditional green background. It is also available on a blue background, or as a gold dragon on a maroon background. Polyester.
No. 2155 RED DRAGON TIE
$10.00
State color - red on green, red on blue, or gold on maroon. Please add $1.00 for shipping.
Check, Mastercard or Visa
Satisfaction Guaranteed Send for our unique catalog
Visit our Seattle store at 1523 NW Ballard Way
David Morgan
Box 70190, Seattle WA 98107
Telephone (206) 282-3300

Land of Legends
Mongolia
See breathtaking mosques and mosaics. Stay in remote nomadic tent camps. Explore the Gobi. Visit renowned Lake Baikal. Small groups, stimulating lectures. 22 days. Write for detailed itinerary.
Society Expeditions
Dept. NY-1
723 Broadway East,
Seattle, WA 98102
Name
Street
City/State/Zip
Please Include: ☐ New Guinea ☐ Patagonia ☐ Easter Island ☐ Galapagos ☐ Mongolia ☐ Tunisia ☐ Antarctica ☐ Amazon ☐ New Guinea & Melanesia ☐ New Guinea & Indonesia ☐ Singapore to Seychelles ☐ Seychelles to Red Sea ☐ Iceland & Greenland ☐ N. & West Africa ☐ China

Halloween on October 31st, at a party given by the Ranee's officers. They were often informally dressed in old gray flannels, polo-neck sweaters, and Wellington boots, but on this occasion they cast all seniority aside and entered into the spirit of trickery. As we arrived in the darkened wardroom, a weird wailing could be heard, and several ghosts jumped out at us. Our heads were ducked as we attempted to bob for apples. But later, after ice cream and cake, when the officers were having dinner, we took our revenge. The technique of pieing a bed was something most of us had learned in America. Refinements were to put various objects inside the sheet that was folded over halfway down the bed. So when the First Lieutenant and his colleagues had turned back into adults and were drinking pink gins or a glass of beer before dinner, we sneaked into their cabins and worked fast. In the First Lieutenant's bed we squeezed out a tube of toothpaste, and then we put his toothbrush and hairbrush between the pied sheet, too, for his toes to meet.

At the Sunday parade of the ship's company two days before, I had been admonished. My conduct sheet recorded the fact: "Tony Bailey was guilty of an act to the prejudice of Good Order and Naval Discipline in that he failed to comb his hair and polish his shoes." I was therefore "cautioned." Despite this misdemeanor, my final character assessment on the unofficial and not very serious Ranee report was "VG," and my efficiency was rated as superior. Under "General Remarks," which called for comments on intelligence, initiative, energy, and powers of command (or would have in the case of a proper crew member), Lieutenant Commander Wynne Jones overlooked the havoc wrought in his bunk and wrote, "Bright & intelligent. Fond of soap and water, and enjoys doubling round the flight deck. Can do his share of eating at mealtimes."

Then it was northern waters. Gray seas, gray clouds. D'ye ken John Peel who is far, far away? We rolled the dice, and crossed our fingers that we weren't going to land on Mayfair, with its hotel. Despite the routine and the games, the days were long toward the end of the voyage, and possibly I remembered them a few years later, at fourteen, when I had a spell of being interested in becoming a naval officer and got the forms for applying for a place at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, for eventually I decided that long periods at sea weren't for me—that there were other ways of satisfying my thirst for salt air, seawater, and boats. The convoy sailed around the north of Ireland and into St. George's Channel, and the Ranee, now on her own, moved slowly up a wide lough to a black-gray city with dark shipyard cranes hovering over the docksides. Belfast. Rain fell. Smoke from coal fires rose from thousands of chimneys. The Corsairs were unloaded. Then, with an empty flight deck, the Ranee ill-advisedly plunged out into St. George's Channel for the short final stage to the Clyde, and ran into the worst conditions that the area had known in November in many years. We hove to behind the Isle of Arran, in the Firth of Clyde, and waited thirty-six hours for the gale to abate: a night, a day, another night.

At least I wasn't seasick as the Ranee rolled like the proverbial village drunkard on a Saturday binge. Seasickness came a few years later, coeval with naval ambitions—and remained as a constant threat on voyages when those ambitions had lapsed. Late the next, misty morning, the Ranee sailed up the Clyde, the river banked with green hills, to the grimy waterfront of Greenock: shipyards, ships, tugs. The Boys of the Ranee were signed off after tea; autographs were scrawled over the manila envelopes containing our brief and undistinguished certificates of service. I shook hands with the officers and went down a gangplank to a dockside building, where a small wavy-haired woman hugged me—her action convincing me, after a few moments' reflection, that she must be more than the friend of the family or the aunt I first took her for. In the crowded overnight train going south to England, I slept against my mother's shoulder.

I BEGAN to write this account as an aid to memory, hoping to recapture, and thereby preserve, some of my past before it became irretrievable. Some things, however, have already vanished. I am dimly aware of them hovering tantalizingly just beyond the antennae of remembrance, waiting for the right prod or nudge from present experience or for the sudden tilt of mind or unconsidered action that stirs up the dust and reveals a little more of the past. But I am left, too, with several bits and pieces over, which I need to pile up here—tidily, at any rate, at the edge of the puzzle. The evacuation committee finally dissolved in the

Montaldo's

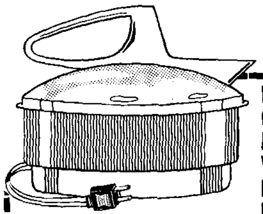
Our warm, lightweight, reversible parka.

The look is two parkas...both sides pure cotton 'Vikloth'™ reversing from natural to beige, navy, red or orange. Concealed hood; snap, zip and velcro closings; two-way entry pockets; drawstring bottom and hood; a throat latch and knife pocket. By Corinne Pulitzer for Lynnwood Classics. S-M-L sizes. $125.

Montaldo's: 220 N. Tryon St., Charlotte, N.C. 28202 and Winston-Salem, Durham, Greensboro, Raleigh, Richmond, Columbus, St. Louis, Denver, Colorado Springs. For mail orders write the Montaldo's nearest you. Please add the appropriate sales tax plus $1.50 handling charge.

No-burn electric kettle.

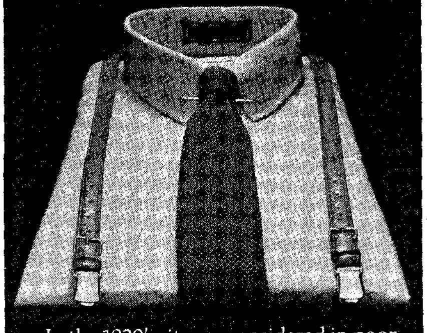
You'll never burn out the heating element of this 2-qt. electric kettle. An automatic switch turns off the heat if the kettle ever boils dry. Brings a quart of water to a rolling boil in four minutes. Stainless steel body. 8½" dia. For 115 volts AC. Unconditional guarantee.



Brookstone Company
Dept. LA127A
Vose Farm Rd.
Peterborough,
N.H. 03458

☐ Send me ____ electric kettles @ $29.50 ea., postpaid.
☐ Send me Brookstone's catalog "Fine Gifts."
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Visa
☐ American Express ☐ MasterCard
Card No. ____
Expires ____
Credit card phone: (603) 924-9511
Name ____
Address ____
City ____
State ____ Zip ____
I-5334-30
Brookstone

BRITCHES LEATHER SUSPENDERS



In the 1920's, it was considered in poor taste to allow one's "braces" to be seen in mixed company. Today you'll be proud to show your classic tan leather adjustable suspenders with solid brass clips. $27.50 postage paid.

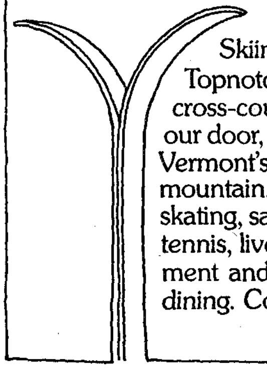
BRITCHES of GEORGETOWNE Fine Clothiers Since 1967

Please send____ pair(s) of leather suspenders @ $27.50 postage paid.
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Visa ☐ Master Charge
☐ American Express Exp. date____
Account No.____
☐ Please add me to your mailing list. 214
Name____
Address____
City____State____Zip____
Britches of Georgetowne, 1321 Leslie Ave., Alexandria, VA 22301, (703) 548-0200 (Monday-Friday)

summer of 1953, when—thanks to continued Spaeth interest in me—I was in Wisconsin picking apples and selling pictures. The ultimate total of children helped by the committee from 1940 to the end of 1952 was forty-one hundred and twenty-two—a figure that included refugees, orphans, displaced persons, and thirteen "stowaways accepted for care." By the war's end, thirteen hundred and fifteen children had arrived in the United States through the agency of the committee; that number included forty-two Spanish children, two hundred and nine German children, and eight hundred and sixty English children. The extensive model railroad that Otto had built for Tony Spaeth and me in the basement at 630 Runnymede Drive was given to an orphanage when the Spaeths sold the Oakwood house and moved to New York City. The Spaeths' chauffeur, James, went to work for the Haswells at that time, and stayed with them thereafter.

Coming back was a wrench for many children. Knowing that to be a possibility, some parents went to considerable lengths to make their sons and daughters feel welcome. Old toys were dug out of attics. Insofar as rations allowed, what had been a favorite food—bubble and squeak, toad in the hole, spotted duck—was produced and often didn't meet with quite the expected enthusiasm. One father, an owner of land in Sussex, planted a line of maples to remind his son of the North American fall foliage he was sure the boy would miss, and no doubt the warmth of the gesture was remembered despite the failure of the maples to turn red and gold in English soil and weather. Some parents and children were wary of one another; it took a while to recover familiar bearings. And some parents did what they had been dying to do: greeted their children and sent them straight off to boarding schools—perhaps fulfilling what the child felt to be the orthodox pattern of life but almost (a child might think as he underwent this second rupture) as if it were not good for parents and their offspring to see too much of one another. There was sometimes an unbridgeable gulf, particularly between fathers and teen-age girls: they had, in several senses, "grown away;" they never managed to cross the divide again. Eventually, many of the evacuated children returned to live in America and Canada, and make their lives there. A few felt always that they had gained an unfair

KICK GLIDE SMILE



Skiing at Topnotch includes cross-country from our door, downhill at Vermont's tallest mountain, sleigh rides, skating, sauna, indoor tennis, live entertainment and world-class dining. Come.

TOPNOTCH AT STOWE
Vermont's world-class resort.
Box 1260 N, Stowe, VT 05672 802-253-8585
Mobil 4-Star, AAA 5-Diamond.
Member "Leading Hotels of the World" and Relais et Châteaux

Spontaneous Fun!
Our new Sea Eagle Heavyweights™

Quality inflatable boats $100-$220
Because Sea Eagles are so easy to carry and inflate, you can have *real* boating fun—almost anywhere, anytime! Because Sea Eagles are deliberately overbuilt, you can rely on them for years to come. Write or phone for FREE color brochure: Sea Eagle, Dept. NY26, St. James, NY 11780 • phone 516-724-8900
SEA EAGLE

For Valentine's Day,

a bit of Vermont. Truly a beautiful gift that will "fill the bill" for those special people. Eight fluid ounces of pure Vermont maple syrup, eight ounces of maple cream, and four ounces of maple sugar, packed in a gold box, $12.95 P.P. Check, Visa, Master Charge. Vermont Exports, Ltd. Rochester, Vermont 05767

advantage by avoiding the toughest parts of the war—though of course it was not in their power to do anything about it.

My classmates at Oakwood Junior High went on to the varied pleasures and regrets of American school life—to football games, college-board exams, and homecoming balls. (At the seventh-grade Halloween Fancy Dress Party, which I missed by two weeks, Jane Rich won first prize, as an opera star. Johnny Houk came in second, as a student nurse.) Tony Spaeth now lives in Rye, New York, with his wife and four daughters; he is a vice-president for marketing of a large New York City bank. My friends Harry Ebeling and Fred Young still live in Dayton—Harry in Oakwood, a few blocks from Harman Avenue School, and Fred a few miles farther out, in a farmhouse built when that part of Ohio was first being settled, in the eighteen-twenties. Both Fred and Harry are successful lawyers.

I dallied with the idea of studying law. I was granted a scholarship by an Oxford college, which seemed to understand that that was my intention but which admitted me, I later learned, on the basis less of my exam papers in Latin, history, and French than of an essay I wrote on the set subject of "A Fête or Festival." What came to my mind as I sat in the college hall staring at the blank paper was a fair that Tony S. and I had been taken to at the Montgomery County Fairgrounds, on South Main Street; it was a spectacular mixture of circus, rodeo, historical pageant, and fairground sideshows. Perhaps I put into my essay not just a vivid recollection of the fair but a sense—which the historians among the examining dons may have appreciated—of a time and place not so very long before but already, as far as I was concerned, lost. When I went up to Oxford, after two years' national service in the Army, I studied history—in principle, at least, for I spent a good deal of time reading other things that took my fancy and writing poems and prose pieces. And eventually I found that I had decided—or that a decision had been taken in and around me—about what I would do, which was write. Like Tony Spaeth, I have four daughters. They were born in America, to which I returned on leaving university, looking for the continuation of the life that my American childhood might have prepared me for, and where I lived for fifteen years; and so I have entangled

Marriott's ESSEX HOUSE

In Manhattan, a breath of fresh air on Central Park.

More than two thirds of the businessmen and women who stay at the Essex House have been our guests before.

They come back for our location: near Fifth Avenue, Lincoln Center, Broadway, and the fashion district. Towering 42 stories over the Park.

They come back because they don't have to wait for breakfast in our parkside restaurant. They come back for our businesslike ambience and our view.

But most of all, they return for our impeccable service: wake-up calls that come on time. First-class room service.

They know they can count on Marriott to do it *right*.

Write for a brochure. For reservations, call direct (212) 247-0300, or toll-free 800-228-9290. Telex 12-5205.

Marriott's®
ESSEX HOUSE
160 Central Park South, New York 10019

LOOMTOGS

At fine stores everywhere or write
Loomtogs, 48 W. 38th St. New York 10018

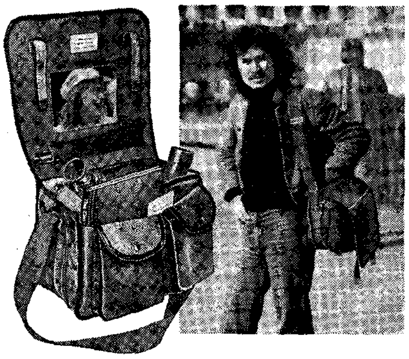
Class Action!

The intimate hotel on Chicago's Gold Coast.

Passing through the doors
guarded by this crest, demanding
executives experience a subtle
change. Yes, it is a different
Chicago you experience here.
The Ambassador West.

THE AMBASSADOR WEST
1300 North State Parkway
Chicago, IL 60610
Telephone (312) 787-7900
A Management Group Hotel

CALL TOLL FREE 800-621-8090 (except Illinois)
OR YOUR LOCAL LOEWS RESERVATION SERVICE



DANISH SOUPERBAG™

"The best device for carrying things ever invented." — ***New West*** Our classic, hard-working import carries books, magazines, chess sets, tape recorders, cameras, work tools, *scripts, records, small dogs*; features six nifty pockets, expandable sides, sturdy straps, wears like cold rolled steel, is generally splendiferous. Also, other Danish Souperbag carriers make interesting dinner companions. In squashy grey, cinnamon brown, smokey black, jade green, bright blue waterproof canvas. Practical gift. **$45** plus $2.50 shipping. Canada add $7. Brochure available.

THE CHOCOLATE SOUP
Dept. F 946 Madison Ave New York 10021

The Traditional Nightcap

The red cotton flannel classic in luxurious double layers to really keep you warm in bed. *(Physiologists have measured that 30% of body heat is lost through the scalp!)* **Home-made and hand-finished;** adjustable for snug fit. **$7.95 ppd.**

Putnam Antiques
3 Pond Rd., Middlefield, Mass. 01243

them, too, with that country, and entangled them with England as well, where we live most of the time now. I have—I sometimes think—lost America again. And, as before, I feel a need—which perhaps I will always have to try to satisfy—to regain and rediscover it.

There are advantages and disadvantages in this divided loyalty. I think occasionally that although in some respects having two countries in one's life hastens the growing-up process, in other respects it means that one takes twice as long to mature, for one has to learn how to cope with and integrate one's double childhood. I sometimes think that I am two Tonys, too. Certainly the experience has left me with a sense of being different, of being a passenger still on a special sailing, which has outlasted the usual, perishable feeling of uniqueness a child has. From time to time, this sense of difference—shared, I gather, with many others who were evacuees—promotes self-consciousness, or an awareness of distance from those who are simply *one thing or the other*, British or American. It means that people are occasionally unsure of me and my background. A man in a Hampshire shop the other day, hearing me ask for something, said, "You must be from Canada." It gives me a frequent fit of melancholy or nostalgia—when in Britain missing America, when in America missing Britain. But I set against these drawbacks, if that is what they are, not just the greater variety of choice and experience I have enjoyed but an impetus derived from those four childhood years in Dayton. I got from Otto and Eloise a belief in the perfectibility of life—or should I say, alongside original sin and man's animal nature, a belief in the need to seek such an ideal? In cardplaying terms, one should now and then shoot for the moon.

There are also the pleasures of having a family on each side of the Atlantic. When I got back to Park Gate, it became my duty to write to Otto and Eloise, just as I had written to my parents from Dayton. The bond stayed firm. And now when I visit America I always go to see Eloise, who continues to live in Manhattan, and in her apartment I find myself once in a while being introduced, or, rather, reintroduced, to people—there for drinks, perhaps—who knew the Spaeths in Dayton. With a gesture toward the forty-eight-year-old man at

THE LOST JEWS LAST OF THE ETHIOPIAN FALASHAS
BY LOUIS RAPOPORT
FOREWORD BY MEYER LEVIN

"For centuries the mysterious, fascinating black Jewish tribe of the Falashas has lived in remote Ethiopian villages, tantalizing historical analysis. Periodically lost to history and then rediscovered, the tribe is today on the verge of extinction."
—*Meyer Levin*

"History will judge us if we fail the Falashas in their hour of need. This book tells their story."
—*Simon Wiesenthal*

"... a disturbing document on an urgent issue." —*Elie Wiesel*

Send $13.95 (no handling charge) to Rimon press c/o Publishers Services P.O. Box 3914 San Rafael, CA. 94902

"The Lost Jews" is published by Stein and Day and is an alternate selection of the Jewish Book Club

Colonial, Comfortable, Charming

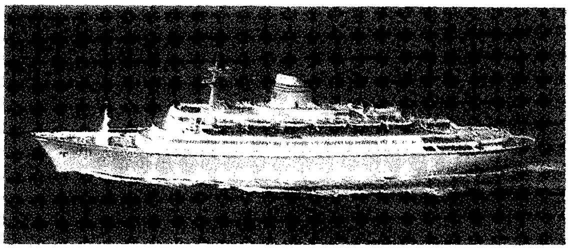
Here's the "Inn" place to stay if you enjoy luxurious living, superb service, magnificent meals and relaxing recreation. Across from Greenfield Village. Midway between Detroit and Metro Airport. Write. Or call Toll Free 1-800-327-9157.

The Dearborn Inn
Dearborn, Michigan 48123

If You Love Words,
you'll love **VERBATIM**, The Language Quarterly, dealing with all aspects of language. Send $7.50 (U.S.) or $8.50 (elsewhere) for a one-year subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased. Allow 6 weeks.
VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 668LU ESSEX, CT 06426 U.S.A.

THE UNUSUAL-BY-MAIL CATALOG. The ultimate sourcebook for anyone who shops by mail! Features information about 284 companies specializing in hard-to-find, exotic, and finely crafted products—gifts you won't find in any stores. $7.95 (paper) from **St. Martin's Press,** 175 Fifth Ave., NY 10010.

OUR PREMIERE CRUISES TO ALASKA AND CANADA. ABSOLUTELY FIRST CLASS.



Norwegian American Cruises launches a superb new series of Alaska/Canada cruises in 1981. All on the newly transformed Sagafjord– the most spacious ship afloat.

While you celebrate these premiere visits to Alaskan and Canadian ports, you'll enjoy the service, cuisine and accommodations that have made Norwegian American famous: Absolutely First Class.

And you'll have a choice of *five* elegant 14-night roundtrip cruises from San Francisco: leaving June 21, July 5, July 19, August 2, August 16, 1981.

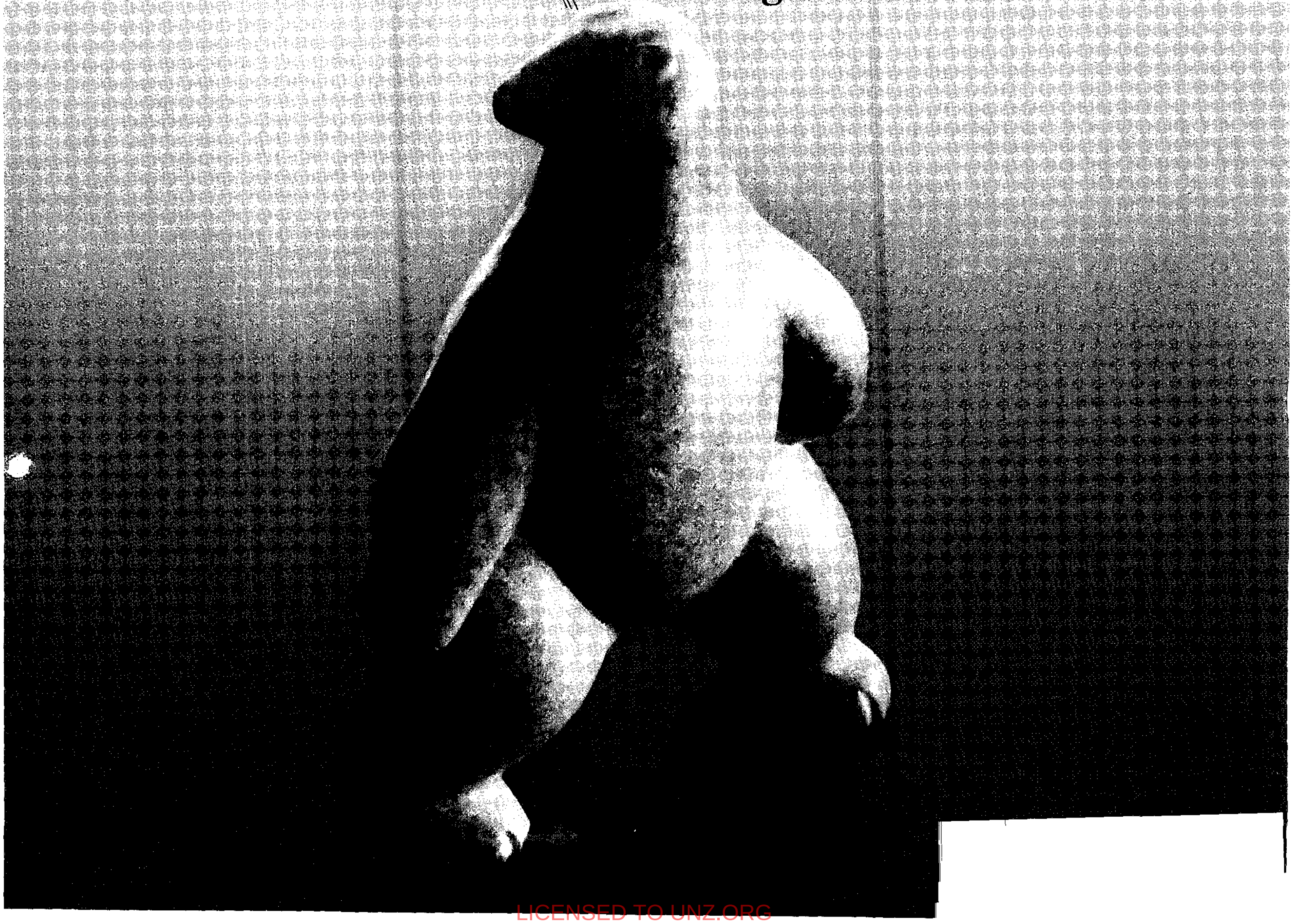
Ports of call include Vancouver, Prince Rupert, Juneau, Valdez, Sitka and Victoria. And you'll cruise far north through the Gulf of Alaska to the spectacular Columbia Glacier.

Cruises range from $2460 to $6160 per person, double occupancy, and you can save flying to your Norwegian-registered ship with NAC's exclusive FareSaver air reductions.

So see your professional travel agent, and get a complimentary color brochure on Norwegian American's new Alaska/Canada, New England/Canada, Trans-Panama/Caribbean, European and Great World Cruises.

They're all Absolutely First Class.

Norwegian American Cruises



In Germany, many highways have no speed limits, and gas costs $2.50 a gallon. Now you know why we built the Audi 4000 4E.

Introducing the sports sedan that doesn't sacrifice economy for performance.

Conventional wisdom has it that high performance and high economy aren't exactly compatible.

We at Audi know better.

The proof is in the picture.

The Audi 4000 4E you see whizzing by delivers outstanding gasoline mileage from the same engine that is capable of doing 100 miles an hour. Effortlessly.

According to EPA estimates, the 4E is good for an EPA estimated ㉖ mpg, 41 mpg estimated highway. (Use the "estimated mpg" for comparison. Mpg varies with speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be less.)

How is this possible from a car that can do zero to 50 in a quick 9.6 seconds?

For one, the 4E has a smooth, gas-saving 5-speed transmission. Fifth gear acts as a cruising gear, helping the engine operate at low revolutions and peak efficiency.

For another, the 4E has a highly advanced CIS fuel injection system. It meters out the correct amount of fuel needed at all times.

Press the accelerator and the 1.7-liter, overhead cam engine responds instantly.

Once on the road, you realize this is a car without bad habits.

No excessive leaning on corners. No stumbling through potholes.

Since Audi engineers pioneered front-wheel drive nearly 50 years ago, automobiles with the Audi marque have been known for exceptional handling.

The 4E is no exception.

Its perfected front-wheel drive and sophisticated suspension keep it running close to the ground with extraordinary balance and grace.

Into this car has gone some of the most advanced technology in automotive design today.

Maybe that's why they love it in Europe.

And why you'll love it in America.

For your nearest dealer, call toll-free: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

PORSCHE+AUDI
NOTHING EVEN COMES CLOSE

her side, Eloise will say to her friends, "And I wonder if you remember Tony Bailey, who was the little English boy who stayed with us during the war."

I find that things continue to come back to me. For example, not long ago, while I was leafing through a magazine, the patterns in an advertisement made me suddenly see the wallpaper in the front hall at 630 Runnymede Drive—the design of small classical temples among groves of trees, silver on brown-gray—and, half closing my eyes, I could see Otto standing there, at the foot of the stairs, not knowing that Tony S. and I were in earshot, hiding under Otto's billiard table, on whose precious green cloth we had just spilled model-airplane cement, and I could hear Otto calling up to Eloise, at the head of the stairs, "You'd better tell the boys I looked for them but had to go without them. I wanted to give them a last run in the LaSalle." The front door slams, and the car starts up, and Tony S. and I look at each other ruefully, forever.

—ANTHONY BAILEY

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

•

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE REPORT

The Local Secretary cancelled the meeting for lack of business. The editor showed up because of a misunderstanding, the Membership officer was there because it was at his house, and a member showed up. Nothing happened. See the calendar for the date of the next meeting.—*Newsletter of the Washington, D.C., chapter of Mensa.*

We've *lost* our calendar.

•

This map tells the story of today's Cuyahoga County—its shopping centers, industrial parks, and highways forging them together—and the future roads that will mean congestion-free driving at high speeds. We wonder what the lone Indian would think—shuffling along the brush-covered Lake Shore path of 1800 searching for tree notches to guide him—if he could see this Cuyahoga County map today.
—*Highway map of Cuyahoga County, Ohio.*

His reaction might surprise you.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Bangor (Maine) Daily News*]

The proposal calls for secondhand dealers to record the names and addresses of persons from whom they buy used items, to hold onto those items for seven days and to keep a record of the names and addresses of persons to whom they sell items.

It is modeled after a Portland ordinance that requires names of purchasers to be recorded, but not the names of people to whom articles are sold.

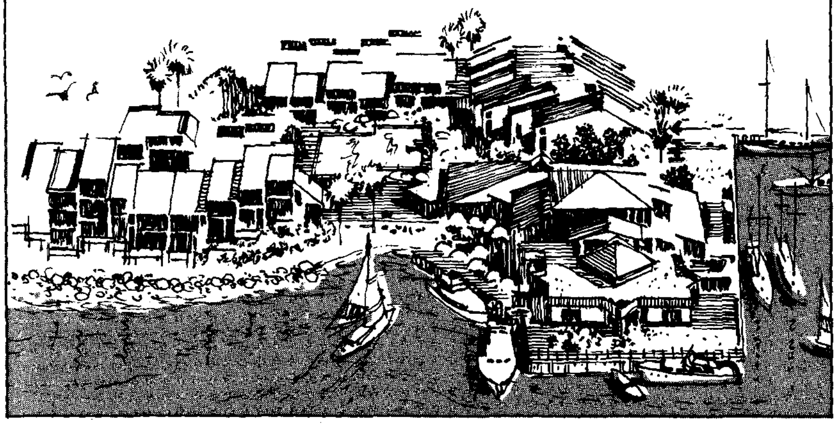
Pier House in Key West.
A very special seaside resort

In the heart of historic Old Key West, within a short walk of the Hemingway House, the Audubon House, Sloppy Joe's Bar and all of Key West's famed attractions. 100 superb guest rooms and suites with private balconies and all completely redecorated as part of a $2.5 million refurbishing program. Private beach and pool. Outstanding restaurants. Great bars. And a special ambiance that's made Pier House the gathering place for celebrities and visitors from all over the world.

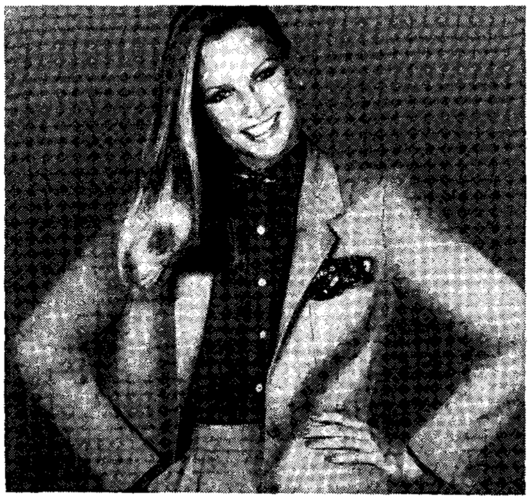
Daily guest room rates (Dec. 19-April 30): $80-125.

Pier House
One Duval Street, Key West, Florida 33040

For reservations, see your travel agent or call 800-327-8340 (Florida, 800-432-3414).



THE NEW SPIEGEL



The spirit of The New Spiegel: vibrant, alive and evident in every one of our 500 pages of exciting fashions and furnishings for Spring and Summer. The latest from Liz Claiborne and J.G. Hook...the greatest from Sony, G.E. and Dakotah! They're all part of the outstanding selection of designer and brand-name merchandise that makes up our great department store in print. To order, mail the coupon with $5 or phone and charge to your credit card. You'll receive The New Spiegel Catalog (value $3), our canvas Unshopping Bag™ (value $12), plus a $5 Spiegel Merchandise Certificate. A total $20 value for only $5! Call toll-free Dept. 765 at 800-523-3090. (In Penn: 800-562-6930.)

Bring a great department store home today. Spiegel.

SPIEGEL P.O. BOX 6340, Chicago, IL 60680 766-EBXC66
☐ I enclose a check or money order made out to Spiegel for $5.
Charge my $5 to ☐ Visa ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge
Card No. ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
Exp. Date ____ Mo. ____ Yr
Authorized Credit Card Signature ____
Name (please print) ____
Street Address ____ Apt. No. ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____
Requests received after March 15th, 1981, will receive our next major catalog.
Offer not good outside U.S.A.

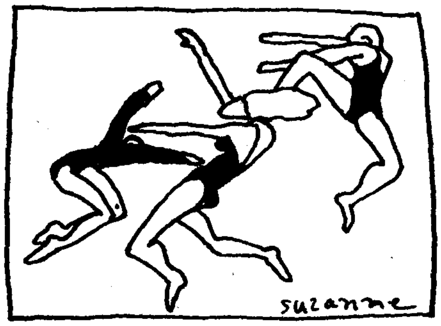
DANCING

Harlem's Fokine, Koner's Humphrey

Fokine's "Schéhérazade" is not about the sultan's faithless wife who told stories for a thousand and one nights to stave off a death sentence. It isn't about one of her stories. Nor has it anything to do with the titles for the parts of Rimsky-Korsakov's tone poem—"Sinbad's Ship," "Festival in Baghdad," etc.—that provide the score. The faithless sultana in the ballet, Zobeïde, wriggles impatiently while her husband prepares to go hunting; the minute he's out of sight, Zobeïde and the rest of the harem ladies bribe the Chief Eunuch to release the slaves. A door opens and out slithers a flock of glistening young men in harem pants and jewelled shackles. Another door opens: more slitherers. A third door opens and out pops Nijinsky. What happens next brought on fevers in Parisian audiences seventy years ago—so all the books say. In no time, though, the Shah returns, scimitars flash, and the orgy becomes a massacre out of Delacroix. Zobeïde's favorite slave, cut down in midair, falls headlong and thrashes the floor, Cocteau wrote, "like a fish on the bottom of a boat." (His leap, equally spectacular and very dangerous, from a platform ten feet high, is something of which history has not told.) This convulsive molto-agitato death is followed by a droopy legato one: Zobeïde, resisting the Shah's henchmen, plunges a dagger between her breasts as the curtain falls.

The books don't say when the thrill of "Schéhérazade" stopped rolling through audiences. By the middle of the thirties, the ballet had become an object of parody (by Balanchine, in the musical "On Your Toes"). But the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo touring production of the forties was popular with American audiences. Frederic Franklin, who was the Golden Slave to Danilova's Zobeïde in those days, has now revived the ballet for Dance Theatre of Harlem on the very stage, at the City Center, where the Monte Carlo used to dance it. A theory worth testing holds that no ballet revival goes back more than forty years in authenticity. Visually, this seems to be true of the new production. The Bakst scenery that stunned Paris looks all too Maria Montez. It was re-created by Geoffrey Guy (who performed the same service for the London Festival Ballet revival seen here a few years ago), and lit by Nicholas Cernovitch. The colors seem to have burned out—the fabled greens and blues have an ashy tone. The dancers have been fitted with a new set of sherbet-colored costumes, designed by Carl Michell. Their freshness is preferable to 1981 Bakst knockdowns, but a better option still would have been the commissioning of an original production from that wizard designer Geoffrey Holder, retaining only the Fokine choreography, which turns out to be much stronger than its reputation would allow.

A program note by Karel Shook, co-director of D.T.H., rejects the idea of new choreography that "might possibly appeal more to the tastes and sensibilities of the current public than the original"—rejects it on the ground that "only a master of master choreographers could accomplish anything which would come close to Fokine." He's right. The movement design is part of the music and part of the style of its era, which Shook identifies as Art Nouveau. And it is deliberately designed movement, not the programmed spontaneity that one reads of. The annals of "Schéhérazade" ripple with wavelets of the ballet's own abandon and give the impression that much of it was formless pantomime, and much of *that* improvised. But the fleshy exuberance has a solid core. As a piece of dance construction, the orgy scene keeps itself well hidden in layers of cushions, platters of fruit, voluptuous writhing, and other circumstantial nonsense. The way it breaks out, drowses, revives and recapitulates, and stops dead on the peak of a crescendo when the Shah's men return is theatrical strategy in the grand manner. The dead stop freezes the stage picture, but on Rimsky's sea music it goes on heaving. Then the picture cracks, and the climax passes over into the slaughter. The ensembles could be diagrammed with absolute mathematical precision. The Golden Slave leaps over and over on one spot in one wide rhythm while the company whirls around him in another. The orgy duets wend their way on a downstage diagonal; when the slaughter commences, everyone rushes in waves on an upstage one—rushes out, then back in, falling down and getting up, flooding the stage and damming it. The stylized sexiness of the dancing is of course ludicrous—the skipping in crouches, the continuously weaving backbends. And there are sets of people, as in "Firebird," who do one little step—like prancing with straight arms and stiff palms. One hardly knows which is more amusing, the decorousness or the commotion. But though the manner of the choreography tends more toward perfected show dancing than toward classicism, one knows its maker for the polyrhythmic, architectonic Fokine of "Les Sylphides."



The most one asks of a revival, especially one coming seventy years after a sensational première, is that it not embarrass history too much and that it furnish a few particulars of the sort that eyewitnesses always seem to leave out of account. Even Fokine, in "Memoirs of a Ballet Master," when he describes Ida Rubinstein's Zobeïde as she stood waiting for her lover's entrance, says only that "she waits for him with her entire body." Virginia Johnson, the D.T.H. Zobeïde, gives us the exact stance: legs braced in deep fondu, body arched backward in a swoon of anticipation. The moment doesn't slip by. We see what Fokine meant, even though the psychology of 1910 doesn't permit us to feel it. Although he's more Douglas Fairbanks than Nijinsky, Eddie Shellman's Golden Slave also satisfies our expectations. But any revival, no matter how bad, would give us enough information to color the blanks in our mental picture of the ballet. The value of the D.T.H. "Schéhérazade" to me is that it colors blanks I didn't know were there. I don't see a company straining to interpret ancient psychology and dead aesthetics; I do see dancers performing with unaffected good sense and making the most of Fokine's gift whenever it accords with their own. The dance core of "Schéhérazade" is a discovery few companies could make. One can imagine a Joffrey revival restoring Bakst to glory, but Fokine?

Conversational pantomime, sweeping or intimate, is not a Harlem specialty—no American company does it well. But seeing Fokine in the abstract (so to speak) does no harm to his genius, and even rehabilitates an aspect of it in our eyes.

Michel Fokine was born in 1880. This "Schéhérazade" is the only centenary salute a ranking American company has been able to muster. Worthy though it is, is it the best we could have done? "Schéhérazade," after all, was once a titillating dance drama; can these bones live? (Touring the United States in the forties, it must surely have titillated as a drama of what was then called "miscegenation." A black cast removes that angle and rights the ethnic balance—for the first time in history.) As a Fokine ballet of the Diaghilev era, "Le Pavillon d'Armide" would seem to be far more appropriate to the talents of contemporary dancers and the tastes of contemporary audiences. The first of his works to conquer Europe, it was the soonest eclipsed, and it has been revived only in fragments. Next to "Les Sylphides," it provides for the fullest exposure of Fokine's classical style. That's what the books say, anyway.

• •

IT is better to get one's history in the theatre, if one can, than out of books. Dances are perishable goods, and one must try to distinguish history from the wistful preservation of a legend. Still, one has at least a chance of forming an impression of a bygone figure like José Limón if one sees (starting next week at the City Center) the company that persists in his name. I went to the Theatre of the Riverside Church to see a program of two long works by Pauline Koner, one of them her celebrated 1962 solo "The Farewell," in homage to Doris Humphrey. Miss Koner no longer dances; the separate parts of the solo were done on this occasion by members of the Pauline Koner Dance Consort. Before they came on, Miss Koner, who is as long of wind as Schéhérazade, gave a talk analyzing the choreography, describing the conditions of its creation, demonstrating its leading motifs, explaining her attitude toward her work, and—most provocative of all—telling us, in terms both general and specific, what it means. Pauline Koner studied with Fokine, but there's not much evidence of it in her work, and she barely mentioned his name. The great influence was Humphrey, and Koner tells us what she learned from her both as a pupil and as a dancer who performed with the Humphrey-Limón concert group for fifteen years. If Koner is representing her teacher correctly, she must have been one of the great naïfs of modern times—one who went about categorizing movement and devising dances in a total vacuum. I believe Humphrey did try, somewhat fecklessly, to rationalize much that was inchoate in dance as she knew it (which was Denishawn dance), but as Koner portrays her she is a color-blind maker of patchwork quilts. Quilts are done with mottoes: "Death separates us from our loved ones, but Life goes on;" "In Solitude is Strength." Expression is homiletic and abstract at the same time. One arrives at a "statement" by twisting natural movement out of its sockets and concealing its origins as simple mime. Koner's type of movement is insistently gestural, diminutive, pale, and static. "Development" is repetition or moving the gesture around the stage or softening it or turning it upside down. There doesn't seem to be anything in her work—except, perhaps, length—that she can't demonstrate, even now. When the Koner Consort dancers came on, finally, to give us the full-scale paintings from their leader's sketches, they just gave us longer sketches.

Pauline Koner has been a popular teacher for many years; her Humphrey-derived catalogue of methods easily lends itself to a syllabus and to show-and-tell lectures before the public. Many young dancers consider her outmoded, although what she teaches is not an outmoded aesthetic of dance—it's an aesthetic of feeling. Emotion is what it's all about. She demonstrates one of her entrances in "The Farewell," pauses, and says, "I always know I've done it right if I get cold chills at that point." What about cold chills for the audience? Feelings that are for the performer alone betray the professed concern of the Koner generation with form, substance, communication. A later generation, rebelling against this pretense, tossed out "made" movement and emotional subject matter. But the rebellion didn't go far enough. An unofficial credo of modern dance has always been "What's right for me is right for you," and it's not Miss Koner's fault if there are dancers—young ones—who live by it to this day.

The other work on the program was "Solitary Songs," the second half of which is group choreography. Although there was little formal difference, the effect of more people on the stage was refreshing. One didn't feel trapped by the Grand Solipsism.

—ARLENE CROCE

MUSICAL EVENTS

Imagined Tales

THE Waverly Consort must be the most commercially successful of New York's early-music groups. This season, it is presenting a subscription series at Alice Tully Hall in which each program is performed twice; a series at the Metropolitan Museum; and a series at The Cloisters. The Consort's Christmas presentation was given three times in one day during the week before Christmas. Most of these concerts have been sold out. I had thought, on the basis of the colorful and entertaining pageant it made out of "Le Roman de Fauvel" (which I saw last season), that the Consort's appeal was to those who are excited by costumes and by the picturesque noises and the variety that can be found in medieval music. Having now attended concerts in both the Tully Hall and the Metropolitan series and the Christmas presentation, I am less sure what its appeal is. The concerts were for the most part dour affairs, unrelieved either by vivacious joy in music-making or by a serious, concentrated exploration of a chosen area. They flitted from idiom to idiom, and from country to country, without precise stylistic characterization. Topics were half surveyed—glanced at and then retreated from rapidly, lest we become bored. Each concert had a theme: at Tully Hall, "Singers of Tales;" at the Metropolitan, "La Contenance Angloise." Under the former title, the Consort brought together some three hundred years of European music. At one moment, we were in Galicia; at the next, in Italy a century later. Latin lyrics from the thirteenth-century "Carmina Burana" were linked by means of an improvised instrumental interlude to fifteenth-century German songs of Oswald von Wolkenstein. These were immediately followed by a sixteenth-century Hungarian drinking song translated into English. The Consort applied roughly the same performance style to all the pieces. Expressiveness was varied—gentle and restrained in the "Carmina Burana," pert and jovial in the drinking song—but there was little feeling of the music's special qualities.

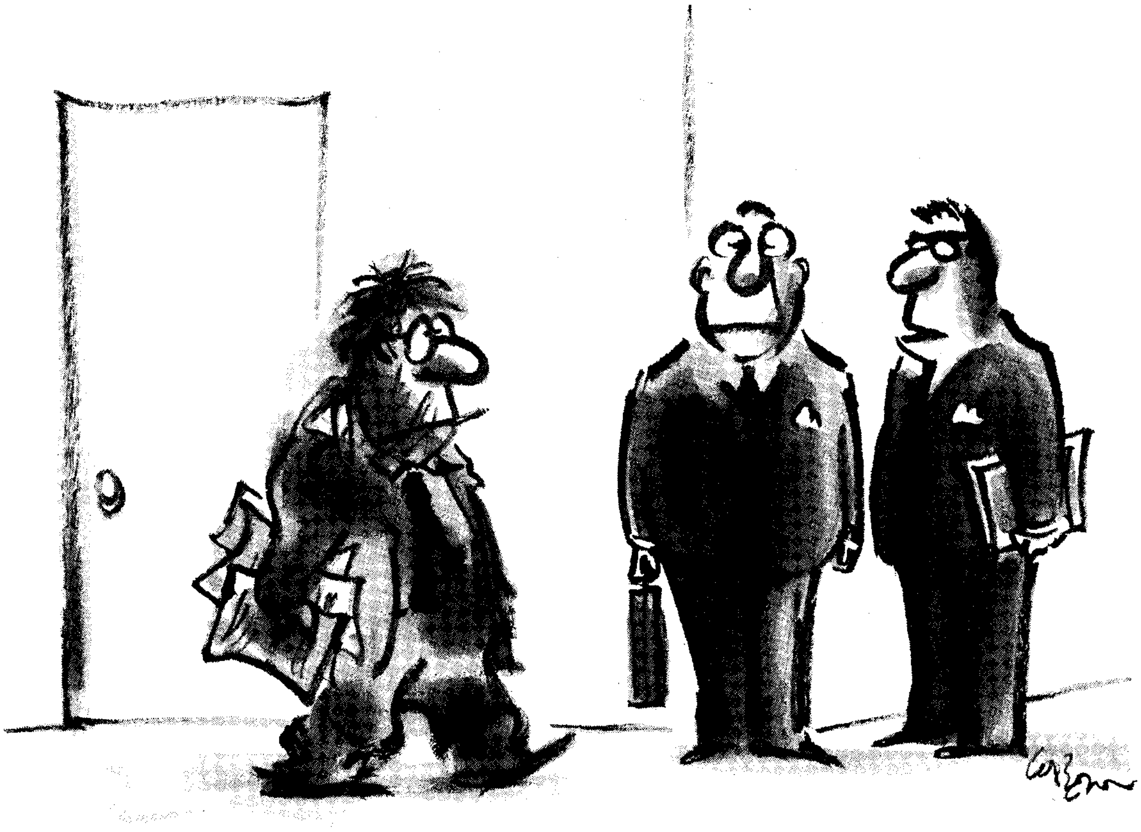
The binding force of the Tully Hall program was the medieval secular song. But no attempt was made to represent faithfully the vast range of these narratives—the pieces were cut to suit the Consort's jumpy style of programming. The Consort announced the Complainte from Guillaume de Machaut's "La Remède de Fortune." That complaint against love and fortune has thirty-six stanzas of sixteen-line verse. The performance gave us just one and a half stanzas—akin to performing only the first minute of a Steve Reich phase piece because the rest sounds the same. The Consort announced "Le Jeu de Robin et de Marion," by Adam de la Halle. That spoken drama with musical interludes has over seven hundred lines. The performance used a version that removed three of the characters, cut the text to ribbons, and increased the proportion of music until it sounded like a musical piece with spoken interludes. Such procedures would be more difficult to object to if the performances were full of idiomatic life or if the program frankly explained what had been changed. Neither was the case. The extract from the Machaut was competently but weakly sung. The Robin and Marion play was camped up so that the distinctive earthy humor of the original was replaced by giggling cuteness. In a program note, Kay Jaffee acknowledged that the oral tradition of medieval song had long been broken, but suggested only that Balkan folk singers might provide a clue to medieval performance style. The notion can be disputed, to say the least, and the Consort's account owed less to any vital folk tradition than to a preconceived idea of what medieval music ought to sound like—whooshes on the psaltery, jolly decoration on the recorder, and tastefully pretty singing. This is scarcely what a reading of the literary sources for medieval "singers of tales" suggests.

Catherine Morland, in Jane Austen's "Northanger Abbey," makes a remark about history in general which could well apply to the Consort's accounts of medieval music: "I often think it odd that it should be so dull, for a great deal of it must be invention." The extent to which any performance of medieval music must be newly imagined is daunting; every group must, in the acid little phrase attributed to Thurston Dart, "knit its own Middle Ages." But it is helpful to offer the audience clues. A good scholarly survey of the field—Richard Hoppin's "Medieval Music" (Norton) is the best recent example—can provide information. It can tell us, for instance, that most of the "Carmina Burana" texts are without decipherable melodies, and that one song by Martin Codax has no musical notation at all; in both cases, music has been supplied from other sources. Information on sources, modern editions, and performing decisions would be a useful addition to the Consort's program notes. To introduce the concept of "la contenance angloise" in the Metropolitan program, Mrs. Jaffee gathered various quotations about English music from the twelfth through the fifteenth centuries which seemed to suggest that there was a coherent English style during that long period. But those centuries saw stylistic revolutions. The idiom that Continental composers and theorists recognized as "la contenance angloise" was a product of the early fifteenth century, and was distinct from what preceded it. Mr. Hoppin writes, "The one aspect of English music . . . that was chiefly responsible for its influence on continental composers . . . is a new treatment of consonance and dissonance, a new approach to the problem of combining voices in a polyphonic texture, and in it we find [a] departure from older practices."

The idiom would indeed make a fascinating basis for a concert: music by Walter Frye, Leonel Power, and John Dunstable juxtaposed with the music of Dufay and Binchois. I was disappointed to find no more than a couple of pieces on the Waverly bill which could plausibly be described as a product of that style: two famous works by Dunstable, "O rosa bella" and "Veni Sancte Spiritus/Veni Creator Spiritus." The evening started well, with sacred pieces from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The sound of eight voices, with instruments, in the Kyrie Cuthberte, was impressive; but that full sound was heard too rarely. The last piece of this group, an Agnus Dei, was unaccountably performed on recorders, with fiddle and sackbut. Soon we were sailing into the well-charted waters of the Agincourt Carol, "Byrd one brere," and "Sumer is icumen in." In the second half, the Consort moved forward in time, and into what seemed a completely different concert. Music from the court of Henry VIII has been well preserved and is available in good modern editions—notably in a volume that John Stevens edited for "Musica Britannica." But the Consort merely took two "pop" pieces, "Pastyme with Good Companye" and Cornysh's "A Robyn," and put between them some transcriptions of jolly dances from the Dublin Virginal Book. After an assault on Taverner's Gloria from the "Western Wynde" Mass which involved playing the cantus firmus on bells, we raced back to the thirteenth century for a collection of carols which ended with versions of "Greensleeves" and "The Coventry Carol." All the familiar techniques of the Consort in this idiom could be observed. In the Dublin dances, varied instrumentation was used to make the sequence as colorful as possible. When the music was repeated, extra instruments were added, percussion became louder, and, predictably, at the end of the dance the tempo speeded up, to provide a distinctively modern climax. These practices may or may not bear a relation to the way in which the music was originally performed. (In arrangements of keyboard pieces, however, their application was surely misguided.) But the most depressing aspect of the concert was the musicians' lack of enthusiasm. The singing, pure and pleasant though it was, needed strength and projection, especially in the numbers for a few voices. I would have been willing to forgive any number of sins against the music if only the whole thing had brightened up, but it did not.

THE Waverly's Christmas presentation, described as "The Christmas Story As Told in the Music of the Middle Ages," was a more interesting event. Performed in costume, with simple staging, in the Medieval Sculpture Court of the Metropolitan Museum, it made few attempts to conform to expectations of an Olde Worlde Christmas pageant. There were no medievalized versions of traditional carols. There was no crib. Instead, Michael Jaffee, the Consort's director, who prepared the music in collaboration with Kay Jaffee, drew on surviving medieval liturgical dramas, and on hymns, motets, conductus, and antiphons mainly from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries, to provide a series of tableaux depicting episodes in the Nativity story. Between a processional prologue and epilogue, there were scenes of the appearance of the angels to the shepherds, the journey of the Magi and their meeting with Herod, their adoration of the Christ child, and the Slaughter of the Innocents. This narrative story was loosely counterpointed with the Ordinary of the Mass—Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei were included, with a Benedicamus Domino added in the last section—and the performance ended with the singing of the Te Deum. The musical realizations were, on the whole, admirably restrained. It is difficult to reconstruct liturgical dramas for a modern audience. The Christmas drama of the appearance of the angels, for example, was originally performed in Rouen Cathedral between the chanting of Matins and the beginning of the first Mass of Christmas. Its musical style is that of the plainsong of the liturgy. To quote Mr. Hoppin again, "The contemporary way of singing plainchant—as far as we can know it—must provide the only basis for modern interpretations of liturgical dramas that draw the bulk of their material from the liturgy itself." The Waverly Consort respected the nature of the music up to a point. Free-rhythm canting was used. But the Consort added drones, bells, and percussion. In the middle of the play of the Slaughter of the Innocents, it built a noisy climax with tambourines and drums. This was intended, presumably, to highlight the deeply felt scene that followed—the lament of Rachel over her children—but it had the opposite effect. The balance of the performance was also disturbed by the irrelevant Istampita that introduced Herod's court; its brazen jollity was foreign to the mood of the play.

Many of the dramas were cut; in some cases, a mere fragment was used. Polyphonic music was used to break up the plainchant, but that was unnecessary, since the well-chosen settings of the Ordinary provided reasonably appropriate contrast at the end of scenes. These settings were the musical high-

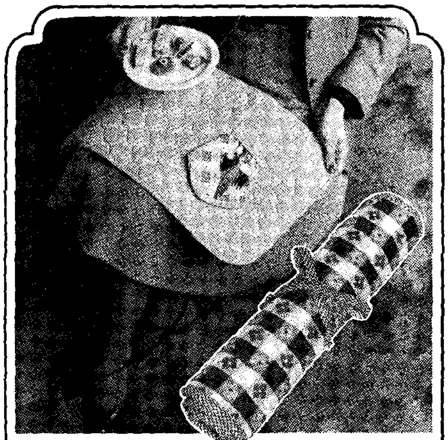


"That's Pemberton. He's part of the mess we inherited from the previous administration."

THE
CANTERBURY
Washington's Exquisite
Small Hotel

Located on the best block in downtown Washington, D.C., according to *Washingtonian Magazine.* A touch of European elegance and luxury. Every room is a suite. From $88 to $350 per night plus tax.

Off Connecticut Avenue at
1733 'N' Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036
202-393-3000 800-424-2950
Telex: 89-2669



The Lap of Luxury
An attractive red and white checked mat with matching napkin tucked away in its own pocket that also holds silverware (not included). This thick quilted 50% polyester, 50% cotton mat generously drapes over the lap providing protection from heat and spills and is machine washable. MasterCard, Visa and American Express accepted for fast, convenient ordering. Call toll-free, 1-800-626-5957.
Set of six postpaid $46.

CRICKET sm
Beech Bend Road, Bowling Green, KY 42101
Quality accessories for fine casual living.

light of the presentation: they were simply performed, and voices that had sounded dull and uncommitted in "La Contenance Angloise" now rang out with bell-like purity. The account of Leonel Power's antiphon "Beata progenies" was outstanding, though I would have preferred a harder edge to the polyphony, and less sweetness. There was an occasional moment of tastelessness. It was unforgivable to prolong the fourteenth-century Sanctus with sentimental humming and bell strokes. And there were other miscalculations. The prologue, a Spanish tenth-century chant that referred to Christ's second coming, not His first, was unnecessary; the procession should have started immediately. The handbells used in the Te Deum made a curiously random effect. The use of gesture was occasionally impressive—in the angels' gesticulations to the shepherds, for example—but it was inconsistent.

THE Renaissance band called Calliope, which has a residency at Christ Church United Methodist, on Park Avenue at Sixtieth Street, presented a program called "Joyous Christmas." At Tully Hall the same evening, the Ensemble for Early Music presented "Christesmas in Anglia." I heard the first half of Calliope's program and the second half of the Ensemble for Early Music's. Both drew on the rich repertory of the English carol, including the polyphonic works preserved in the Trinity Roll and the Seldon, Egerton, Ritson, and Fayrfax manuscripts. Each ensemble had just two solo voices, and supplied the other parts with instruments. Yet John Stevens, who describes these sources in the New Grove, says plainly that the manuscripts "are associated with large choral establishments." Calliope's performances, though amiable, sounded weak: a vigorous, complex carol like Richard Smert's "Man, be joyful" needs more incisive treatment than Frank Hoffmeister's tasteful tenor and Lucy Shelton's rich soprano could provide (even though another member of the group added a third vocal part). Similarly, Josquin's great "Jubilate Deo" sounds curiously emasculated with solo voices and viols, even when wind doublings are added. And Brumel's "Noe, noe" played on three perky recorders with plucked viol and tinkling bells conjures up a noise that bears little relation to any Renaissance reality.

The Ensemble for Early Music's

For New York City Real Estate
Please Call:
WILLIAM B. MAY CO.
One of the oldest, most reputable full service real estate organizations in America. Large enough to offer a broad choice of listings yet small enough to extend prompt personal service.

ESTABLISHED 1866

TOWN HOUSES
CO-OP APARTMENTS
RENTALS, FURNISHED & UNFURNISHED
INCOME PRODUCING INVESTMENT PROPERTIES
REAL ESTATE PROPERTY MANAGEMENT

WILLIAM B. MAY CO.
3 West 57th Street
New York, N.Y. 10019
(212)688-8700

WE CRUISE THE LOVELIEST FRENCH CANALS.
I'm Diane Limb. The Wirreanda and I take private charter parties (up to 6 people for 1 week). I've been looking after my guests since 1968. Country charm and luxury are Wirreanda traditions. We shop every day to give you fine French country cuisine and wines. The canals circle historic Burgundy, and a fabulous London taxi follows along the towpath for side trips. Personal shower and toilet in each of the 3 double cabins. Crew of 4 plus owner (me) aboard. Charter fee is $6500, all-inclusive for the ship per week. Write for brochure, itinerary, photos, ships accomodations: Diane Limb, Wirreanda, Quai du T.C.F., Port des Champs-Elysées, 75008 Paris, France.
MS WIRREANDA

Winner of
Mobil Guide 5 Star Award
Holiday Magazine Award
Cafe Chauveron
9561 East Bay Harbor Drive
Bay Harbor Islands, Fla.

FINE ENGLISH GARDENING TOOLS
Smith & Hawken offers the finest hand-crafted English gardening tools: forks, spades, hoes, trowels, shears, rakes, and more.
Free 32-page mail order catalog of quality tools.
SMITH & HAWKEN TOOL COMPANY
68 Homer, Drw. 048, Palo Alto, CA 94301

concert was more strongly characterized. An admirable attempt was made at authentic pronunciation, both of the texts and of a connecting Christmas narration. There was a good instrumental realization of "Taunder naken," perhaps the most ambitious of the young Henry VIII's arrangements of popular tunes. Frederick Renz played "Queen Mary's Dumpe" nicely on the harpsichord, though there was no need for viol and recorder to join him. But then the concert lapsed into folkiness, with a final group of Scottish songs: Mr. Renz twanged on the hurdy-gurdy, the singers took up a strange accent I would not like to pass judgment on, and the instrumentalists had fun with some Scots airs from a late-seventeenth-century manuscript. I came away from all these concerts wishing that early-music groups would have a little more confidence in their music and put a little more faith in their audience. I feel sure that if ensembles narrowed the range of their search for novelty, so that in the course of one evening we could gradually make contact with one particular repertory of music from the past, audiences would not disappear.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

◆

ROWING ACROSS THE DARK

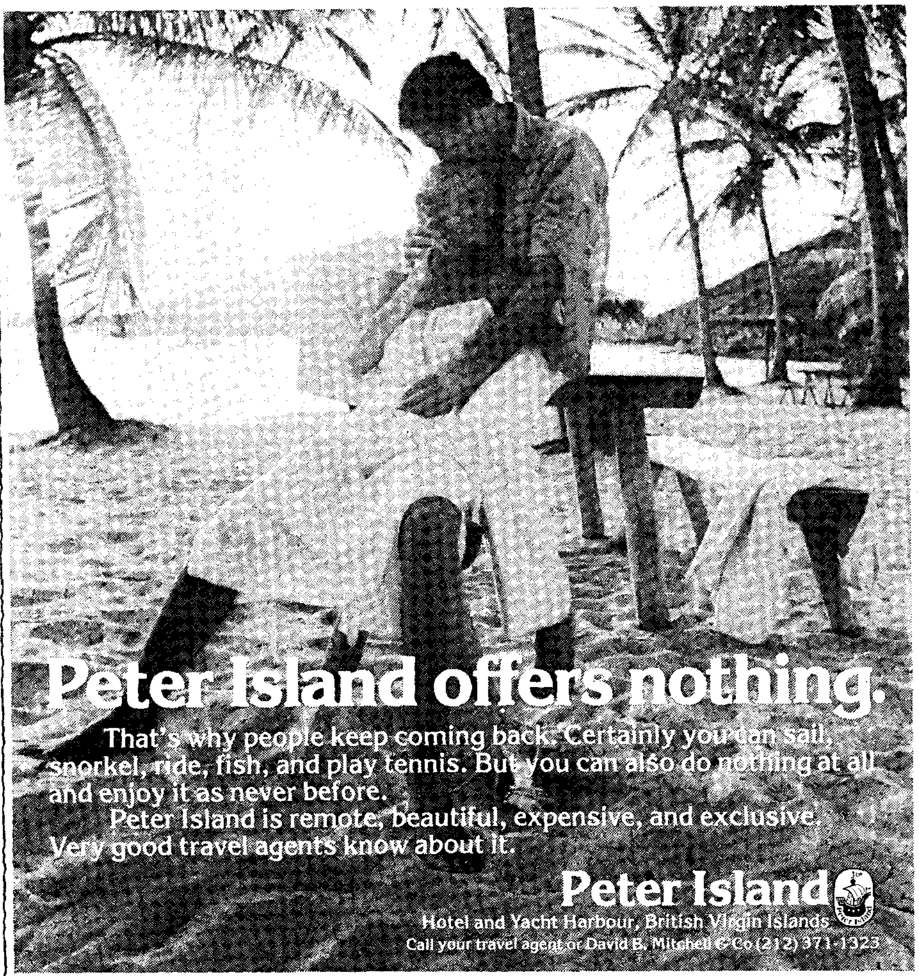
my morphined father
spent the Depression
holed up in a hotel
trying to become a writer
but ended up spending forty years
climbing ladders
and at the top he took out
his paintbrush and painted
church steeples and water tanks

count the winter nights
he'd come home hands numb
his gaunt face frozen
afraid to say he'd been laid off

tonight in morphine dreams
he rows across the dark
where he lowers his line
and while the black lake licks
the sides of his solitary boat
an eight-pound rainbow trout
slaps through the air
glistening in moonlight
silver hook flashing through
  its upper lip

my father so far under
he doesn't feel a thing

—FRANZ DOUSKEY


Peter Island offers nothing.

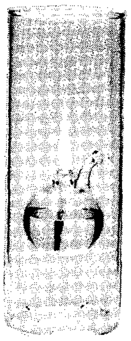
That's why people keep coming back. Certainly you can sail, snorkel, ride, fish, and play tennis. But you can also do nothing at all and enjoy it as never before.

Peter Island is remote, beautiful, expensive, and exclusive. Very good travel agents know about it.

Peter Island
Hotel and Yacht Harbour, British Virgin Islands
Call your travel agent or David B. Mitchell & Co (212) 371-1323

SIMBARI™
gravures,
retablos in silkscreen,
lithographs, acquatints
60 E. 54 ST., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10022/(212) 832-3090
CREATIONS™

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565
Karsh


Elegant Illumination

This graceful oil lamp of hand blown glass is odorless and clean burning—10 to 30 hours —when filled with a quality lamp oil. Four sizes:

6"—$27.50 12"—36.50
9"—$32.50 15"—46.50

Design patented by Wolfard Glassblowing Co.

Mail check or money order to:
PERFORMER'S OUTLET
(a gift shop)
222 E. 85th St., NYC, NY 10028

Add $4.00 Shipping—$2.00 each additional lamp. (NY Residents add 8% sales tax). Mastercharge, Visa, and American Express accepted.

PHONE (212) 249-8435/249-3088

BOOKS

The Latin-American Lottery

IT is now almost twenty years since the first inklings—a name repeated here, an article there—of the sudden surge of hitherto unheard-of writers from Latin America began to be felt among readers in this country. By now, the more important of those writers' works have been reassembled in English, through the laborious filter of translation, and, though their names may not all be household words, the writers have at least made their presence felt. The enthusiasm with which their work has been read in Latin America—they could be said to have brought a large reading public into being there—and the attention they have received both in Spain, where many of them were first published, and then, through translation, in the principal reading countries, led to their being regarded collectively as a literary phenomenon, eventually known as “The Boom.”

The Boom was a matter more of attention than of event, for in point of fact the writers who had set it in motion a generation earlier were variously recognized in Spanish. Jorge Luis Borges had published “Ficciones” in 1944, Miguel Ángel Asturias' “El Señor Presidente” had appeared in 1946, Alejo Carpentier's “El Reino de Este Mundo” in 1949, Juan Carlos Onetti's “La Vida Breve” in 1950, and Juan Rulfo's “Pedro Páramo” in 1955. All these were seminal works, different from the naturalistic regional novels that had occupied the center of the Latin-American literary stage. The writers were all aware of the existence of European avant-garde literature, and applied themselves in varying ways to finding a language equally innovative. Their efforts did much to liberate the novelists of the next generation—the novelists of the Boom—for they demonstrated the freedom of the writer to create his own fictive reality by implying that all notions of reality were in themselves fictions, and their work made it clear that literature was, above all, something made of language.

It was when the younger Latin-American novelists began to win literary prizes outside their own continent that we first heard of the Boom. Julio Cortázar, Guillermo Cabrera Infante, Gabriel García Márquez, Mario Vargas Llosa, and Carlos Fuentes were the five novelists who came in for most attention during the sixties, and their work formed the backbone of the Boom. They had been preceded in international attention by two writers: Pablo Neruda, the Chilean poet, whose poetry permeated the South American continent, and who, by dint of being a Communist, was extensively translated into both Russian and Chinese, making him probably the most exposed poet in the history of the world; and Jorge Luis Borges, who, first in French and then in English, became an obtrusive influence on other writers and an acknowledged master. The novelists of the Boom owed much to Borges, but they struck off in such startlingly original directions of their own that their emerging novels caused publishers in this country to look to the Andes with the narrowed eyes of prospectors.

The Cuban Revolution provided much of the initial impulse for the Boom by creating the cultural institution Casa de las Américas, in Havana, whose literary review provided a forum for a new set of attitudes throughout Latin America, and a rallying point for writers. Previously, the disparate Spanish-speaking countries of the continent had had little to do with one another, but after the isolation occasioned by the Second World War, when Latin America turned in on itself, the question of a Latin American identity loomed large, especially among writers, who had at least the language in common, even though books did not then circulate easily across frontiers. Was there something common to Latin-American experience—something beyond national divisions? Neruda's huge poem “Canto General” had posited just that, and Borges, in one sense the

“You're cute—but you're trespassing.”

[illegible] countryside is found in the Yorkshire Dales, also known as Herriot Country.

The best way to get to all things bright and beautiful is with a BritRail Pass

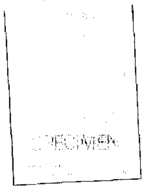
You can drive from London to the medieval city of York, gateway to the Yorkshire Dales, in 4½ hours. Or take the train and get there in a little over 2 hours. If you like, rent a car in York.

The best way to take the train is with a 7-day BritRail Pass. For $99, it will take you to York and as many other places in England, Scotland and Wales as you wish to visit.

2000 stations in Great Britain.
14,000 trains a day.

BritRail trains are clean, modern, comfortable and very civilized. And they can travel at speeds of up to 125 miles per hour. The 400-mile trip to Edinburgh takes just over 4½ hours.

Your BritRail Pass is also the most convenient way to take day trips from London. For instance, a trip to Cambridge or Oxford takes just over one hour, and there are over a dozen daily departures.



One week, $99.
Two weeks, $150.

And a three-week Pass is just $190! Moreover, senior citizens get a First Class Pass for the $99 Economy Fare. People under 26 can buy a Youth Pass for $86. Children from 5 to 13 can go for half-fare.

But *nobody* saves unless the BritRail Pass is bought from a Travel Agent in the United States or Canada. Do see yours before you come see Britain. You'll see more with a BritRail Pass.

[illegible]

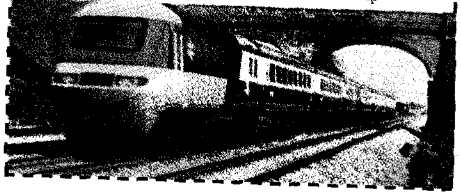
BritRail Travel International, Inc.
P.O. Box S, Dept. NY126
Staten Island, N.Y. 10305

Please send me your "Easy Guide to BritRail" brochure.

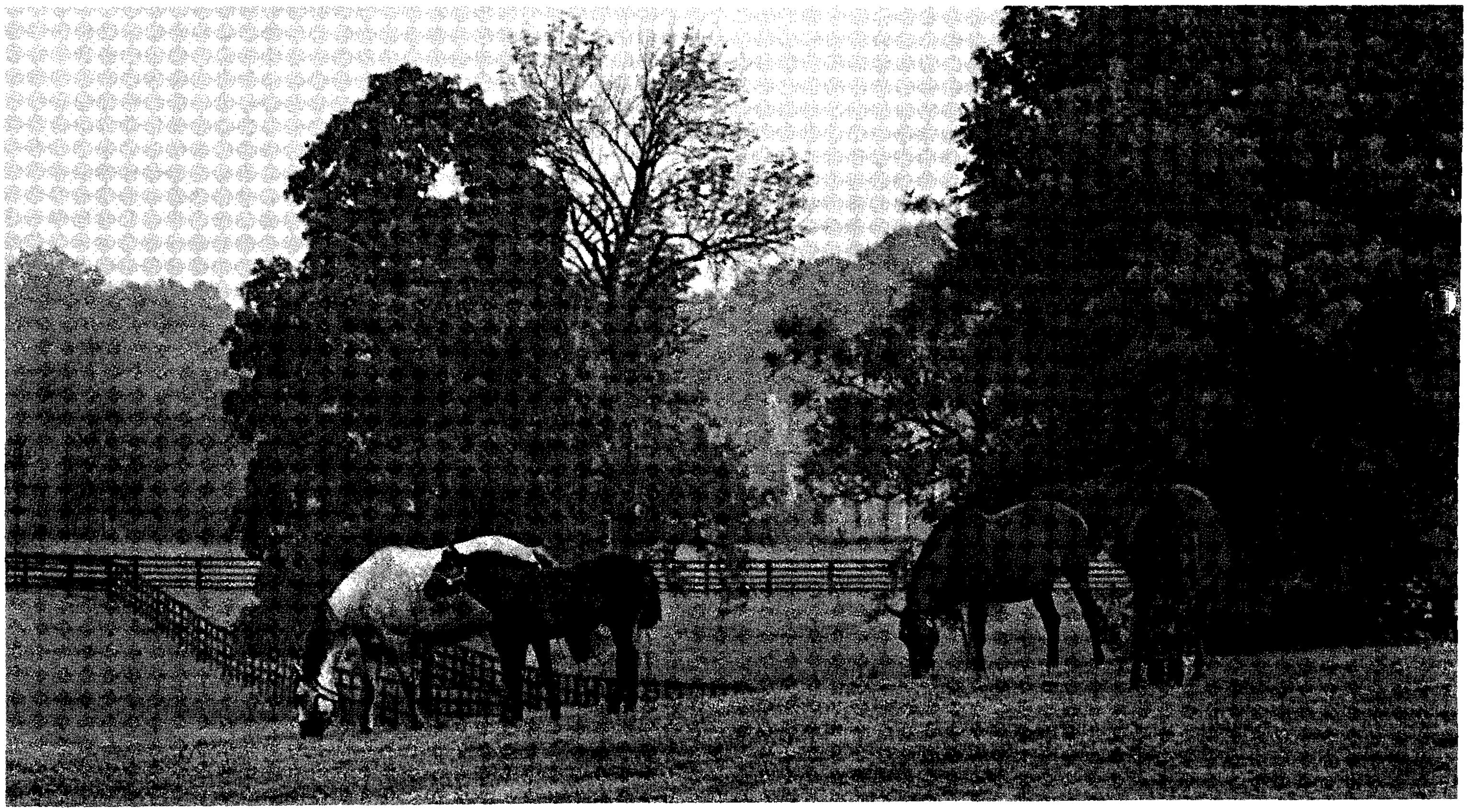
Name

Address

City State Zip



Kentucky's bluegrass stays green near four coal-fired power plants.



With help from advanced waste management by IU Conversion Systems.

Kentucky produces more coal than any other state, and most utilities there burn it to generate electricity. Four of the largest generating stations have built environmental protection into their coal-fired power plants—with help from IU Conversion Systems.

These power plants are equipped with "scrubbers" that remove pollutants from combustion fumes, and *IU Conversion Systems then* treats the resulting sulfurous sludge and ash so that they cannot harm the countryside.

The waste material is recycled into an environmentally safe product that's suitable for landfill, road-building, embankments and other practical uses. This process is the Poz-O-Tec® system.

As a leader in its field, IU Conversion Systems has been selected to treat sludge, fly ash and other wastes at more than 20 power plant units in almost every section of the nation. Altogether, more than 22 million tons of waste material can be stabilized annually by these Poz-O-Tec systems.

In addition, the company's scientists and engineers are solving problems in the rapidly expanding industrial waste disposal market.

Waste management services represent a growing part of IU International, whose interests in transportation, distribution, agribusiness, industrial and environmental markets produce more than $2 billion in annual revenues.

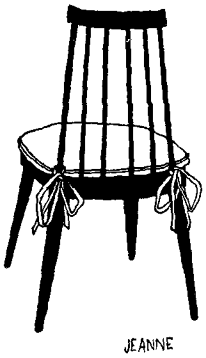
If your business has a major waste treatment problem, write B. Lawrence Seabrook, Jr., President, IU Conversion Systems, 115 Gibraltar Road, Horsham, PA 19044. To learn more about IU International, write IU Corporate Affairs, 1500 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

IU
International

most Argentine of writers, was recognized as a strong influence on other literatures. It was the idea of being read *outside* Latin America that helped to propel the Boom into being; and the magazine *Mundo Nuevo*, published in Paris between 1966 and 1968, by interviewing the writers themselves and publishing parts of work in progress, gave Latin-American literature a new coherence.

Books, however, do not always cross over into other languages comfortably. They may prove untranslatable for purely linguistic reasons—Cabrera Infante's wilder wordplays—or, more mysteriously, they may not survive cultural transplanting, as is the case, I think, with Miguel Ángel Asturias' celebrated novel "Hombres de Maíz." They may also be so out of key with prevailing literary fashions in other countries as to receive scant attention in translation, as has been the case with José Lezama Lima's dense and audacious novel "Paradiso," acclaimed in Spanish and ignored in English. Or, worst of all, they may be so mauled in translation as to be killed by it, as has been the case with João Guimarães Rosa's masterpiece, "Grande Sertão: Verédas"—perhaps the most brilliantly inventive and encompassing Latin-American novel of our time. But one of the more unfortunate impediments to the reassembling of other literatures in English is, alas, the ignorance of publishers, who are not equipped to read works they must contract for until these have been translated, and so must rely on hearsay, on the opinions of appointed readers. Neither do publishers appear to go to much trouble to assemble lists of works in other languages which deserve to be translated. As a result, the whole business of translation remains something of a lottery, and the choice of Latin-American works has been characteristically haphazard; publishers have passed over, for example, most of the work of the Uruguayan novelist Juan Carlos Onetti, one of the most important ancestors of the Boom writers. The search for stars has obscured the firmament.

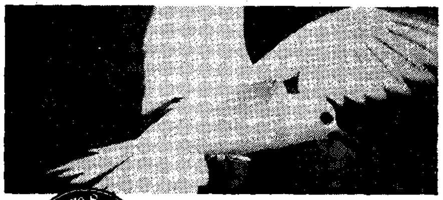
One book did measure up to the expectations of the book venders. In 1967, Gabriel García Márquez' "Cien Años de Soledad" made its first appearance, to become "One Hundred Years of Solitude" three years later. It proved to be the flagship of the Boom, selling out edition after edition throughout Latin America, and winning awards and lavish attention in translation. In the shortest feasible time, it was moved beyond criticism (though not beyond critical dissection) to the status of a classic. It had all the attributes, for while it could be read as a single running narrative of the rise and erosion of a family and a town through their layered history, it also contained microcosmically the emerging history of Colombia, and indeed of Latin America. Most successfully of all, García Márquez found an all-embracing language that preserved happenings in their wholeness, a storytelling wholeness that we lost with the intrusion of psychoanalytical thinking on the Western novel. "One Hundred Years of Solitude" was, moreover, the crowning example in language of what Alejo Carpentier had earlier called "*lo real maravilloso*" ("the marvellous in the real")—to him, the intrinsic quality of Latin-American experience, in which the wondrous and inexplicable are an essential part of ordinary perception.



García Márquez' case is something of an exception to any rule, and is well documented by now, thanks to the universal attention his book has attracted. He has described in a variety of interviews how he grew up with the awareness that he carried a vast book inside him, a book that would contain the vanished wholeness of his childhood, which he spent in the town of Aracataca, in Colombia, in the care of his eccentric grandparents. He wrote four early books, which he could only look on as failures, until he found a manner appropriate to his vision, whereupon he wrote "One Hundred Years of Solitude" in a furious, eighteen-month stretch of work. Since its legendary dawning, he has completed one other novel, "The Autumn of the Patriarch," and a handful of stories; but he has of late turned to political journalism and shows little interest in fiction, apart from the fact that his newspaper columns often veer off in imaginative directions. The last of the early books to be translated—"In Evil Hour," translated by Gregory Rabassa (Harper & Row; $8.95)—completes the canon. I suspect that if it had crossed the publisher's desk on its own feet, and not on the coattails of "One Hundred Years of Solitude," it would have been summarily ushered out; readers will probably be disappointed by it, unless they have sufficient literary curiosity to be absorbed by attempts and failures, those inevitable stages in the writing process.

In 1956, when he was writing the book, García Márquez was in his twenties, living meagrely in Paris just after losing his job as correspondent for the Colombian paper *El Espectador*, which had been closed down by the dictator Rojas Pinilla. Earlier, in Bogotá in 1948, García Márquez had experienced the outbreak of *La Violencia*, the unrest in Colombia which became an intermittent civil war lasting into the sixties. He was much preoccupied at the time, as were most of his writing contemporaries, with the question of political involvement, for Latin-American writers are, almost by definition, dissidents. Now, as a writer, García Márquez has remained rooted in, and faithful to, his primary experience—that of the world seen entirely within the context of a small town—and so it was inevitable that he translate his preoccupation with *La Violencia* into the happenings in such a place during a seventeen-day lull in the disorder of the time. Anonymous lampoons have been appearing mysteriously, like a plague, hinting at guilty secrets and upsetting the equilibrium of the place. As readers, we are not party to the lampoons—only to their disruptive effect, which is ultimately that of bringing on a further eruption of violence. Who writes the lampoons? The answer almost exactly recalls Lope de Vega's play "Fuenteovejuna"—"It's everybody and it's nobody." The occurrence of the anonymous lampoons is an extended metaphor for literature itself, for its subversive effects, and for the book we are reading.

While he was writing "In Evil Hour"—the book was originally called "Este Pueblo de Mierda," a much more indicative title—one of García Márquez' characters, the old colonel who waits in dignified poverty and with quiet and hopeful humor for a pension that will never arrive, grew to such a degree as to break off from the narrative to occupy a story of his own: the small masterpiece called "No One Writes to the Colonel." With his departure, "In Evil Hour" was left without a sympathetic character. The corrupt mayor and the hypocritical priest are caught between the oppressive outside authorities they



Seychelles

Two Unusual Cruising Itineraries

Singapore to Seychelles. Burma, Andaman Is., Sri Lanka the Maldives and the Seychelles.

Seychelles/Red Sea. Seychelles, Djibouti, Sudan, Egypt, Petra, Suez Canal, and Cairo.

Informative lectures/guidance by expert naturalist. Fine accommodation/cuisine on our MS World Discoverer — the world's most sophisticated expedition cruise ship. From $4100. Depart April. Write for details.

Society Expeditions Cruises Inc.

Dept. NY-1
723 Broadway E.
Seattle, WA
98102 USA

Name

Street

City/State/Zip

Cruising expeditions also to: ☐ **Amazon** ☐ **Antarctica** ☐ **New Guinea** ☐ **Indonesia** ☐ **Seychelles** ☐ **Red Sea** ☐ **Iceland/Greenland**

M/S World Discoverer Registered in Singapore

AMERICAN EDUCATION IN EUROPE **TASIS**

The American School in Switzerland
Excellent American college preparation since 1955. Campus in Lugano, Switzerland. Co-ed, grades 7-12. Outstanding faculty-student ratio 1:8. College testing and guidance. Extensive travel throughout Europe. Diverse sports and activities. St. Moritz ski term.

A Post Graduate Year in Europe
First year college level study and extensive course-related travel throughout Europe for high school graduates. Based on TASIS Lugano campus.

TASIS England
35 acre campus located in country village of Thorpe, Surrey only 16 miles from London. Co-ed, day grades K-12, boarding 7-12.

TASIS Hellenic
Campus in residential Kifissia only 10 miles from Athens. Co-ed, day grades K-12, boarding 7-12.

SUMMER PROGRAMS

TASIS England Summer School
Six-week, credit-based courses in all academic areas, study skills, art and theater. Co-ed, ages 12-19. Sports, excursions throughout Great Britain.

Le Château des Enfants
Educational summer camp in Switzerland for children, ages 6-12. French, arts and crafts, plays, sports, excursions and camping.

TASIS Summer Language Program
Intensive French, German and Italian courses in Switzerland for students, ages 12-18. Emphasis on fluency. Sports, art, travel.

For information, contact:
U.S. Rep., 127 Esplanade
Irvine, CA 92715
Tel. (714) 552 4184
Telex 18 15 60

THE SANDS
a key west treasure

restaurant • beach club • simonton st. on the ocean
david wolkowsky 305-294-6669

represent and the inhabitants of the run-down, stagnant town. We are occasionally made to feel sorry for them, but they cannot carry the warm imaginative sympathy in which García Márquez likes to dress even his most eccentric characters. For him, imagination is the power by which people transform and humanize the unknown; and only the anonymous poor of the town who persist with the lampoons can come in for his sympathy. What we are left with is a setting peopled by lesser characters, and, for all its shifting, episodic skill, the book does not manage to warm us.

Another war was raging in García Márquez when he wrote this book, a war of style and manner. So far, he had not found the way beyond the realistic surface of his narrative, and that put considerable restraints on his bounding imagination. He was uncomfortable with the language of realism and its limitations; he had not yet found the single, running, all-embracing manner of the storyteller. The manner of the storyteller must have a certain imperviousness. His fictional reality must *replace* the real. García Márquez was still exploring, by trial and error; and when the impervious storytelling manner did come to him, sweeping aside questions of political commitment and involvement, it brought with it total recall, so that in "One Hundred Years of Solitude" many elements—characters, happenings, anecdotes—from the early books are given their proper place, and the stagnant, blighted state of the town in "In Evil Hour" becomes one stage in the whole unwinding of the more abundant town he calls Macondo. García Márquez addicts can find extra diversion in noticing how many details foreshadow their eventual flowering in the larger novel. Nor need anyone with normal translation qualms have any qualms over this novel's English existence. Not only does Gregory Rabassa give García Márquez the English his original asks for but, beyond that, he is clearly *in tune* with the original—something that should be a requirement preceding any act of translation, yet seldom is.

García Márquez, like Juan Rulfo, has perfectly realized his vision in one encompassing book of mythic completeness. Quite the opposite is true of the two most important writers of the Boom: Guillermo Cabrera Infante and Julio Cortázar. Both are rooted in the shifting nature of language, whose makers and victims we are; both are experimenters and explorers, as was Borges before them. I think of them both as linguistic anarchists, redeemed by a wild humor that makes everything they write startling. They have been innovators not just in the Spanish language but in language itself, manic self-mockers at times, exploring the confines of language to find themselves enclosed by it, exiled at the center. Cumulatively, however, those Latin-American writers who have grown familiar to us more than justify Octavio Paz' claim that "for the first time in our history, we are contemporaries of all mankind."

ONE of the curious corollaries of the recent reading enthusiasm directed at Latin America is a relative inattention to Brazilian writing, for there are writers there who merit our reading as much as their Spanish-speaking counterparts. One can muster various reasons—that Brazil has had a different history and an independence that was granted rather than fought for, that Brazil is more firmly attached to European culture, that it is huge and self-consuming, that there are fewer translators from the Portuguese than from the Spanish, that Spain served as a conduit for the Spanish-American writers—but they do not sufficiently explain what seems to me an unlucky draw in the lottery of literary attention. Even Machado de Assis, the acknowledged master of the nineteenth century, does not exist sufficiently in English; and there are quantities of living writers open to a pioneering publisher. There have been beginnings, however. A year or so ago, a volume of stories appeared—"The Ex-Magician and Other Stories," by Murilo Rubião, translated by Thomas Colchie (Harper & Row; $10)—which seemed to catch no one's attention, whereas it ought to have been pounced on, for it has much of "*lo real maravilloso*" in it. Some of these stories had been published in 1947, but Murilo Rubião has recently been rediscovered in Brazil, and he is a germinal figure. The characters in his short, precisely worded stories go through magical transformations as a matter of course, against a realistic background that defeats them. Dragons invade a town, which, in time, grows used to them. Magic is always an unpredictable possibility, yet it does not transform reality but is subsumed by it. Murilo Rubião's stories cast their happenings in a strange, ominous light that veers between the absurd and the disquieting. His title story—about a magician who brings himself into being and then sheds his magic in disgust to become a civil servant—is a jewel, and something of a literary archetype. One would certainly have expected—as indeed the publisher must have expected—that the same voracious enthusiasm that engulfed García Márquez would devour Murilo Rubião, but cultural appetites remain incalculable.

THE cumulative irony of the *apertura* brought about by the Latin-American writers is that in spite of the attention they have earned, political realities have worsened. Argentina, which, along with Mexico, was the important center of Latin-American publishing, has become under the blighted regime of President Videla a shadow of its former literate self. I recently received from Chile, by the hand of a friend who had been visiting there, a book of sorts, entitled "La Poesia Chilena." It is contained in a black box, with a photograph of a prisoner's shaved head on the cover. Inside is a book without text, containing facsimiles of the death certificates of Gabriela Mistral, Pablo Neruda, Pablo de Rokha, and Vicente Huidobro, Chile's most celebrated poets. The rest of the book consists of empty book slips from the National Library of Chile, with an interleaved paper Chilean flag. Enclosed is a small plastic packet of "earth from the Central Valley of Chile." Chile has always been celebrated for its poets. They are all dead, this funereal book says; only the raw earth remains. It is something of a lugubrious monument to better days, but it introduces certain blunt realities into whatever illusions we may entertain about cultural flowerings in Latin America. Writers quite often exist, we ought to realize, in spite of their times.

—ALASTAIR REID

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RHINE JOURNEY, by Ann Schlee (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $10.95). It is the summer of 1851, and an English family is on a sedate holiday excursion up the Rhine—a rigidly masterful Anglican clergyman, his half-invalid wife, their pretty seventeen-year-old daughter, and his forty-year-old spinster sister, Charlotte. Charlotte, who has long lived as her brother's adoring dependent, has recently come into a

SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

1. NEW ORDER OR RENEWAL:

To start a subscription to The New Yorker, or to extend your current subscription, enter your name and address below, and check the subscription term you prefer.

Your Name ____________________

Address ____________________ Apt.

City ____________ State ____________ Zip

☐ One year: $28 ☐ New subscriber
☐ Two years: $46 ☐ Renewal (attach mailing label)

Additional Postage: Canada & Mexico $4.00 per year; other foreign $8.00 per year.

☐ My check for $ ______ is enclosed.
Please bill my: ☐ Master Card ☐ American Express ☐ Visa
Account # ____________________
Signature ____________________
4041

2. TO GIVE A GIFT:

Enter your name and address above and your recipient's name and address below.
☐ One year: $28 ☐ Two years: $46
To ____________________

Address ____________________ Apt.

City ____________ State ____________ Zip
Gift card to read "From ____________________"

3. CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Please give us 4 weeks' notice. **Attach your magazine label here;** print your **new** address above in section 1. (If you have a question about your subscription, be sure to send us your label with your letter.)

Return this coupon to:

THE NEW YORKER

Subscription Department, 25 W. 43rd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036
Or, phone toll-free 800-223-0200 (in N.Y. State 212-840-3800)

UNWIND IN SECLUSION

. . . at some very special and exclusive vacation resorts. Our highly respected *monthly* newsletter is a connoisseur's guide to unspoiled places, providing you independent reports on peaceful mountain sanctuaries, uncrowded countryside retreats and enchanting islands we regularly uncover here and abroad. Accommodation offerings, ambiance, food, staff and service, rates and recreational diversions are all described in lively detail. Twelve monthly reports, $29. Overseas, $35. Satisfaction guaranteed or subscription price refunded.

The Hideaway Report®

Published Monthly
by Harper Associates
Box 66-A • Fairfax Station, VA 22039

THE MAINE LOBSTER SHIRT

Classic finest-quality 100% combed cotton knit with banded sleeves and extra long tails. Available white or navy with embroidered red lobster. Men's sizes S-XL, $25 plus $2 shipping. Women's sizes S-XL, $24 plus $2.

Especially MAINE
U.S. Route 1 Dept. NY54
Arundel, Maine 04046
(207)985-3749

PURE BEESWAX CANDLES
• sweetly fragrant • long burning •
• natural golden color • handmade •
One dozen twelve inch tapered candles
$25.00 ppd.
HAMM'S BEE FARM
Mason, WI 54856 (715) 763-2501

small legacy, and she is ashamed to find herself thinking of a life of her own and frightened by what she feels is rebellion. The daughter, too, has her forbidden fantasies—an eagerness for a decorous taste of *romance*. Near Cologne, the party encounters another English family, a husband and wife and their two young sons. There are cautious exchanges (is the husband quite a gentleman?), a careful acceptance of acquaintanceship, some seemly joint sightseeing junkets. Charlotte is strangely stirred by the husband: he reminds her of an almost imaginary love affair of twenty years ago. The undercurrents of repressed emotions gently stir and shift, there are minute but violent changes. This is Ann Schlee's first novel, but it is a first novel only in name. In its empathic evocation of period, in its understanding of people enchained by piety and caste, in the bite and luminosity of its style, it is entirely mature, and a finished work of art.

GENERAL

Leonardo the Scientist, by Carlo Zammattio, Augusto Marinoni, and Anna Maria Brizio (McGraw-Hill; $9.95). This extensively illustrated collection of essays about and excerpts from Leonardo da Vinci's scientific writings—along with two companion volumes, "The Inventor" and "The Artist," published last fall—makes a first-rate introduction to the life and ideas of that Renaissance genius. In fact, however, Leonardo's work can hardly be divided into science, invention, and art. For example, he undertook a study of the dynamics of moving water at a time when there was still no theory of hydrodynamics and, indeed, when he himself seems to have been relatively ignorant of the formal mathematics of his age. (He appears to have begun his studies only in his forties.) Leonardo's fascination with moving water translated itself into some of the most beautiful drawings of flowing and churning water ever made. Much of what we know about Leonardo can be traced back to two notebooks that were discovered in Madrid in 1965, but a careful restoration of other materials has also revealed unexpected treasures, including a drawing of what looks like a modern bicycle.

The Antiquers: The Lives and Careers, the Deals, the Finds, the Collections of the Men and Women Who Were Responsible for the Changing Taste in American Antiques, 1850-1930, by Elizabeth Stillinger (Knopf; $16.95). This wonderful illustrated history of American antiques is also the history of Americans' feelings about themselves. Americans of the early nineteenth century were interested only in historical memorabilia—objects associated (however doubtfully) with Washington or Lafayette or some local patriot. The spread of expositions—for example, the centennial fair in Philadelphia in 1876—gave rise to the conviction that new was better than old, that machine-made was better than handmade. Then came the arts-and-crafts movement in England—William Morris's nostalgia for preindustrial culture—which affected Americans, too. The educated upper middle class bought American antiques, while the richest Americans bought European. Ethnic snobbery came into the business in the late nineteenth century, when prejudice against recent immigrants blossomed—appreciation of American antiques became a genteel expression of nativism—but by 1909 a contrasting impulse was evident in the landmark Hudson-Fulton exhibition, which stressed the contributions of non-English-speaking nationalities. At that point, museums enter the story (the Metropolitan, to begin with), and these relatively new institutions began to exert immense power in shaping American taste. Excellent illustrations.

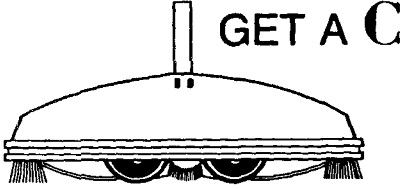
John Marshall: Defender of the Constitution, by Francis N. Stites (Little, Brown; $11.95). Marshall, the fourth, and historically the most important, Chief Justice of the United States, was born in Virginia in 1755 and served on the Court from 1801 until his death, in 1835. Like Washington (whom he revered), Marshall was a Virginian who acquired a loyalty to the United States as a nation—hence his national, rather than parochial, interpretation of the Constitution; hence also his incompatibility with Presidents Jefferson and Jackson. Most of Marshall's readings of the Constitution have stood. He seems to have aspired to a goal no higher than one he reached in his thirties—private law practice combined with a gentlemanly engagement in public service—but his abilities and the urgencies of his time conspired to draw him into government. For example, President Adams sent him to France in 1797 to help negotiate with the Directoire in what became the notorious XYZ Affair, and the famous toast "Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute" was first proposed at a dinner given in his honor on his return. Indeed, throughout this vivid narrative, Marshall's life and the history of our country are so closely intertwined—service at Valley Forge, the opening of navigable waters to steamboats—that there is no difficulty appreciating his greatness.

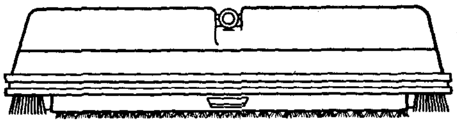
THE FIND OF A LIFETIME: SIR ARTHUR EVANS AND THE DISCOVERY OF KNOSSOS, by Sylvia L. Horwitz (Viking; $14.95). Just over eighty years ago, the English archeologist Sir Arthur Evans startled the world by announcing from the island of Crete that after barely a week's digging he had unearthed the remains of a highly developed civilization old enough to have come to its end before the Trojan War began. This was Knossos, site of the labyrinthine palace of the legendary King Minos. Sir Arthur, who died in 1941 at the age of ninety, gets as much attention in this absorbing book as does his great discovery. Like his father, John Evans, he was one of those energetic Victorian polymaths—a linguist, a Greek and Latin scholar, a world traveller and journalist, an archeologist and numismatist, a curator who revolutionized the Ashmolean Museum, an early champion of Yugoslav independence, and a man of great wealth, who used his money to live well, to entertain, and to widen the field of human knowledge. He was also something of an eccentric: after the death of his wife, in 1893, all his letters, and even his memos, were written on black-bordered stationery; and everywhere he went he carried a stout walking stick named Prodger. Photographs.

IN THE EYE OF THE TYPHOON, by Ruth Earnshaw Lo and Katharine S. Kinderman, with an introduction by John K. Fairbank (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95). Mrs. Lo is an American who married a Chinese university professor in Shanghai in 1937 and remained in China, teaching at the university level, until 1978, when she returned

TIRED OF BUYING JUNK?

GET A Carpet Cat®





The CARPET CAT is built with care by people who make nothing else, for people who believe household appliances should last a lifetime. We also think appliances should be noiseless, convenient, pretty, efficient and require no electricity.

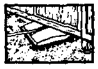
If you feel the same way, you're going to love a non-electric CARPET CAT floor and carpet sweeper. We believe it is the lightest, strongest, most efficient and convenient appliance of its type on earth. In the past 6 years, thousands of commercial users worldwide (airlines, hotels, restaurants, etc.) have confirmed our belief by demanding only our floor sweepers. A CARPET CAT weighs under 3 pounds, is only 9 inches wide and works as well on a bare floor as it does on carpet. It picks up sugar, sand, pet hairs, paper clips, ashes and much more. Who really needs a vacuum cleaner?

Yes, it looks like an old-fashioned "carpet sweeper" (except it is far smaller and about ⅓ the weight), but there the similarity ends. The CARPET CAT is patented and based on entirely new technology. Its natural hog bristle brush will outlast synthetics by about 3 to 1. It should last a lifetime if properly cared for in ordinary household use. The CARPET CAT'S baked enamel surface wipes clean with a damp cloth. Horse hair corner brushes clean right up to the wall, and the whole sweeper can be hung up in 2 inches of wall space. EVERY PART IS REPLACEABLE AND CARRIED IN STOCK.

If you can find any other sweeper that can make the above claims, BUY IT. We are sure you can't, so we want you to try our CARPET CAT.

Pick up unexpected messes in seconds.

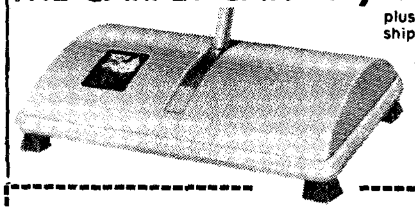
Clean stairs quickly and easily.



Reach hard-to-get-at-places.

THE CARPET CAT: *Only* $24.95 plus $3.50 for ship./hand.

NO NOISE, NO HOSE, NO ELECTRIC CORDS



Carpet Cat

30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
If you decide the CARPET CAT is unsatisfactory FOR ANY REASON, simply return it to us within 30 days and we will refund the entire purchase price. You can't lose. **DORSAY, 142 MacArthur Ave., Dept. 854, Garfield, N.J. 07026**

DORSAY, 142 MacArthur Ave., Dept. 854, Garfield, N.J. 07026

Please send me ... Carpet Cats at $24.95 each plus $3.50 for shipping & handling.

Charge my ☐ MC ☐ Visa: Exp. date ____________

______________ Signature ______________

N.J. Res. add sales tax. Enclosed is $ ________

I understand I may return it (them) in 30 days for refund if not satisfied.

Name ______________

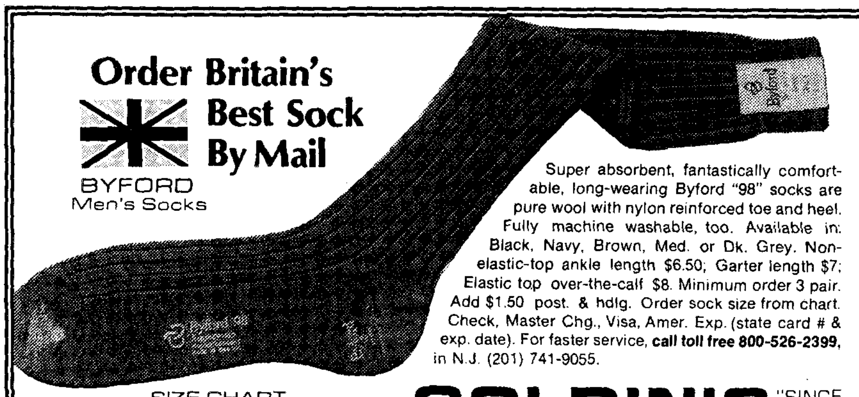
Address ______________

City ____________ State ____ Zip ________

Tel. (201) 546-5507

Order Britain's Best Sock By Mail

BYFORD
Men's Socks



Super absorbent, fantastically comfortable, long-wearing Byford "98" socks are pure wool with nylon reinforced toe and heel. Fully machine washable, too. Available in: Black, Navy, Brown, Med. or Dk. Grey. Non-elastic-top ankle length $6.50; Garter length $7; Elastic top over-the-calf $8. Minimum order 3 pair. Add $1.50 post. & hdlg. Order sock size from chart. Check, Master Chg., Visa, Amer. Exp. (state card # & exp. date). For faster service, **call toll free 800-526-2399**, in N.J. (201) 741-9055.

SIZE CHART

SHOE	7½-8	8½-9	9½-10	10½-11	11½-12
SOCK	10½	11	11½	12	13

GOLDIN'S "SINCE 1913"

Dept. NY3, 25 Broad St., Red Bank, NJ 07701 (201) 741-9055

GOOD USED BOOKS

Wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, Literature, Fiction, Sports, Military, Science, Art, many other subjects. Send a dollar for classified listings of 20,000 titles and prices.

Editions, Desk Y, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412

Bahamas "Out" Islands Cruises

Join 70 other passengers on 12 day/ 11 night smooth-water cruises aboard our new cruise ship "New Shoreham II". Chef-prepared meals. Spacious cabins. Also, summer canal and coastal cruises out of Warren, R.I. Call toll free 800-556-7450. Or write:

American Canadian Line, Box 368, Warren, RI 02885.
NY

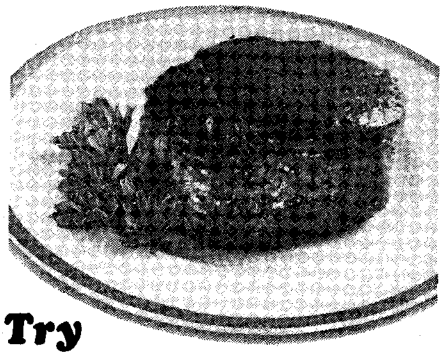
Aleksandra Kollontai

Socialism, Feminism, and the Bolshevik Revolution

Beatrice Farnsworth

Illustrated. $28.50

Stanford University Press



Try a little tenderness Make those special occasions truly memorable! Just try a little tenderness. Candlelight . . . soft music . . . and magnificent aged Filet Mignons. Perfect. Experts select and prepare each filet! Their artistry in cutting and aging is your assurance of utmost enjoyment. Steaks arrive frozen. Complete satisfaction guaranteed.

Six 6-oz. Filet Mignons, 1¼" thick
(reg. $43.50) $29.50
(plus $3 shipping/handling)

Save $14.00. Limit 2 per customer. Offer valid only in 48 states plus Hawaii 'til Jan. 31, 1981. Phone or mail order. Use major credit card and

Call Free 800/228-9055
In Nebraska phone 402/391-3660 collect.

Full color catalog plus 10% discount coupon free with order, **or write for FREE catalog and 10% coupon.**

Omaha Steaks® International
Dept. 1398/4400 So. 96th St., Omaha, Ne 68127

BOOKS ON TAPE

Listen to Full-Length Readings of Best Sellers on Cassettes While Driving or Relaxing
Classics/Fiction/Non-Fiction
History/Travel/Adventure

$6.50 *and up*
Rental Charge

Mail Order Delivery & Return. We Accept Visa, Master Charge.

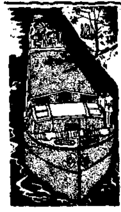
For Information and Free Catalog Call Toll Free (800) 854-6758 (In Calif., (800) 432-7646) or Write:

711 W. 17th St., Costa Mesa, CA 92627

Books on Tape, Inc., Dept. N
P.O. Box 7900, Newport Beach, CA 92660

Name____________________
Street____________________
City, State, Zip________________

7D Ranch Family Vacation
Located in the Magnificent Sunlight Basin near Yellowstone Park
Contact: Dewey & Lee Dominick
307-587-3185 587-3997 Box 100, Cody, Wyo. 82414



Cruise beautiful French canals on hotelboat! Superb French cuisine. Relax on sundeck or cycle alongside while floating through Burgundy. Visit picturesque villages and chateaus. Individuals or charter group (maximum-12). Paris pickup. HORIZON, 215 N. 75th, Belleville, IL 62223, 618-397-7524

to this country with her children. (Her husband died in 1969.) In this account of her experiences at Zhongshan University, just outside Canton, during the Cultural Revolution, which began in 1966, Mrs. Lo tells exactly what happened: classes were suspended, adolescent Red Guards besieged the campus, and another family arrived to share the Los' house. This was followed by impoverishment, threats, isolation, forced separations—their daughter was shipped off to work in the far northwest—and the constant fear of something worse. Although the Los' two children, a son and a daughter, could have insured their futures by joining the assault on their parents, they instead risked what little security they had won and gave their parents loving (and illegal) support. The Los' housekeeper was forced to attend meetings to learn how to hate her employers; instead, she protected the Los with a shrewdness they themselves could never have attained. In 1976, circumstances had eased to the point that Mrs. Lo and her children were able to emigrate. Mrs. Lo describes everyday life in Communist China in vivid detail, but the beauty of her book is its portrayal not of duty but of trust and generosity.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, by Hunter Davies (Atheneum; $17.95). A well-known English journalist undertook this new biography of the poet for the good reason that none has been available for some time. Like many another great poet whose features have come to light only after the Victorian varnish has been stripped away, young William was a troublemaker: one of a family of five orphans dependent on their relatives, he was a defiant dropout, a political radical, and the father of an illegitimate child, and his comrades (Coleridge, Southey) were equally unsteady. But Wordsworth was powerfully driven, and by means of patronage, a small inheritance, and extreme frugality he survived until taste caught up to him. ("Lyrical Ballads," published in 1798, was a challenge to England's poetic style as outrageous in its way as the storming of the Bastille.) The vision of the bard as a tax-gatherer—a post he sought and received—across the landscape he immortalized is hard to encompass, but Mr. Davies makes Wordsworth's

Don't Settle For Less.

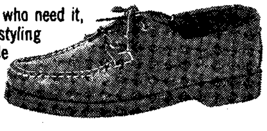
THE Brown Palace HOTEL
17th and Tremont • Denver, Colorado 80202
Karl W. Mehlmann, General Manager
(303) 825-3111, Toll Free (800) 323-7500

Member Preferred Hotels Association
Major Credit Cards Accepted

Revolution in Judaea
Jesus & the Jewish Resistance
by Hyam Maccoby

Revolution in Judaea is the closely reasoned, compelling, and eminently readable story of Jesus projected against its Jewish background, a point of departure rarely taken in New Testament studies. In dealing with the many vexing questions raised by the Gospels, Hyam Maccoby, a distinguished English-Jewish historian, brings to his analysis a profound understanding of Jewish history and tradition—scholarly tools hardly ever applied to this highly charged subject. And while making sense of events described in the Gospels, he arrives at some startling conclusions that have the ring of truth. **Revolution in Judaea**, a challenging work, is sure to become the most widely read book in its field for years to come. **$9.95**

At your bookstore or from
TAPLINGER PUBLISHING
132 W 22nd St., New York, N.Y. 10011



MEN'S WIDE SHOES
EE-EEEEEE, SIZES 5-13
Extra width for men who need it, in excellent variety, styling and quality. Available only through our FREE CATALOG. Send for it!
Hitchcock SHOES, INC., 165 Beal Street, Dept. 69A2, Hingham, MA 02043

incongruities and inconsistencies (for example, the rebellious youth as a heavy-handed father) as plausible as anybody's.

THE LETTERS OF JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER, edited by Jeremy Treglown (University of Chicago; $26). The first complete, unexpurgated edition of Rochester's letters, published to commemorate the three-hundredth anniversary of his death. (He was born in 1647.) By including letters to as well as from this courtier, rake, wit, and poet, the editor permits us to measure Rochester's literary superiority: the stiffness of his wife's letters (which may express timidity; he was a neglectful and high-handed husband), the affectations of his friend Henry Savile, and the pedantry of the amateur philosopher Charles Blount set off his stylistic excellence. Rochester's subjects include the mundane (money), the scandalous (court gossip), the amatory (to his mistress), the pathetic (the progress of his fatal disease), and, at the end, the pious (nearing death, he returned to religion). His directness and spontaneity convey his personality as plainly as the approach of death, which filled this dashing aristocrat not with fear but with guilt.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE GOSPEL LAMB, by Jack S. Scott (Harper & Row; $9.95). A rock festival is held on the outskirts of a town not far from London, and those in attendance include a young homosexual drug pusher and his unreliable, oxlike lover; a young narcotics agent disguised as a drug pusher; an agent for an illegal drug factory disguised as a hippie; a handful of Hell's Angels; an anybody's girl in a T-shirt lettered "Idaho Here I Come;" a God-directed killer of sexually promiscuous girls (the Gospel Lamb); and Mr. Scott's broken-down hero, a "bandy-legged man, dead ringer for a gorilla in a black hat" named Detective Sergeant Rosher. The excitement is immediate, continuous, and imaginative.

•

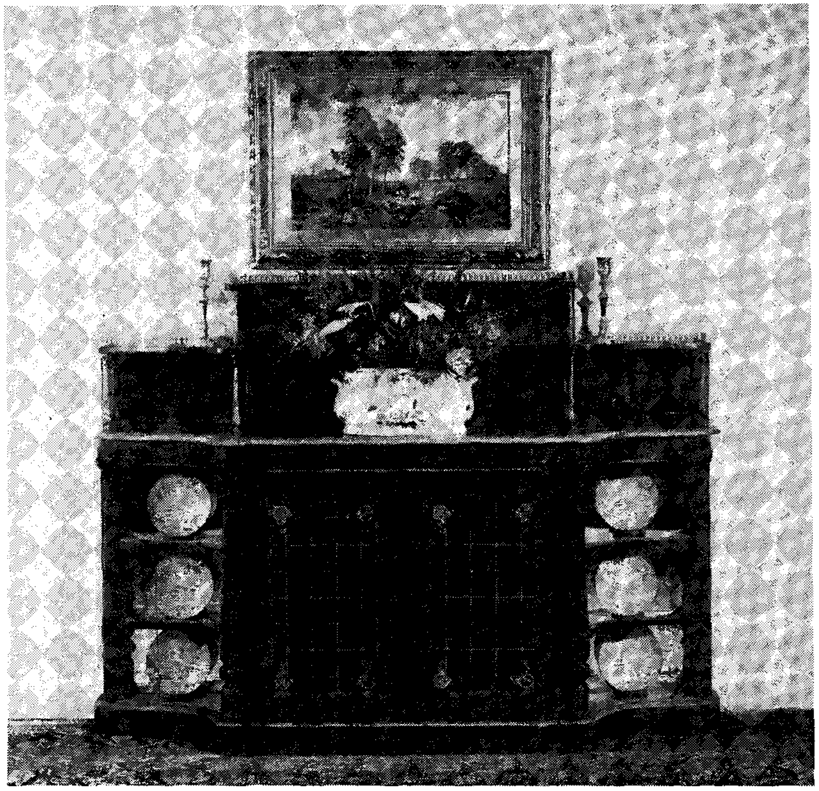
TUCSON, Ariz. (UPI)—Two injured men, trapped in a 101-foot abandoned mine shaft for almost five years, were rescued over the weekend after they lit a fire to attract the attention of passers-by.—*Albuquerque (N.M.) Journal.*

It pays to be a quick thinker.

Auction, Wednesday, February 4 at 10 a.m.

18th- and 19th-Century American and Continental Furniture and Decorations, Paintings, Silver and Rugs.

From the Estate of James Maxwell Fassett, New York City, and other owners.



EXHIBITION
Sat. Jan. 31, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. Feb. 1, noon-5 p.m.;
Mon. Feb. 2, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues. Feb. 3, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

William Doyle Galleries' standard charge to the Seller will be a commission of 10% in addition to the 10% premium paid by the Buyer as part of the purchase price.

William Doyle Galleries

175 East 87th Street, New York, N.Y. 10028 Telephone (212) 427-2730

THE ARCTIC BEAR $42.

Each animal is an investment in art. Write for colourful booklet, entitled "Beauty & The Beasts & The Birds." Aynsley Bone China, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10010

SCULPTURED BY AYNSLEY®

The English member of the Waterford Crystal Family.

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. In summer when it is warm there is swimming, fishing and boating. And in winter, quite the other way, ice skating, a bit of skiing, a quiet winter walk along the old canal towpath . . . and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE

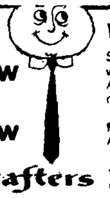
LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

On the spur of the Moment,

Write or call:
DAVID B. MITCHELL & CO.
777 THIRD AVE., NY, NY 10017
TEL. (212) 371-1323

Glencoe
PAGET, BERMUDA

for a narrow point of view



tiecrafters

WIDE TIES SLIMMED

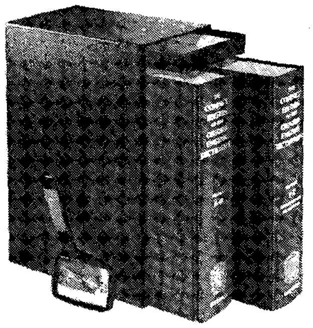
Save your costly, but unfashionable, wide ties with our skilled surgery. All by hand. Like getting new ties for only $5.00 ea. min. 4 ties

MAIL ORDERS
Add $2 for shipping.
Free Folder..."Tips on Ties"

116 E. 27th St. N.Y. 10016
(212) 867-7676

Choose one of these five sets and save up to $216^15

You simply agree to buy 4 books within the next two years
as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.®



**The Compact Edition of
The Oxford English Dictionary**

The "most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language"—*The Christian Science Monitor*. Through photo-reduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume Compact Edition. Magnifying glass included.

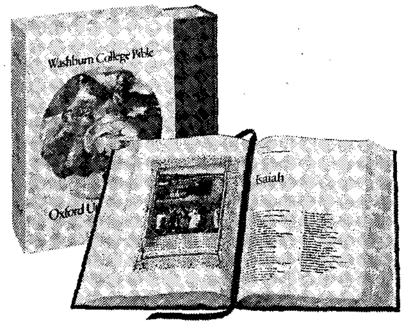
$125.00	Publisher's price
$ 19.95	Book-of-the-Month Club price
$105.05	Your savings

BEETHOVEN NINE SYMPHONIES
THE CHICAGO SYMPHONY
SIR GEORG SOLTI

**The Complete
Beethoven Nine Symphonies**

Sir Georg Solti conducts the Chicago Symphony in this nine-record set, hailed by the *San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle* as "one of the two or three great recording ventures of the century," and by *Time* as "a glorious musical combustion."

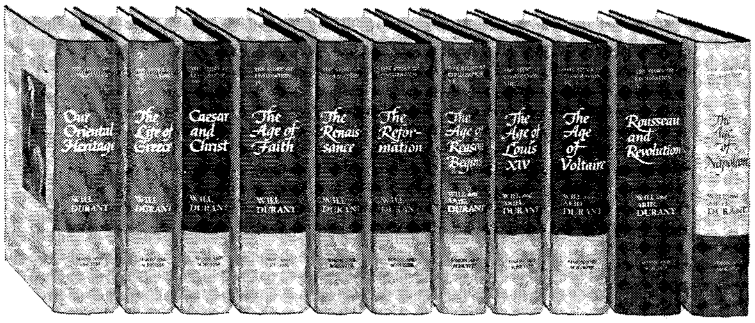
$71.82	List price
$10.00	Book-of-the-Month Club price
$61.82	Your savings



**The Washburn College Bible
designed by Bradbury Thompson**

This magnificent 1808-page single-volume King James Bible features all the beautiful illustrations of the $3500 Limited Edition. Includes 66 masterpieces of religious art, and 3 Josef Albers prints. 7 15/16"x 11" x 2¼", with handsome slipcase.

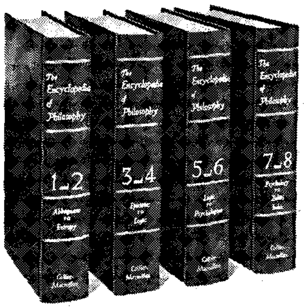
$65.00	Publisher's price
$10.00	Book-of-the-Month Club price
$55.00	Your savings



The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

For more than a generation, Will and Ariel Durant have been tracing the continuity of our history—economic and political organization, science and art, religions, philosophies, customs and manners—to show the foundations of society today. Now complete, the Durants' 11-volume masterwork is history come alive. The enormous work covers ancient and modern civilization, including Oriental as well as Western history. With clarity and authority the Durants illuminate "the steps by which man passed from barbarism to civilization." This set is a magnificent centerpiece for any home library, and one of the most useful sources of knowledge that the modern reader can possess.

$241.10	Publisher's prices total
$ 24.95	Book-of-the-Month Club price
$216.15	Your savings



The Encyclopedia of Philosophy

The most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy ever published, this set traces ancient, medieval, modern, Eastern and Western thought. An essential and rewarding reference source for home libraries.

$150.00*	Publisher's price
$ 19.95	Book-of-the-Month Club price
$130.05	Your savings

*While the publisher's price has recently risen from $125 to $150, our special price remains the same.

Prices shown are publishers' U.S. prices. Outside the U.S., prices are generally somewhat higher.

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012 **A116-1-2**

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the work I have checked below, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy 4 books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

CHECK ONE BOX ONLY

- ☐ 904. Beethoven Symphonies **$10**
- ☐ 912. Compact OED **$19.95**
- ☐ 913. The Story of Civ. **$24.95**
- ☐ 917. Ency. of Philosophy **$19.95**
- ☐ 927. Washburn Bible **$10**

Mr.
Mrs. ________________________ 1-61
Miss
(Please print plainly)

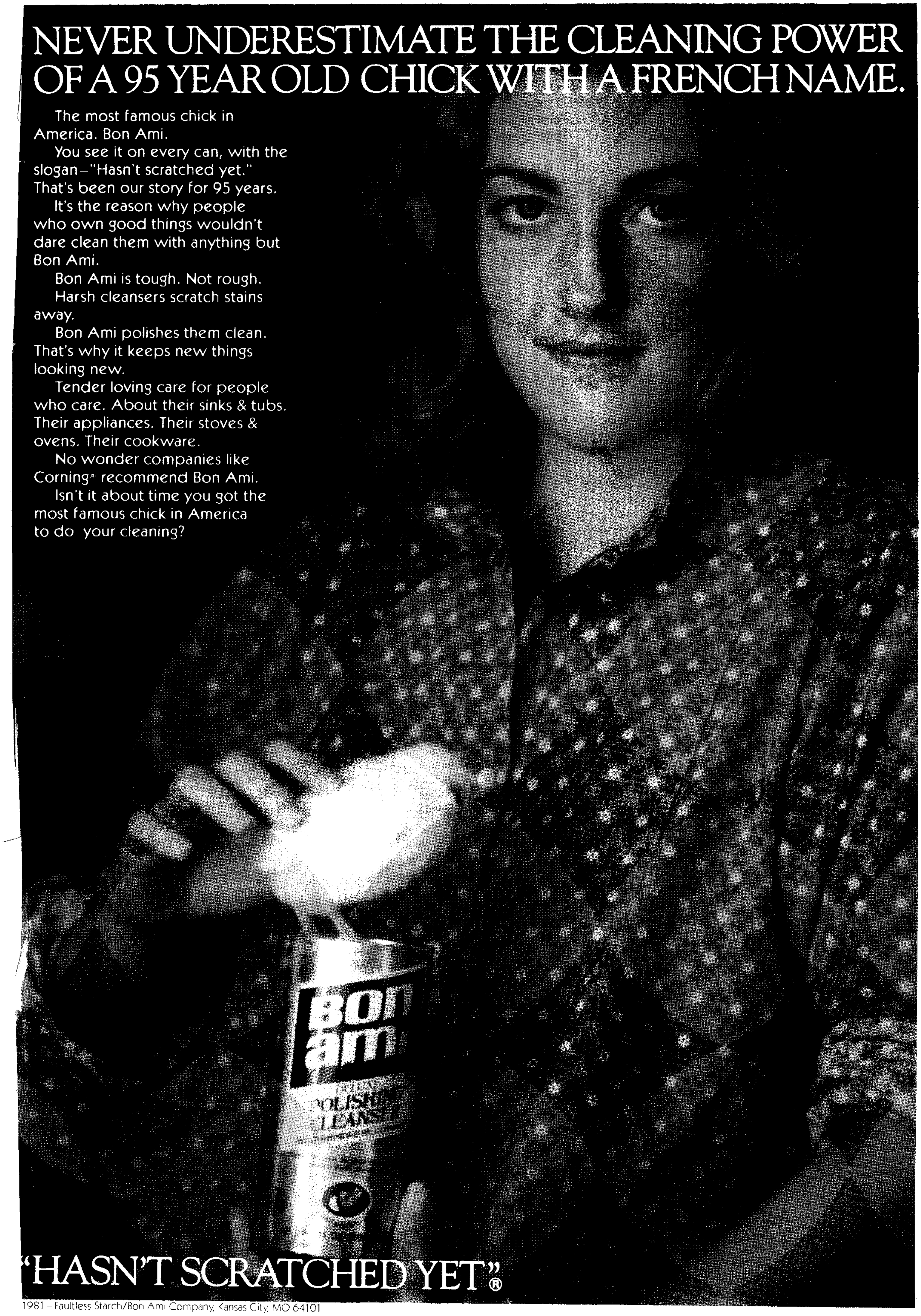
Address ________________________ Apt. ______

City ________________________

State ________________ Zip ________

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

Facts About Membership. You receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a *Main Selection* plus scores of Alternates. If you want the *Main Selection* do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed and return it by the date specified. *Return Privilege:* If the *News* is delayed and you receive the *Main Selection* without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense. *Cancell* Membership may be discontinue you or the Club, at any time afte purchased 4 additional books.



NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE CLEANING POWER OF A 95 YEAR OLD CHICK WITH A FRENCH NAME.

The most famous chick in America. Bon Ami.

You see it on every can, with the slogan—"Hasn't scratched yet." That's been our story for 95 years.

It's the reason why people who own good things wouldn't dare clean them with anything but Bon Ami.

Bon Ami is tough. Not rough.

Harsh cleansers scratch stains away.

Bon Ami polishes them clean. That's why it keeps new things looking new.

Tender loving care for people who care. About their sinks & tubs. Their appliances. Their stoves & ovens. Their cookware.

No wonder companies like Corning® recommend Bon Ami.

Isn't it about time you got the most famous chick in America to do your cleaning?

"HASN'T SCRATCHED YET."®

1981 – Faultless Starch/Bon Ami Company, Kansas City, MO 64101

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Last year I switched to rum. This year I graduated to the flavor of Myers's."

MYERS'S
WORLD FAMOUS
·IMPORTED·
MYERS'S RUM
Original Dark
THE PLANTERS' PUNCH BRAND
100% FINE JAMAICA RUM
DISTILLED IN JAMAICA UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION FOR MYERS RUM COMPANY LTD. NASSAU, BAHAMAS, SUCCESSORS TO
FRED L. MYERS & SON
FOUNDED 1879
KINGSTON, JAMAICA
WEST INDIES
750ML (25.4 FL. OZ.) • 80 PROOF
RUM

Drench your orange juice with the one rum that dares to be delicious. Myers's Rum. In any kind of mixer, even by itself.

The reason? Myers's master blending. It makes the rum smoother, softer. For the ultimate in rum taste. Try Original Dark Myers's Rum.

What makes Myers's precious imported rum cost more, makes Myers's taste better.

IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY FRED L. MYERS & SON CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

MYERS'S MAKES IT BETTER. Taste how Myers's improves on cola, soda, tonic, fruit juice. Free Recipe Book: Myers's Rum Recipe Book, Dept.NY, P.O. Box 4605, Westbury, New York 11590. Offer expires December 31, 1981.